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A Secular Anathema on Fakery in Business, Social and Professional Life

OR

TWENTIETH CENTURY CONDUCT

BY

CHARLES WALLACE SILVER

1903 EDITION

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TO MY WIFE, SONS AND DAUGHTER:

THIS book is dedicated, hoping that they may find in it something that will, in some measure, recompense them for the years of my absence from home and from their comforting company, when, as a traveling man, I have hurried here and there in the mad rush of competitive commercialism for means of support and education for them and for myself.

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There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

—*Hamlet.*

Every intelligent hope is the prophecy of its fulfillment.

—*Helen Wilmans.*

I have for years preached Anglo-American amity. I have helped the Alliance by impartial compliments.

I have shown how America has thrown her doors wide open to all those that suffer and are oppressed—and who can put up $50 admission—except the Chinese. We draw the line there.

And how unselfishly England has wrought for the open door for all in China, and how openly and how piously America has stood for that open door in all cases where it was not her own. And how generous England has been and America has been in not urging China to pay fancy rates for extinguishing missionaries, like Germany does, but is willing to take produce from them—tea and firecrackers and other things—why Germany has made things so expensive that China cannot afford German missionaries any more, but has got to wait until she is better fixed financially. And how simply and sorrowfully and shamefacedly England and America stood at Port Arthur weeping, while France and Germany helped hold Japan and Russia robbed her.

—*Mark Twain.*

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PREFACE.

IF the reader has only sufficient time to skim the froth off the literature of the day, we recommend him to turn at once to chapters I and II, book IV, and learn the object for which this book was written. Those chapters are intended to be the climax of this work, although the remaining chapters may be regarded by the reader with more interest. The latter were written largely with the hope of attracting attention to the thought matter of the two chapters first designated. Yet we hope that even the remaining chapters will be accepted as no mean average of the great mass of intellectual eczema whose contagious eruptions are labeled magazines and books.

There is no story in this book, except perhaps the story of men's and women's lives, which is, more properly speaking, the story of their deaths, as is the story of every life in the dizzy whirl of insane social and business strife that always ends in premature death. Competitive existence crowds the masses off the earth or consigns them to prisons, insane asylums, alms-houses or brothels. Competitive existence created royalty, which in turn is succumbing to competitive wealth, which is creating wars of commerce and is polluting

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our flag. Competitive existence begets poverty, perverts science, misapplies wisdom, destroys virtue, and defeats happiness. Competitive existence makes criminals of law, medicine, theology, commerce, and politics.

This is the story of the rescue of life from fear of poverty, disease, and death, to courage and happiness, and is for those who have not yet learned it. This is not the story of the straight and narrow path. After you have read chapters I and II, book IV, we hope you will turn back to the beginning and read each chapter, all of which lead up to the matter in the two chapters indicated.

C. W. S.

Chicago, *January, 1901.*

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Twentieth Century Conduct.

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BOOK I.

THE COMMERCIAL AND THE OCCULT.

CHAPTER I.

CENSUS AND DEVELOPMENT.

Walla Walla, Wash., October 29, 1900.

WE ARE now seventy-six millions people in the United States of America. We have increased twenty-one per cent in ten years. At this rate of increase, forty years from now we will be over two hundred millions of people. This probability is within the life of many now living. We will people Alaska and reduce it to the same degree of order and civilization to which Cripple Creek, Denver and Leadville, Butte and Helena have been reduced. We will assume commercial and business supremacy in the Philippines and reduce the natives to the same subordinate position that the American Indian, the Mexican Greaser, and the Negro of the South and North now occupy. We will use all streams for irrigation and reclaim most of the great American desert. We will ride in electric cars in every hamlet and in every direction across the country. We will tap mountain lakes to secure the water with which to irrigate arid lands. We will convert all the waterfalls into electrical power. We will make greater strides than we have made in the last half century with steam and electricity. Commercial competition will increase, and the margin of legitimate profit will be narrowed to a minimum. There will

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finally be established upon an incontestable basis, a few enormously large trusts which will control the politics, the legislatures and the judiciary of the city, state, and nation. We will import cheap Asiatic labor, just as we are now doing, for example, on great Northern Railroad, where the work is done by Japanese who work for $1.05 per day and board themselves. The dollar goes to the Jap and the five cents to the contracting importing company. The sons and daughters of our Pilgrim forefathers, of William Penn civilization and of Southern chivalry will be reduced to the over-crowded professions of law, theology, medicine and politics. A few will stand by their ancestral acres and continue agriculture in despair. The rest will seek Alaska, the Philippines, the great American desert reclaimed, or a position with some trust combination, or as hireling to a Hebrew department store.

Men will no longer be originators of their own plans. They will be a part of a composite whole controlled by a few master minds at the head of the greatest combinations of capital. The Irish saloon will remain a stronger factor in politics than patriotism in large cities. The American Indian as such will have ceased to exist. He will then exist only as descendants of squaw-men who now own the lands where half-breed descendants fill the Indian schools. The Negro will exist only as a mulatto and a lackey. Anglo-Saxon civilization of greed will overcome all discordant elements and annihilate them, except perhaps those of Asiatic origin, just as it has overcome all Latin civilization, and just as the German has sup-

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planted the French in every early French settlement of the United States. Those in all races who are given over wholly to social excesses, or all diseases of sexual conditions, will become extinct and be barren of posterity.

In view of these developments is it not about time to consider the feasibility of common ownership of property, of elimination of competition, of production for use and not for individual accumulation, of the survival of the fittest nation by a common interest in life, of the annihilation of money, of individual ownership, and of the reduction of poverty, insanity, intoxication and crime to a minimum? Imperial governments are no longer a menace. They are a faded bugaboo which is declining as rapidly as a harlot fades. They are already stripped of divine authority and largely of imperial power. Their government is in the hands of the politicians and is fast getting into the hands of the Rothchilds, the Rhodes, and the Vanderbilts, Goulds, and Rockefellers. We are in no danger of fool imperialism. We are only in danger of the octopus of individual wealth. It now controls the Catholic church, the Protestant church and the Hebrew church. It now controls politics and legislation as well as municipal organization, street car lines, gas products, railway communication, and the sugar, tobacco, whiskey, wine, hemp, cotton and ice outputs. The trust and its influence is a wonderful development of American energy, thrift, shrewdness and capacity. It is a marvel of creation, and really a thing of beauty. But like all beautiful creations, it

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will absorb the essence of all who pay tribute to it, and reduce the worshiper to the level of "The Man with the Hoe." It will develop the few who are at the top, and reduce to slavery the many at the bottom. It will Europeanize labor from now on faster than Cleveland's administration did with its free trade policy. Protection of home industry has permitted us to amass large fortunes that will in turn get us down. But it has, up to this stage, largely held back cheap labor from Europe, except as under contract, and it has permitted our native born to acquire property.

What fools ye mortals be to suppose you can forever retain your farms of central United States in your family. They will soon be in the hands of the descendants of Germany, Sweden, Holland, Russia and Asia, just as they now are in Vermont, Minnesota, and in Dunkard and Mennonite communities. Where will your sons and daughters be then? In the pulpit, the hospital service, the naval or army corps, the postal service, the trust employ, the department store clerkship, or on the street or in the gambling den? We better consider these questions now, unless we want to undertake their settlement by means of a bloody revolution later on.

Already the Thanksgiving proclamation has degenerated into an electioneering document. It and the formal letter of acceptance are the only political speeches of the President, and the proclamation is issued just before his re-election. Thanksgiving had long ago degenerated into a holiday for ball games, turkey shooting and dancing, just as Memorial day and

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Fourth of July are degenerating into common vulgar sports and licentious excesses.

You call this alarmism, do you? You who do will be whistling for courage in your own future commercial and social graveyards before you are frightened off the earth entirely by your poverty, degradation and —subjection to the inevitable. You call Bellamyism Utopianism, do you? It was perhaps so in the early days of community life, but in the present days of trust life it is Utopian no longer. How are you, Mr. Banker, Mr. Merchant, and Mr. Professional Man, going to protect your grandchildren, even, from these narrowing conditions? You cannot so well protect your property that it may be held even by your children. Courts, laws, administrators, will soon dissipate any ordinary estate, not to speak of the crimes of social and commercial extravagance. It will only be the enormous estates which may be kept intact and increased.

We advocate absolute purity of character; the perfect maintenance of moral integrity in the home; the preservation of the home inviolate above all else; the control of physical conditions through mental powers; the subjection of sensuality by the promotion of intellectuality; the banishment of fear, superstition and ignorance by the assertion of individual greatness and courage; the routing of disease through the application of rational mental therapeutics; the abolition of the use of medicines and the surgeon's knife, and of the legalizing of these so-called scientific remedies.

We advocate the perfect literal equality, fraternity,

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and liberty of man, woman and child; the certain, fixed, perpetual ownership of all things in common by the organs of government, which are the instruments and servants of man.

We advocate the annihilation of greed, individual property ownership, and with it the banishment of crime, vice, inebriety, insanity, poverty, and death.

We advocate the elimination of all superfluous codes, creeds, commercial strifes, advertising, and the prosecution of commerce, trade, and business for profit except to the community as a whole.

We advocate the natural goodness of mankind, and that evil exists only because of the artificial development of greed, church forms, political debauchery and slothful nastiness.

We affirm that natural science is only a small factor in the realm of knowledge and wisdom, and that the psychic powers of mind are more potent than applied electrical power.

We declare that religions are artificial and not natural as expressed in creeds, forms of worship and hallelujah paraphernalia; that people are held in line in churches through sensational superstition, frankincense platitudes and abject fear, caused by misguided clericals of rabid autosuggestion of psychic powers which they misapply to the ends of greed, power, self-glorification and sensual satisfaction, and that people patronize churches on Sabbath to secure power, influence, business and conscience sedatives for week days of robbery, deceit and debaucheries.

We assert that divinity is expressed in the ego—

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in ourselves, and that we are mere materialized expressions of all the divinity that is or ever was, or ever will be; that we alone are responsible to ourselves and to each other for the recognition and development of divine power of goodness, purity and greatness; that our powers are unlimited and everlasting; that disease is the ocular demonstration of fear, ignorance and despair,—that it is purely a relapse into individual inanity, into personal abject slavery to erroneous inheritance and misguided habits of life.

We assert that life is divinity, that man is divine as an expression of life, and that we may grow in divinity as we grow in body by the acceptation and assimilation of all psychic influences for good, truth and love.

We believe in an altruistic existence, in an evolutionary ideal life, in a perfect state of health and happiness. Natural innate goodness is in every child, so far as is compatible with its inheritance. It is this natural innate goodness which is outraged by misplaced confidence in playmates, friends and business associates. It is the outraging of this natural, innate goodness that enables men to succeed in life from a business point of view. This outraging of the natural innate goodness of youth is what caused us to have the experience related in the following chapters. In our attempt to feed, clothe and educate our family we tried almost every avenue of business and professional life, and we quote the experiences literally to enable readers to profit by our experience, and to assist and educate them to the final overthrow of the evil

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conditions that are belaboring all humanity. There is positively no venom in the following recitals. We have no personal grievance against these people. We simply want to show that they are on the wrong road to happiness, and that they are misleading others. They are all good fellows, and practically believe as we do when they call a halt upon themselves and get their true bearings. But they have not the courage to adjust themselves to an entirely new and untried civilization which has been preached about ever since the dawn of creation. It has been poetically treated ever since the time of Homer, Shakespeare and Milton. It has been æsthetically handled ever since the art of letters was invented, and ever since man found he had oratorical powers. It is in the teaching of Confucius, Mohammed, Christ, Payne, Voltaire and Ingersoll. It is Darwin, Hæckel and Spencer. It is in Agassiz, Von Humbolt and Luther. It is in William Penn, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner. It is in Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson. It is in Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton It is in Bellamy, Hudson and Wilmans, and in the last three perhaps best expressed of all.

We are aware that the foregoing summary is not perfect Mental Science teaching. They would ignore these conditions of commerce, society and politics, and go right on in their glorious triumphal march of the godhood of individuality, and establish colleges, homes, communities of ideal thought, and gradually attract the world by their exalted idealities of realism. But what we want to do is to arrest the attention of the

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man or woman who is in the same desperate state of mind that we have been in from the time we were ten until we were forty-five. Hence we address these people these letters. Don't become impatient or angry at us. Read them through, and something may dawn upon you that will make you our brother.

We have always been prejudiced against the use of any term (for a new issue) that has previously been appropriated by some positive or actual school of thought or action, hence we object to the use of the word science by Mrs. Eddy, because it has been properly appropriated by the so-called exact science of the material school of knowledge. We object to the term science in the Mental Science school for the same reason. It is not broad enough: Scientia is knowledge, but it is largely objective and not subjective knowledge. Scientia is knowledge, but not always the synonym for wisdom. We have avoided using the word socialism, because it conveys to our mind something of communism, nihilism, anarchy. We do not like the word spiritual, because it indicates an element of vulgar seances, clever optical tricks, and an illusory chronic state of death. We object to the term psychological for similar reasons. We object to physiological as applied to ideal mentality. We like best the psychic of Hudson—the "Psyche, Oh My Soul" of the ancient Greek—the Utopia of the Cornucopia, the symbol of industry, peace, plenty, art and comfort.

Mental Science association on the Seabreeze and Seattle plan of social organization may be one of the processes of working out or evolving the future Bel-

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lamy idea or altruistic state of existence. They are doing the Salvation Army work of the weary wagglers who do not know how to bunt their heads up against modern commercialism and earn a living in the face of greed, insincerity, gambling and intoxication.

We may apologize for much of this book, to that cultured element of authors who have gone on in their individual investigation and development until they have attained the exalted plane of thought that is expressed in the writings of Henry Wood, H. W. Dresser, Joseph Stewart, L.L.M., Paul Tyner, the publications of the Vedanta Society by the Swamis, the magazine "Mind," etc., and we even must apologize to such authors as Thomas J. Hudson, whose elaborate works, "The Laws of Psychic Phenomena" and "The Divine Pedigree of Man" have produced such a profound impression upon the thought world. We may be pardoned for suggesting, however, that he has not clearly defined the precise nature of his divinity. He will probably attract the laudations of the Christian world for adding another link in the chain of evidence to support their claims for a personal deity of divine holiness and forgiveness. It is barely possible that the hypotheses of his first book are more correct than this second and third elaborations, and that his scientific specialization and localization of divine origins in subjective and objective co-ordination through psychic attitudes may be more nearly correct than his Christian readers are led to suppose. It is barely possible that the divinity of which he

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speaks and reasons is a part of the divinity that is in all human life, and of which each separate life is an embodiment or expression, and it is barely possible that this is all the divinity there is, and that it is the life element of all material manifestations in earth, air, water and spirit land, and that it has evolved from nebular conditions through geological evolution to mind, and that it will continue to evolve in mind to perfect health, continual growth and eternal development of the godhood of man.

Finite minds cannot yet satisfactorily unearth the missing link of Darwinianism, nor locate the center of life, nor connect us with the Infinite on the solar plexus theory. Some time we may develop into infinitude and like the algebraic and geometrical problems on infinity, come very close to perceiving the location of our physical connection with the spiritual infinite; but up to date we are only amusing ourselves with the possibilities of such actual, specific connection or localization, as it were, precisely as the electrician amuses himself playing with the phenomena of electricity instead of creating the power itself, and precisely as the chemist amuses himself by playing with the characteristics of material elements and noticing their attractions, forms, colors and idiosyncracies. He is not creating elements, nor establishing any data to show that there are any *real* elements, nor that his so-called elements are absolute, permanent and real or actual. On the other hand, the chemist, the electrician, the psychic phenomena man, the solar plexus theorist and the mental science positivist are infinitely more rational

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in their exalted amusement and idealities than the puerile worshiper of a personal and forgiving deity of childish imagination.

It is all a question of growth and development from babyhood prayers of simplicity to scientific laboratory amusement of chemistry, to psychic attitudes of thought, to realization of our own self divinity and our absolute control over all physical, mental, moral and spiritual conditions, sufficiently strong and powerful to demonstrate that disease is a combination of fear and ignorance and a relapse into degradation and imbecility along various side issues of thought and co-ordinations of our base attempts at realization in the realm of hypocritical prayers, unbounded greed and Pharisaical selfishness of character.

The evolutionary development of man from lower orders of life is now accepted by most students of nature, and his evolutionary development of the ideal in health, opulence and intelligence is probable, but time will be required to overcome the licensed power of natural science and the ignorance of its devotees, just as time has been required to overcome the superstition of ancient religions.

The solution of the race problem and property problem does not necessitate the annihilation of home conditions so much as our present state of society annihilates home—just as politics annihilates patriotism and voting kills honor—just as religious forms and creeds annihilate individual sincerity of religious devotion and true divinity of purity, goodness and genius.

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When socialists rant about Shaker boarding houses and the economy of great dining halls and men to do the cooking and dish-washing, they are as degenerate as anarchists who propose to reorganize society on the red flag plan—killing of kings, queens and presidents plan. We must solve the race problem as we solve the foreign immigration problem, by public school systems and intermarriage conditions, and as we solve the wealth problem by trust accumulations and combinations to be ultimately purchased and owned by the government. But we must not attempt to annihilate home, nor advocate free love, nor priesthood chastity, nor Christian Science ideas of celibacy. Idealized motherhood is the hope of purity and happiness when protected by common ownership of property and ideal development of mental science teachings.

A president of a Mental Science association recently informed us that we were on the right road toward final development in true mental science but that our recitals and attacks would result in harm to us and of little benefit to the world to which we addressed our experiences and conclusions. He said he had expended all he had on earth endeavoring to form a new political party of purity, patriotism and justice. He said these conditions that we are now contending for, were evolving naturally. It is manifested in economic centralization of capital in trust combinations—in woman in business—in everything in business, professional and producing capacities, etc.

Well, perhaps he is correct and all we should do is to develop our individual positivism and serenely march

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along oblivious of the crimes of wealth and commerce and city life and let youth go on going down to death in vice and disease, but we think he is off his base and not within the radius of his perpendicular. A secretary of another Mental Science association who put the foregoing pages on a typewriter thinks the first Mental Scientist is crude in the application of his views, culture, etc. Yet the first one is doing the Salvation Army work of the Mental Science school of wisdom. He is organizing a colony adjadent to a city. The land is subdivided into lots for homes. The profit of sale of lots goes to establishing and maintaining a school and college of Mental Science for the youth and adult. The owner of the home transacts whatever business in the adjacent city he desires to undertake and he and his family have the benefit of the Mental Science school, college and society. It is a grand undertaking and he will succeed to a degree that will astonish the commercialism of the city editor, preacher, doctor, lawyer, business man and the clerk, milliner and servant and even the gambler, the speculator and the harlot.

Yet there are rocks ahead. He should cultivate a higher literary beatitude. He should put into his college, as text-books, the highest literature of Mental Science development. He should not rely solely upon his own positivism and assertions. He should bring in the works of Wood, Dresser, Stewart, Patterson, Turnbull, Tynor and the publications of the Vedanta society of the Swamis as well as bring into daily use the teachings of Wilmans, Del Mar and Knox.

The secretary in the criticism of crudeness is just,

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yet there may be error in relying wholly upon individual attainment of self when the world is going down to poverty, ignorance and death from want of practical humanitarian work as at Seabreeze, Florida, and Seattle, Washington.

The lecture field attains something no doubt but the practical working colony and school attains something that is permanent. It makes this so devoutly to be desired condition a part of our daily lives where it should be and relieves our weakness to revert to dollars, wickedness and death.

An ex-Congregational minister to whom we submitted our work was heartily *en rapport*. He had left the ministry because he could not conscientiously conduct the prayer meeting on old lines and the worldly sermon did not reach the selfish greed of his male and female audience who vied with each other in the mad race for wealth, finery and sexual diversion on the modern metropolitan city plan of business, society and theology. This conscientious man who has preached to some of the best literary audiences in our larger cities, says we are right and we are right of our own convictions. Hence we hesitate not to demand attention and readers and listeners among those who have not already begun to think for themselves along these lines.

On train we were in conversation with a man of fifty. He was tall, dark, sincere, spiritual and refined in appearance. We gave him Census and Development to read as a test of whether we could reach those who were not of our cult of thought. He read it

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carefully, returned it with the remark that there were some great truths there but it would take much time to digest the matter recited, etc. He stated that he had been for seventeen years an evangelist preacher—that the church had not kept up its numerical force in the past decade and that there was something wrong in our civilization. He said a judge in one of our cities was accused of attending services down in the city first church, to assist his political and business conditions and his wife her social conditions and refused to attend the small suburban church near his home to aid in the true cause of religion, etc.

This evangelist said that man in large cities is a better citizen than woman—that it has come to pass that a frightful percentage of city women have their price for assignation, but they want enough cash for dress, show and security of secrecy only.

Yet this evangelist of fifty could not readily digest our first chapter. He did not seem to understand whether we were advocating Eddyism, Communism or Atheism. What are you going to do with such dense ignorance anyway?

Of course if life is all a joke; if all business transactions are games of faro and dice throwing; if there is nothing but sex attraction then there is no necessity for these letters. But if life is godlike, if love is beyond sex affinity, if there is such a thing as truth, justice and goodness in the abstract, then there must be some remedy for the increasing evils of modern civilization. We contend our conclusions are logical —not original with us—but applied by us and more

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ably by others, to the actual conditions existing. Our reasons for mental control of sex conditions and absolute purity of character are that almost all disease arises from promiscuous intercourse or from excessive sexual habits and that excessive conditions result in death. The two remedies are colonies of community life and Mental Science teachings to control the development of the individual in the community life which frees the individual from fear of poverty and from greed of wealth.

This elaboration is not for palace car literature nor yet for the successful banker who has hardened his conscience to the fierce commercial battle and sees not and cares not to see the poverty and vice his method produces. Yet he may find some "pointer" in the article on Credit Clearing House Adjuster Company, that will be of financial benefit to him. These letters are not for the dominant combinations of wealth and business control yet they may find something in them to arrest their attention. These chapters are not for the confirmed devotional sectarian who has been psychologized by his subjective childhood religion. They are not for the leaders of mental science thought. But they are intended to attract the toiling millions of smaller business people, traveling salesmen, clerks, manufacture and railroad operatives, farmers and all those depending upon the artificial markets of wealth and its power and upon the disease of inheritance—its fear, sin and ignorance.

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CHAPTER II.

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST.

Portland, Oregon, November 18, 1900.

SOUTH.

"A PECULIAR PEOPLE," from Portland Oregonian of November 18, 1900:

"The Macon (Ga.,) Telegraph, in an article recently published in The Oregonian, congratulates the South that we are a peculiar people, and pleads this fact as a reason why the South should continue by itself politically. It may not be denied that the South stands for a 'peculiar people' and because it does it succeeds in being nothing but a drag on the car of national progress. Since 1876 the vote of the South has been solid for the democratic candidate for president and always will be so long as the republican party is the aggressive representative of the sentiment of unity and nationality in the American Republic. Without the votes of the South there would be no states at the North with a democratic majority, save Colorado, Montana, Nevada and Idaho. The South persists in being the last man in the procession of American progress, and a limping repulsive straggler at that. Illiteracy grows rather than decreases in Louisiana, the white illiterates increasing rather than the black. The only states in the Union where men are burned to death at the stake save in Colorado (this was quoted before Leavenworth criminalized herself), are at the South; and Colorado does it because her mobs are organized and led chiefly

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by men of southern breeding. Of 127 lynchings that took place in the United States in 1898, 108 were perpetrated in the South. Of the votes for dishonest money in Congress, for wild-cat financial schemes, two-thirds at least in the past have come from the South. The only part of the country where the ballot-box has been dismantled by systematic violence and habitually defiled by organized fraud is the South.

"Ever since the civil war the North has headed the car of civil progress for the path of equal rights and honest money while the South has been solid for suppressed suffrage and dishonest money. Verily, it may not be denied that the South is 'a peculiar people.'

"Its public teachers in the schools, its private teachers in the family, studiously educate the young generation of the South to accept as authentic a grossly ignorant and lying version of the history of the great war for the Union. There is not a school history used in the common schools at the South that is not a printed lie so far as the history of the civil war is concerned—its cause, its actors and its consequences. These lies are not recited, but are contradicted by the historical narratives of Johnston, Beauregard and Longstreet, but they are set forth in the vainglorious education that southern children get in southern school books. Loyalty to the American flag, loyalty to the Union in the sense that Webster, Jackson and Lincoln understood it, is sedulously excluded from the teaching of the school children. Every fluent demagogue from a southern stump swells with his epileptic spittal, this current of vicious popular education at

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the South. With this false education to sectionalism; with this apotheosis of conspirators against the Union as patriots, heroes, statesmen and martyrs, what kind of a crop of American manhood is the so-called 'New South' raising to-day? The South to-day with its ignorance, its vainglorious sectionalism, its dishonest finance, its systematically suppressed suffrage, its practical prohibition of free speech, free vote, and fair count; its lynch law, its general barbarism and gross ignorance, does stand most odiously for a very 'peculiar people.'

"The South persists in being to the rest of the Union a thorn in the flesh. It is obstructive to the forward movement of the Union when not absolutely destructive. It is incapable of patriotic beneficence in national politics. Slavery was the spirit of Nessus to the South. The war stripped off the shirt but the South continues to die slowly of blood poison. The South has for nearly twenty-five years voted solidly for dishonest money, both fiat paper and fiat silver. It has voted solidly for a defiled, dismantled and defrauded ballot-box. On this malodorous record it may lay just claim to the title of 'a peculiar people.' The South behaves to-day with the same solid sectionalism it did in the years when it pretended to be forced into solidarity by the threat of 'Negro domination.' It is because the South is saturated with sectionalism that it proposes to-day to hold its 112 electoral votes and wield them as if they belonged to a distinct people struggling for supremacy against the rest of the Union.

"The South will not succeed in its reactionary

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policy. The sentiment of unity and nationality in the American Republic is so strong to-day that the party found in opposition to it will be sure to be beaten at the polls. The republican party is content that the South should continue to fulminate historical lies about the 'lost cause,' to multiply confederate monuments and public nunneries, for it is safe to say that the party of American nationality will continue to beat the party of American sectionalism."

NORTH.

What a misfortune it is that we do not have the files of the Louisville Courier-Journal or the Dallas News from which to select a similar parallel roast for the North as is above rather justly given by an editor.

The southern journal would probably say of the North that it is a people of commercial bestiality, of yankee fraud and common degradation of white women to the level of the factory operative or the department store girl or woman who is known to be a common prostitute in order to secure a living. That the North has no idea but the commercial idea and it carries this into sexual commerce as well as into sweat shops, department stores, shoe factories and brothels.

It would probably say that we in the South protect our wives and daughters from the blacks and ill-mannerly whites by the shotgun. Our women do not play false with men because the man with whom they act illegitimately is killed. We hold the passions of the men in check by the shotgun, not by public school systems of equality in society, commerce and assignation houses. The North robbed us of our property, our

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servants and our social fabric in order to free an inferior race and turn loose, onto the sanctity of our homes, the unbridled passions of a bestial race whom we kept in line by the lash. We are now compelled to do menial labor or support a horde of worthless, impertinent, lazy blacks who spend their time in kraps, saloons, dens of vice and in political and religious agitation and who are saturated with disease and incapacity to support themselves. Your large cities are worse dens of vice than our southern black residence districts because patronized by both men and women of all elements of society in the North. You of the North are endeavoring to force your vile commercialism upon our females and convert them into prostitute department store clerks and typewritists and you are essaying to kill the American home with your flat-residence rookeries. You are proposing to eradicate our respectable virtue-conditions of life and our chivalric magnanimity of society. Of course we make an educational standard of voting because the black will not or cannot educate himself. In this way we become rid of his domination or political equality. Of course we count out his ballot. This is better than securing his vote by whiskey, money and debauchery.

We like the old darkey and care for him better than you care for your servants whom you treat as abject slaves and moral lepers. We settle our arguments with a gun instead of with money, whiskey, newspapers and divorces.

Our moonshine whiskey is better for the health than your vile Peoria, Hebrew, corn-juice concoction.

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We in the South, have been contaminated with your vicious commercialism. Our youth are becoming defiled with it. Your Chicago beef concerns drive our home butchers out of business and then raise the price so that we must live on chickens. Your Minneapolis flour makers compel us to live on hoe-cake. Your corn syrup concerns force us to eat tarheel molasses. Your vinegar factories feed us on sulphuric acid and water. Your oleomargerine combines sell us butter at creamery prices that costs the manufacturer, perhaps, one-fourth what agents sell it to our people for creamery butter at an enormous profit to you. You take our brilliant women and convert them into wealthy innkeepers ladies who control Newport society which ducks its head when someone calls out "low bridge." Your yankees tried to gobble up our cotton factories but they could not become acclimated and used to our labor element and largely failed in living among us as did your northern school-maams who came here at the close of the war to teach the nigger.

EAST.

We do not have immediate access to the files of the New York Herald, Puck, Judge and Life. If we could make excerpts from them, they would probably say "The public be damned." We are the center of wealth and refinement. We control the money and stock markets and the literary output and the railroads and the sugar, tobacco, gas, coal, iron, paper and all colossal industries of any importance. We have been the commercial center upon which the South has been enabled to rehabilitate herself after the civil war. We

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have made the west possible by our railroads, our banks and our monies loaned to the mortgage loan companies, to build your public buildings, (skyscrapers) and to develop your mines. We own most of these now and it has cost us all they are worth to foreclose the mortgages and wreck the plants. Your best talent from Bob Ingersoll down to our cutest stock brokers, come here to enjoy our culture and get into our European combinations of royalty, American wealth and Parisian attitudes.

Our system of flat-residences is the most modern, complete and convenient of any ever devised. You are free from espionage in private life and so is your wife when she visits another man's flat in another part of Fifth avenue. We control the marriage market of the entire royal output of Europe and can put you onto the best combinations of society, religion and politics on earth if you are willing to put up liberally to us for the chaperonage.

We control the politics of the country through Platt and Croker—our business agents—and we control the other transportation and fiduciary markets as aforesaid. You can do nothing unless you keep an office in our city and have the business standing our reporting agencies and collecting agencies furnish you at liberal prices, for character.

Our servants are the educated students of Germany, the polite grizette of France, the sprig of Italian royalty and the robust Irish girl who is daughter of the early Paddy saloon-keeper and she is onto all our social rackets and furnishes all the fun we want for cham-

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pagne, hats and gowns. You southerners are chivalric but you are not onto your job. You westerners are good farmers, good stock raisers, good Chicago Board of Trade manipulators and good miners, but you have to come to us for the "dough," the legal talent and the social *eclat.*

WEST.

We have not the files of the Iconoclast, Chicago Dispatch, Globe Democrat, Kansas City Star or Salt Lake Tribune but we remember that they have said much as follows: We are learning of your eastern iniquities, your southern gun-chivalry, your yankee literature. We have contributed all our earnings for a half century, in interest on loans, in railroad transportation, in your hotels, caravansaries, wholesale and jobbing concerns and to your manufactories. We now propose to develop ourselves—to go after expansion in the Orient—to develop Pacific steamship travel and Nicarauguan canal projects, reclaim arid lands and develop mines on our own plan. We have the balance of political power and we propose to use it. We have developed past the childhood age and are no longer paying tribute to the paternal machine in your autocratic homes. We are strong and close in touch with nature. We are nearer the soil and we are not emaciated with European effeminacy and vicious habits. We do not require your debentures, your clearing house certificates, your banks nor your syphilitic society. We have taken the homes of the Indian and have annihilated them with your vices. We are educating our halfbreed offspring at government expense, and we

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dote on our freedom, our fighters and our products of soil, mine and water.

We have more spiritual, clairvoyant, hypnotic and mind-cure freaks than you have bath-house-massage manipulators, private sanitarium abortionists and literary astute actresses who get their certificates of good morals in the playhouses of London and Paris. Come off your perch. You are not the whole thing. There are others.

With these brotherly views of each other, we need a few more discordant elements injected into our public anatomy, such as Indians, Blacks, Greasers, Cubans, Hawaiians and Philippinos. We cannot civilize the Hibernian, the Hebrew, the Dago or the Pole satisfactorily as yet. We are beginning on Huns and Fins. We have about assimilated the Indians as descendants of squaw-men, and the Negro as a mulatto and body servant.

The three essential civilizations which gave form and substance to American civilization are that of the Pilgrim forefathers, the Society of Friends and the Southern chivalry. They are all Anglo-Saxon. They are all largely English in their origin. In proportion as we have preserved all three of these elements we have succeeded. In proportion as we have discarded the most ideal of them all—Quakerism—we have failed.

Quakerism spread to Holland and Germany and we have the ideal of William Penn somewhat lowered in its standard in Dunkard and even in Mennonite ele-

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ments. But the essential idea of the Society of Friends has stamped much of its purity even upon the Hollander who first came to Manhattan. The Friends have founded ideal educational institutions as at Bryn Mawr and other suburban towns of Philadelphia; likewise the establishment of Cornell University, which was founded by Ezra Cornell, a Quaker, whose influence lends the chief attraction to-day to Cornell. These educational institutions about Philadelphia are still the ideals for the highest civilization of purity and justice. Those that are still solely operated by the Society of Friends or by some of their number show the greatest percentage of health, understanding and repose and equipoise of character both in males and females.

Puritan education begat intellect and with it a nervous feverishness of greed and speculation, in many instances, that manifests itself in the intense competition of New England manufacturing and in the colossal western undertakings of their offspring.

Southern chivalry education most glaringly manifests itself in a military spirit. It is primitive in Mary Johnston's "To Have and To Hold." It is riper in southern military departments of schools and colleges and at West Point.

It developed in the paternal militarism of the southern landlord planter and it dominates every avenue of modern southern civilization even to the pull-your-gun element of Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas. This Southern chivalry is largely responsible for the outlawry of the Indian Territory and the great

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Southwest, and it is largely responsible for the bravery of those who have broken up gangs of robbers in the Indian Territory and elsewhere.

It inculcates the pathetic adherence to the ideals of the lost cause. Its modern side is in Opie Reed's "My Young Master," "Kentucky Colonel" and "Tennessee Judge." Its lower side is in his "The Jucklins," "The Daughters of the Prophets" and in his ever present recital of the feuds of moonshiners and southern planter families. It is to be hoped that another generation or two will recognize the significance of the above quotation from the Portland Oregonian. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Society of Friends will be renewed and that they will in future still more attract the attention of those seeking after a purer and a more just civilization. It is to be hoped that the descendants of the Pilgrim forefathers will also pattern more after the integrity, justice and soul-peace of the Society of Friends.

Neither civilization is perfect but they have had much to contend with in the assimilation of Hebrew, Hibernian, Bohemian, Hungarian and Italian civilization that has been injected into our civilization from degenerate Europe. The German, Swiss, Swedish, Danish and Dutch civilization that has modified ours in some localities has on the whole been preferable to the other civilizations mentioned and largely so because of its absence from Catholicism and Judaism.

A mixture of Irish Catholicism and southern-gun-chivalry is largely responsible for the degenerate position of the democratic party. A mixture of Hebrew

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pawn-shop and New England greed is largely responsible for the dangerous position of the republican party. Both elements are playing the game of politics and commercialism to an alarming extent in the freedom (?) of America. Their boom speculations in all cases seems to catch the cupidity of foreign capital and to give it a shock. American conglomerate accumulation of wealth seems to catch the cupidity of faded royalty and seems to succumb to its degeneracy. What remedy have we for these discordant elements of North, South, East and West? They are two: The early application of Bellamyism on the physical plane and the early teachings of Mental Science on the spiritual or ideal plane. Organize colonies of co-operation similar to that of Burley Washington Co-operative Brotherhood. Establish schools and colleges of Mental Science in each colony. Teach man to be fraternal and ideal, not antagonistic and bestial.

The most puerile bugaboo argument against common ownership of property and community life seems to be the what-are-you-going-to-do-with-indolence idea? Our answer is, so soon as any one finds or learns that he or she is a success at some one thing, it matters not what, there is then no longer trouble about indolence on the part of that person in that particular direction. Success breeds success. The moment one finds he has succeeded in something, that moment he cannot be held back by fear of failure. His competitors and adversaries cannot overcome him in that particular thing and that is the thing he practices as his life work

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in community life. All profits from his specialty go to the common good, to the common profit, to the guarantee fund that insures his family a living and eliminates the insurance company, the advertising medium, the competitive profit cutting. It eliminates the fear of poverty, the incentive to crime and the welcome of death. Men are not born indolent any more than they are born bad. They are born ignorant of how to be industrious just as they are born ignorant of what is the best method of goodness and happiness. They are born under such conflicting arguments of the standard of industry and goodness that they often remain ignorant—that is, indolent and bad. Ignorance is a synonym for laziness and evil.

It is the province of the Mental Science School of Rational Philosophy to teach the youth and the ignorant aged that there is no foundation for fear or disease. The patient will then readily expand in understanding and sluff off fear, indolence, sickness. The man that is afraid that he will have to support indolence in community life is the most pitiable object of servility to fear and pig-headed ignorance of which we have any knowledge. He is grabbing greed with one hand and hugging fear of losing it with the other and gobbling down all he can grab with his teeth from the scatterings of his greed. He is a glutton, a miser, a coward.

We listened recently to an animated discussion upon the Boer war and our own governmental conditions of commerce, peace and war. One intelligently appearing traveling man cited the government of Madagascar with its government ownership of all

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utilities as a sample of what we ought to be. But he asserted that with our political machinery and conditions of material prosperity this government ownership or state ownership or city ownership of utilities is an absolute impossibility. He acknowledged that centralization of money power was carrying us on into the vortex of a whirlpool of material greed that will sooner or later wreck us or cause a bloody war. But he was unwilling to reason upon the matter. He had his opinion and that settled it. He believed in wars, the building of ship canals and subsidy shipping and everything to divert the people from the impending issues and he believed in wiping out of existence the Boer Republic because its leaders were bigoted and because they were weaker than Great Britain and therefore should accept the half of a loaf that England is willing to allow them. He believed the South was right in rebellion—in shotgun policy—in mob law—in anarchy.

This man is a southerner, by birth, transplanted to San Francisco. He is as rabid as any blood-thirsty anarchist. He is the kind that would laugh at the just and mild persuasive means of the William Penns. He would enslave the blacks, rob the red-men and subjugate the Asiatic. He would slay a man for being led astray by the wiles of his wife or sister and yet he would cohabit with slaves and squaws without compunction of conscience. He never reads or studies or philosophizes. He knows nothing but egotistic self-importance of southern chivalry and arrogant brutality of the slaveowners' offspring. He is worse

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than the man who is born of poverty in Italy and becomes an anarchist--worse than the man who has been buffeted about from farm to railroad, from mines to labor unions and becomes a liquor fuming socialist, because he is living upon a plane of more social prestige and carries along with his positive statements followers who become sharks of wealth-grabbing and polluters of social conditions.

Some one has mailed us a copy of a paper wherein it is shown that anarchists do not slay—but that it is the abnormal freaks that do this act like Booth and Giteau and the slayer of Carter Harrison. Is it not the Paris commune, Russian nihilism and fire-eating slave drivers that produce these freaks of anarchistic thought? When a man writes to this paper and says "I am an anarchist," does he not mean to say to his fraternity that they can rely upon him to throw bombs or shoot if it can be done without his own decapitation? The same spirit is manifest in turbulent labor organizations that are incensed by agitators of low principles. We certainly do not desire that any man shall be brow-beaten, cowed or belabored by the arrogance of wealth and its power but we want him to be reasonable and adopt rational means of persuasion and patient methods of self-control and convincing examples of justice and be a man and not a drunken brute in his arguments.

No capital will ever interfere with efforts like those of the Co-operative Brotherhood of Burley Washington. Most capitalists are broad, liberal-minded men and desire the promotion of the welfare

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of the poor—the laborer and the down-trodden, and are willing to aid their efforts at self help and advancement. This argument does not say that capitalists are essentially right in the aggrandizement of wealth but it does say that poverty is essentially wrong when it attempts, by any other than peaceable means, to better its conditions. Capital does not want to be forced to say it is a fool and has no rights. Capital is glad and willing, in America, to promote good in every direction where it may hope to accomplish good. 'Tis true it desires a full recognition for the honor of its benefactions but that is because of the innate greed of our accumulated civilization. Capital is not willing to divide with poverty in even dollars and cents because poverty would dissipate its share and capital would then be transferred to new hands which had accumulated the recently distributed wealth. The arguments of men who say "if you believe in even distribution of wealth why do you not distribute your own wealth among the clamoring ones" are the arguments of rampant fools who compose our fire-eating hero-worshipers. They are the peaked-headed partisans, the narrow-minded bigots who desire to force their embryonic opinions upon the community. They are the fanatics in religion, politics and society. They are seldom large property owners. They are not broad enough even to accumulate property upon the shrewd competitive plan. They head mobs to slay blacks whose mal-formations of nature cause the commission of rape. The blacks should have been confined in an asylum instead of burned at the stake.

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Of the masses of people, how many have ever read Edward Bellamy's "Equality?" Of those who criticise it, how many know its contents? Some time since when the book was first issued, we ventured to call attention to it at a dinner table of traveling men in Springfield, Ohio. The various remarks were about as follows: "It is impracticable." It is Utopian." "It was written for the purpose of making money from the sale of the book as a sensation." "It arrays labor against capital." "It incites anarchy." "It disturbs society." "It creates agnostics." "It is opposed to the church." Upon inquiry we found not one of these critics had read the volume. They had seen the vaporings of reviewers who are paid to suppress true knowledge, and advocate that which will bring their principals the greatest amount of ready dollars.

What fair-minded man or woman can read this volume without pronouncing it one of the grandest summaries of our present deplorable conditions of civilization? We answer, not one. But people do not read such works. They have not the time, intelligence, or vitality. They are frenzied with effort for bread, society and sensuality. The bank clerk cannot become a student of literature because he is worn out in the counting-room and dissipated with his social environment. The farmer cannot become a student of higher thought because he is jaded with effort to realize a profit on his crops, cattle and fruit, and because he is in a slough of despond from excesses of various natures. The railroad employee cannot stop to think because his mind must be on his work, in

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order to retain his position, and because he seeks sensual dissipation for relief from the strain of work and responsibility. The department store clerk and the typewritist cannot read books of advantage, because she is jaded with store work and with effort to attract the attention and entertain the passions of some person who can contribute to her dress and amusement, as a diversion from the grind of clerkship. The masses of people are not students or thinkers, because they have inherited conditions of weakness, sensuality and greed, instead of mentality, vigor and purity. The traveling man cannot become a student and an original thinker because he is handicapped by effort to entertain his trade and secure business, and by a tendency to have company in the absence of home—and such company! such a tendency! It is either gambling, drink or women, and usually all of them combined.

Is it possible for the masses to develop even under the ideal mental science conditions when handicapped by such conditions as are enumerated above? We must remove the conditions that are thus belaboring our youth, our adults and our aged. We must have common ownership of property and community of interests in life and realistic idealism of hope, health and happiness. We must organize under these conditions, must read together, must vote together, must protect and encourage each other, and we must stand firm for liberty, fraternity and equality of man, woman and child.

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CHAPTER III.

The Modern Occult.

Cheyenne, Wyoming, September 23, 1900.

We are much interested in the leading article of a semi-scientific monthly under the above caption. It is in some respects parallel to the leading article of an effete literary journal. Both are criticisms of the disagreeable phases of the advance and practice of mental therapeutics. If we stop with the arguments under "The Modern Occult" we are left with the impression that the entire phase of occultism, mental healing and divine healing is wholly unscientific and illusory. Let us apply the same manner of criticism to the results of the application of natural science teachings. Presumably the public schools, the state universities, the state institutions for the insane, etc., and many city hospitals as well as licensed pharmacies are the most typical representation of applied scientific knowledge which is championed by the author of the article referred to.

The boy who graduates from the city grammar school at thirteen years of age, does so largely in spite of the teaching he there receives and not really in conformity with that teaching. His first battles are of his subjective mind with the objective instruction. He soon learns to evade, not accept most of the principles and does his thinking out of school, mostly with a book, a sport, a theater or on a trip abroad. If he preserves his health and vigor he does it not from scientific

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teaching of hygiene and physiology but largely in spite of these teachings. If he permits his mind to become absorbed in grammar school routine work he becomes usually a sickly drone and a mental machine. It is the joyousness of the playground and the happiness of the home that supports his natural, subjective state of optimistic greatness and his inborn psychic attitude of love for the good and beautiful.

Modern scientific teaching then, on the whole, where a large number of young minds are attempted to be forced through the same mental knot hole, is not often salutary in its results if followed strictly by the pupil. In colleges and universities the results are even less beneficial because they finally pervert most of the natural, inborn talent of the youth and dedicate it to some elaborate system of ologies which not only have little application to the affairs of life but usually really develop floundering mental machines. A practical example of this fostering of modern scientific education by state and nation is the endowment, organization and development of state universities for teaching scientific agriculture which took place a quarter of a century or so ago. As a matter of fact scientific agriculture in the sense, even, of chemical accuracy does not exist. Agricultural products that are highly nitrogenous in their food qualities do not require nitrogenous fertilizers and cereal crops whose grain is rich in alkali phosphates do not require these salts as fertilizers. But in the name of natural science, the agricultural colleges were organized and subsidized and started and how many young men attended them

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hoping to make farming a profession of learning and an exact science and were left at graduation unfit for the farm or any other avocation in life. Natural science as applied to agriculture has largely failed. It is an empirical study and depends upon the astuteness, good judgment, and care of the farm just as is necessary with the successful orange grower or race horse owner.

So far as pharmacies are concerned a look at one of them with all manner of fake proprietary articles with so-called scientific names is enough, when taken in connection with their advertisements, to produce all manner of fearful and dread diseases. It is only because we know that they are mostly fakes, we are so little affected by the sight of them. Every pharmacist knows how the doctors humbug their patients to secure a fee and to satisfy the patient's morbid desire for medical attention. In the scientific hygienic hospitals it would be interesting to note how many cures are affected by medicine, how many by kind nursing, how many by better mental surroundings. In the case of failure to cure or of death it would be more interesting to know what percentage of failures or deaths was caused by doping with medicines, what percentage was caused by fear produced by modern medical advice, or by fear caused by patent medicine advertisements or by sanctimonious fear inculcated by parents or pastor or inherited. In the case of institutions for the insane, on the scientific plan, the same queries apply more forcibly and the remedy of mental therapeutics is more available than any other known remedy.

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But why does the writer referred to, attempt to discuss so-called modern occultism and disconnect it from religion? The natural science of Darwin, Tyndal, and Huxley and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer are the more material of all but they are a part of the religion of agnostics. The natural science of Agassiz and Von Humboldt may be associated with the Christian religion. Oriental occultism is a part of Buddhism. The teachings of Confucius are part and parcel of the Chinese religion. The healings of Christ were a part of his religion. Can religion be separated from the daily walks of anyone's life? Is not the Presbyterian religion of Scotland a part of the character of the canny Scot? Is not the Catholic religion of the Latin and Gællic races a part of their mode of life? Is not the agnostic religion of the Natural Science school of thought part and parcel of the animus of life of its patrons? Is not the "Inner Light" of the Quakers the secret occult reason for their exalted character and their love of honor, truth and justice and their daily practice of these qualities? Was not the simple beauty of this occult "Inner Light" destroyed by contact with the greed of the offal of European civilization which turned the heads of youth as it has in all times especially when augmented by the seductive cunning of Hebrew money lenders.

Does the writer referred to still believe in the conflict of religion and science of thirty years ago? Will he deny that Mental Scientists heal when natural science fails? Will he deny that most disease is the result of fear inherited or acquired? Will he deny

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that most crime is caused, primarily, by the Christian idea of repentant or non-repentant sin? Will he deny that natural science is championed and fostered by the greed of ill-gotten wealth? Will he deny that wealth as such is the woe of mankind in general? If he attacks false occultism to prove it all false why not attack false religion to prove it all false and false commercial honor to prove it all false? Why does he sharpen his literary pen against so-called occultism? Is it forsooth to annihilate a quality of thought that is gathering up the clientele and cash that supports his beautiful system and legalized scientific elegance? Is it worse for a renegade divine healer to exploit his infatuation for and his marriage of his typewritist (in his weekly paper) and call it divine or is it worse for Hebrew methods of commerce to drive three thousand men out of business in Chicago and compel the sons and daughters to clerk on anti-virtue salaries? Which is the better man the one who advertises thought vibrations for sale daily at a certain hour or the one who advertises blue-sky land-improvement schemes or the one who negotiates gold-brick propositions? All are alike fakes as are all patent medicines with scientific names.

Why not attack the insidious influences of Hebrew methods of trade, commerce and money changing which have blotted out Anglo-Saxon honor in business and substituted wreckage establishments in their stead in our metropolitan cities? Why not ostracize this apostate people who have in all time grown rich off the downfall of virtue, integrity and patriotism of

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peoples who boast of a country of their own, a religion of their own, a social fabric of their own and who have permitted each condition of their own to be desecrated by contact with Hebrew sycophancy? Why does the writer referred to rail at occultism? Was it not alchemy that gave him his natural science? Is not his present scientific and learned atmosphere the direct progenitor of the ancient civilization of Cathay, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Palestine?

Has scientific thought civilized the uncivilized or has it abated the power and greed of the so-called civilized? Has it civilized the American Indian or annihilated him? Will scientific inventions civilize the Porto-Rican and Philippino, or will it make them serfs to our capital and lackeys to our wealth as it has done with the so-called African freedman? What has scientific thought done for the Spanish-Indian, the Mexican of New Mexico and Arizona?

The occultism of Christ healed the sick and comforted the outcast of wealth. The occultism of Mrs. Eddy has converted thousands of men and women from a life of dissipation and vice to a life of happiness. If you want names and addresses we will furnish them to you from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. What if Mrs. Eddy is an egoist? Can she be more so than the German closet naturalist and the man who writes Professor before his name a la patent medicine venders? Has the professor ever read Hudson's "Laws of Physic Phenomena" or Helen Wilman's "Home Course in Mental Science?" They are more logical than Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health."

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Mental Science is an application of the evolutionary doctrine of Darwin and Spencer and carries that doctrine on past material and social conditions to mental and ideal conditions. The professor will do well to keep up with his natural science school and not rest on the laurels of legalized pill-taking and state hospital doping in the name of science and hygiene. What percentage of the ills of life is healed by the science of medicine and what percentage is healed by mental healers or even by divine healers and faith healers? How many more does science kill than it cures and how many more does science kill than die under mental treatment in proportion to the number treated by either method? The professor would do well to investigate the facts before he commits his scientific training to indulge in literary feats and in mental acrobatcy. Because some Eddyites become insane does it argue that scientific thought lessens insanity as a whole?

What is the difference between the monied aristocracy of America and the titled aristocracy of Europe? The former may have less syphilis and more cash and the latter less boorishness and more effeteness. Greed and the subjection and creation of poverty and crime are the actual results of both these aristocracies. Of course these aristocracies foster your natural science as a fad, just as they patronize your vicous artists as a fad or your French salon as a fad, viz: to secure your devotion and admiration for their greed. Will you say that the religion of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, is not that of the common brotherhood of man? Will

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you say that the religion of Henry George and Edward Bellamy was not that of the humanitarian and the philanthropist and will you say that their idea of common ownership of all things is not the only possible solution of the fight between capital and labor, between wealth and poverty? Why disguise these facts? Why not educate the people and prepare them for the result in some future generation?

What does natural science teach? Does it teach anything absolute or ultimate whatever? Does chemistry even wholly support the atomic theory? Does the chemist know what the real elements are or what they may become? Is he not playing with phenomena instead of dealing with real elements? Is the chemist any nearer ultimate truth than the mental scientist or even than the modern occult? What do you know about life itself? Can you create it? The mental healer who is lending his energies toward annihilation of sin, sickness and death is more worthy of happiness and more likely to receive it than the sordid scientist who sneers at everything not legalized by his devotees of the school of medicine and the theology of greed.

It seems to be the present fashion of effete literary journals and of scientific professors to attack mental science teachings and healings just as Zoroaster, Christ, and Darwin were attacked. But just as Christ was crucified by the Jews so was science at one time attempted to be annihilated by the Christian religion. What if Eddyism is egoism? Egoism is probably what secured the professor his position. It can not be his calm, philosophical reasoning. Eddyism may not

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be logical in its explanations but it heals and cures and purifies. The great trouble with all people who find that they possess occult power is that they go at once to explaining it according to their peculiar childhood religion. The divine healers and faith healers especially so. The clairvoyant and hypnotic healer is somewhat more reckless in the application of his crude power, in his Anglo-Saxon greed to gain off his occult superstition and yet he is not more greedy than Dowie or the medical profession.

We criticise not the grand leaders and thinkers of science, only their charlatan followers. We criticise not the great leaders of religion, only their hypocritical trailers. We criticise not the master occult minds, only the fake ignoramuses who debase the divine power for good. We do not attack the good leaders of the Jewish religion. Their teachings are all that keep their followers from greater criminalities than they now practice upon the stupid cupidity of the verdant youth of Anglo-Saxons. We attack their beastly practices in the name of religion and their commercial dishonor just as any man would attack any criminal element that debauches his sons and daughters and commits them to a life of servitude or degradation. Those who dole out charity on the coupon system as a trade advertisement and subsidize the metropolitan press by high-priced advertisements are apostates to their religion and promote a cancerous growth in society.

It is our conviction that all mental, divine, faith, hypnotic, clairvoyant, mesmeric, and occult healing is

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of the same nature—that they all operate with the same principle and differ only in degree according to their intelligence, understanding and high or low conceptions of good, love and beauty. Mrs. Eddy is right in naming her treatment Christ-like or Christian. It is true it is not yet a science because natural scientists have appropriated the term science exclusively and call it systematic knowledge as opposed to empirical experience. We believe that Mrs. Eddy makes the same mistake that all other occult manipulators make, viz: in their attempt at explaining the phenomena according to their childhood religion. If a Hindoo has occult power he explains it according to his idea of religion. If a Red Indian medicine man has occult power he explains it as a divine gift of the great father. If a spiritualist has occult power he explains it according to his preconceived ideas of a semi-sensual heaven, etc. If Dowie has occult power he manifests it through the early teachings of his Scottish intolerant religion. If a divine healer has occult power he explains it according to his Swedenborgian or band-of-holiness idea of religion. If a Mental Scientist has occult power he explains it according to his idea of evolution as applied not only to matter and sociology but farther to mental and ideal development.

We understand that the condition reached in effective prayer is a subjective or psychic state of the mind attained by supplication of an ideal divinity. The same psychic condition is manifested in religious conversion, in camp meetings, in Negro religion and folk song. The same psychic condition is manifested in

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genius, in those grand moments of divine inspiration in oratory, poetry, painting and invention. It is manifested in the music of Blind Tom as well as that of Chopin, in the pathos of Uncle Tom's Cabin as well as in that of Trilby. And we understand that this subjective or psychic condition of mind may be attained without a knowledge of a personal God, an actual devil or a chemical hell.

This subjective or psychic condition of the mind may be attained by cultivation of the ideal, by abstracting one's self, temporarily, from the objective things of daily life and dwelling upon the occult, the grandeur of the universe and the glory of life itself. Our divinity is within us and is part of us. We recognize it daily in our good thoughts and deeds. The more we recognize the stronger we become—the nobler we become. We cultivate our desires for good, truth and beauty; we ennoble ourselves in commanding thoughts of grandeur and performing deeds of greatness and kindness. We regard this as rational occultism and true mental science and of the stuff of which gods are made.

The great trouble is the attainment itself and its practical application to one's own self without baseness and vile use. Genius is often base; religion is often hypocritical; civilization is often cruel; education is often bigoted; commerce has become a synonym for greed; philanthropy is often actuated by motives for cheap notoriety, and yet who says genius, religion, civilization, education, philanthropy and commerce are not desirable? Modern occultism as applied most in-

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telligently to our conduct, our health and our happiness is more desirable than any form of science or degree of civilization that has ever existed in any period of Cliff-dwellers, Egyptians, Chinese, Grecians, Romans or Christians. It is more desirable than any European title, than any American gold, than natural science, than conquest of nations, than state universities or fossiliferous proclivities. It is more desirable than the spirit of war, than the spirit of medical advice on strictly scientific principles, and more desirable than the religion of the Hebrews, the Catholics, or the Protestants.

Of course, in the development of the application of crude occultism there will be Schlatterers, Sheltons, and Dowies galore just as there has been Keeleys in science, vile priests and pastors, lascivious nuns and organists in religious circles, just as there have been free-lovists, Shakers and Communists in social development and yet the Utopian idea of Edward Bellamy's "Equality" is probably the only solution of the social and economic problems from a standpoint of trade, commerce and production.

We do not believe that mental science development of individuality in the person would ever overcome commercial strife and dishonorable money-getting and certainly our present civilization has increased commercial strife and dishonorable property-grabbing. But in this mental science or occult movement what are we going to do with those people who have been objectively educated from childhood to chronic pill-taking, to imaginary ill-health complaining, to sexual excesses

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and to religious repentance when it is too late to apply an antidote for the action of the pills, or the disease of the imagination or to the insane subjective condition of the sexual question? Love of home, wife, offspring are the most sacred of ties when tempered with culture, control and health, yet this conjugal love is daily made bestial by free-love licentiousness and by so-called Christians. Its baseness is a part of the traffic in typewritists, in department store attaches, in effete society and in chuch affinities. Only the grandly intellectual and the honestly industrious escape its debasing tendencies to any great degree. We trust that modern occultism may be enabled to overcome what science and religion have failed to control.

And now Mr. Professor, why not abjure the fatalism of natural science teaching and its materialism? Why not array your talents for words and sentences with conceptions of hope, purity, happiness and the ideal development of goodness, greatness, equality and fraternity? We know the attitude of your mind. It is identical with the period of our evolutionary development of a quarter of a century ago. It is productive of degeneracy, misanthropy and blind fatalism after the enthusiasm has once cooled off to a normal state and the effervescence of your words and sentences become stale realities to be drank without ices or imbibed without heat or spirit.

We may be pardoned for reciting that the above conditions are the result of our own individual experience and we are not proud in the exploitation of those experiences. We were born of Quaker ancestry and

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with perhaps some of that subjective or psychic "Inner Light" that in the days of William Penn stood for honesty, justice, peace and plenty and opposed to war, famine, pestilence, greed and lasciviousness. We left this environment in infancy and grew up in contact with avarice, clerical moaning and domestic malaria. We flew from it at fifteen to enter the high school and later college, etc. We became instructor in a state university chemical laboratory and remained as such for three years in connection with completion of our university course. We were by this time "swearing" by Draper's "Conflict of Religion and Science." We took a post-graduate course in a German university. While there we came in daily contact with a man ten years our senior, who was the son of a New Jersey divine; had early became agnostic but had returned to the faith of his Scotch ancestors and was then in Germany studying German theology and reviewing Herbert Spencer and, as we were informed, annihilating him, etc. Under this influence and that of other post-graduate divines and their families from America we endeavored to seek Christ and secure divine forgiveness for supposed sinful and agnostic thoughts but we could not find Him nor his forgiveness. He was not before our subjective mind. He was not in our psychic horoscope. We understood He existed, all right, in the mind and soul of others but not in ours and we could not reach him with our atheistic arms nor our worldly wisdom of chemistry nor our sniveling assumed repentance. We began to conclude we had nothing for which to repent save existence itself and nothing to

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fear save disease, poverty and death. We then returned to our native land and endeavored to impress our scientific clap-trap upon the unfortunate youth of ignorant agriculture, etc. We then taught as principal of school for three or four years, was then a general merchant for nine years, later a wholesale merchant and finally have been representative of a publishing house and of periodicals for the past eleven years. We are now nearly fifty and lay no claim to scientific accuracy, microscopic goodness or chemical greatness. We are not connected with the pessimistic pedagoguery of any state endowed institution and are not dependent upon professional charity as a machine teacher nor upon church society for a moral bracer. We are not a sport nor a licentiate but a plain American citizen of legitimate ancestry, of Anglo-Saxon origin. We do not pretend to heal or preach, nor overcome Hebrew-Hibernian combinations of trade, commerce, and law.

Law!! What a travesty upon intelligence and honesty? It is even worse than medicine and preaching. It originated in feudal conditions when one feudal lord went out and cut off the head of his neighbor and appropriated the latter's property, and this precedent has been handed down to us in musty tomes, by way of Rome and Blackstone and later by way of ignoramuses elected to the state and national legislatures.

Law, medicine, theology!!! What a licensed trio of impostors? They beat any three of a kind you can hold up, out of the cold deck of present civilized life. They beat priest, nun and satan. They beat knave, Hebrew and politician. They beat a royal flush and

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four of a kind unless you add to them politics. Nothing on earth, nor in heaven above, nor in the deep blue sea can beat the four of a kind—law, medicine, theology and politics.

We are allied with no society for the prevention of cruelty to man, woman, child or beast. We are attached to no club, politics or church and yet we mingle with them all and their vulgar display of authority. We do not even identify ourselves with any Mental Science organization. Because we have not the time and patience to listen to organization bickerings for personal supremacy. We have never met an occult or a healer but we have read their works and noted their deeds and we bid them good speed and bespeak for them grander achievements than have ever been obtained by science, theology, law, medicine and politics together.

How many young men just out of college or grammar school have the courage to face the cold stare of the banker, the brutality of the department store manager or the insolence of the insurance company's official to procure a position to labor for their bread? Prate about individual courage! It can not exist except as attended by kindness and encouragement. If it does exist, it is that form of courage that causes young men to go to misguided war instead of face close application as a student or a business man. It causes them to go to Cape Nome to avoid the grind of commercial tyrants. It causes them to dissipate to drown their fear of business failure and commercial agency insults? Mental Science may help them to fight the battle. Law, theology, medicine and politics

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do not help them except to be cute and dishonest and develop them into the present dominant banker, business man or merchant.

What should have been said at the commencement of this chapter and even at the commencement of this book, is that the real occult is the uncanny. It is patronized by the same morbidity of thought that patronizes patent medicine advertisements and the same morbidity that causes people to go slumming to study vice and the same morbidity that causes people to go to dime museums, funerals and wakes. The occult is the uncanny. So is the intoxicated, the sexually debased, the insanely avaricious. Public exhibitions of hypnotism are as much phases of insanity or insanity producing as are exhibitions of sensational religious conversion or as the fanatical idiocy of warriors on the battle-field. Public hypnotism, intoxication, sexual debasement, insane greed, sensational conversion, the war spirit are all alike evidences of ignorance or what the early religionists would have called the devil. It really seems to us that the devil is the cutest idea of ignorance—error—superstition. Some of these devils we admire more than we do the insane spirit of war, greed, intoxication, secret vice, hypocracy, *et al.* We admire these devils much as we admire Mephistopheles in Faust and as we suppose the ancient Greeks admired their several gods. Yes, the occult is the uncanny. So is the "post" the "stiff" of the dissecting table of science. So is the medical student uncanny and hence largely criminal.

The professor has attempted to cast a slur upon

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metaphysical healing and mental therapeutics by dubbing it the modern occult. It is no more occult than are the thoughts of genius, than are the teachings of Christ, than is the "Inner Light" of the members of the Society of Friends. It is no more occult than reason, goodness, purity, and happiness. It is the professor who is occult, uncanny, morbid, misguided, degenerate, wrong.

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CHAPTER IV.

European Education and Agricultural Colleges.

Tacoma, Washington, November 4, 1900.

My Dear Friend: You ask me about going to Europe to complete your education, where to go, what university to attend, etc. My answer is, don't go to Europe to complete your education, nor to see it until you are mature, developed and on the decline of life, at say fifty years of age. You have equally as good universi ties in America, better laboratory and clinic work, superior apparatus of instruction, and a broader minded corps of instructors. Besides Continental Europe is to a young American of purity and sincerity of character what modern civilization is to the Indian. European civilization crushes out all primitive ideas of purity and sincerity of character in the undeveloped offspring of New England and orthodox Quakers, just as our civilization of greed and gregarious life crushes out all elements of bravery and ideal spirit life from the redman, and inoculates him with vigor-sapping disease and begets his extermination.

Education is development, growth, evolution of the mind and body and not mental cramming of rules, formulæ and disassociated facts. We have a bright young friend who is recognized by all associates as phenominal in the knowledge of facts, words and data of a biographical nature. This friend stops in the midst of a meal to run to the dictionary to ascertain the proper pronunciation of words and their definitions. The de-

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velopment of reason is arrested by the dissipation of forces in storing up insignificant data on pronunciation and irrelevant incidents of no immediate importance, etc. In fact the prospects in life from a business standpoint may be ruined by confining one's efforts to everything but the business ends of the propositions necessary to success and maintenance.

Some eight years since we advised two young friends, brothers, who were attending high school, to take courses in stenography as a stepping-stone to business life. Their father had been an unsuccessful school teacher and the boys were early thrown upon their own resources. They both took the course in stenography and obtained positions. We had advised them that the only way for a poor young man to succeed in business nowadays was to secure some foothold in some large establishment and simply hang on, becoming, by mere force of persistency, indispensable to the business and finally commanding comfortable salaries as manager of a department or branch of the business. These boys soon began to shift about and seek a change of position, and finally found themselves without positions at all. The younger went to a farm and lost several years, and is now in Cape Nome, probably living in a precarious manner. The elder followed his father to some business college scheme in Michigan which all resulted in a premature failure. About five years ago he came to us in Chicago, asking that we assist him to a position. We wanted to learn if he was now willing to follow our advice. His depressed, dejected and hopeless impecunious condition readily assisted him to conquer

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his false pride and say he would follow the advice. We assisted him and he became stenographer for a large firm which does business all over the world, and he is now in a fair way to become a man of capacity.

Another of our young friends who is a special admirer of the writings of Colonel Ingersoll also sought our advice. We recounted that when Colonel Ingersoll was last in Chicago he told a young man, his namesake, just out of college, not to go into the law; that there was only room at the top, that the uncertainty of reaching the top and the chances of falling off the ladder of fame, and being trampled upon by the rabble were too great. He should get into business; commence and take his chances there, etc. Still this young man insists that he desires to become a lawyer and stand before juries and sway them with his eloquence. We hope he will not degenerate into a fake collecting agent or a clerk to some business concern in order to get his daily bread.

Another young friend has never left the farm and is now twenty-five years of age. It is not necessary for him to leave the farm for the reason that his parents would be glad to have him take the farm in charge and come into final ownership of it, but he is not a farmer. He has invented all sorts of bicycle attachments and improvements. He can play the most difficult portions of operatic music upon the violin and has never taken music lessons, but he cannot properly harness up a horse, or put the clothes on a clothes-horse. A year ago he came to Chicago and we obtained for him a position in the largest mining machinery establishment

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perhaps in the world, but he was too timid to go to work the next morning. We advised him to go into some university and complete a full mechanical engineering education and strike for the highest possibilities that life might present to him. He is still fumbling with bicycle attachments and improvised violins on the farm, when he does not seem to care to know the difference between a crupper and a properly adjusted breast-strap. He is a genius if properly trained and developed. But he seems to entertain the idea that genius blossoms and matures fully without disagreeable training of recognized authority.

Concerning that contemplated trip to Europe, we made the mistake at twenty-one, in 1873; was advised to go to Germany and fit ourselves for a college professorship in an agricultural university. We had been three years assistant instructor in the chemical laboratory of the university where we graduated before going to Germany and had some means of our own and borrowed some.

We left home bouyant and ambitious. Our first shock was received from street sights at night in New York; our next was by a worse exhibition on the streets of Liverpool and London, and them came the final greatest shock in the street scenes of Vienna, and about the World's Exposition of 1873.

Could we have escaped it all, and returned to our home in the country on the farm, which we left in disgust six years before, we would have done so gladly. But our pride forced us on. We went to Dresden, Berlin and Leipsic and finally entered the agricultural

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department of the university of Halle an der Salle, in September, 1873. We remained there until June, 1874; took notes of lectures by Dr. Julius Kuhn on animal husbandry and economics of agriculture, of Professor Freytag on wool culture and breeding, of Professor Rolaff on veterinary science and of Doctor Reichart on practical and physiological botany. We did laboratory work with microscopes, on wool products, physiological botany and animal diseases, etc. We undertook and completed a thesis on "The Formation of Nitrous Acid and Ammonia in Soils by the Action of Sunshine and Evaporation." We attempted to show by controlled conditions in laboratory experiments covering a period of six months, that the nitrogen of plants is largely derived from atmospheric nitrogen made available in nascent form for plant use by the activity and proper amelioration of soils, which, under the influence of sun and evaporation, have converted inert atmospheric nitrogen into available nitrite of ammonia. And we proved it to the satisfaction of our professor and the Agricultural Experimental Station and to all their scientific clap-trap. But we know that all our experiments were faulty and the conditions were in no way scientifically controlled and the result was in no way proven to be true. This was in the days before the germ theory of chemical change was thought of or developed at least. Now the enthusiastic agricultural scientist would probably insist in his glib way that the inert nitrogen of the atmosphere is converted into nascent nitrogenous compounds available for use by plant-life, by the microscopic germ media

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that are present in all well-regulated soils where the Lord or man irrigates them and where they are plowed, harrowed, stirred, etc., etc. The average scientist in college is a donkey. The agricultural colleges and government experimental stations are full of lop-eared scientific donkeys, who are living nicely upon government pap, and still experimenting on sorghum sugar, and fake crosses between maize and broom-corn that has been concocted by the use of both these species and a glue pot. All these problems of beet sugar production, etc., have been settled by practical operation of farmers and manufacturers. Science did not develop the beet sugar industry in Europe. Science tagged along after the discovery was made and constructed an a, b, c formula for convenient use as a theory upon which to make books, smooth talk, etc. Science did not invent the steam plow, the modern harvester, the new dairy process. Science did not develop the Shorthorn, the Hereford, the Ayrshire, the Jersey; or the Clydesdale, the Thoroughbred, the Shetland pony; or the Southdown, the Merino sheep, or the Berkshire or the Poland-China hog. Science comes along and makes books and claims to have systematized the whole business, but she usually confuses and misleads the practical operator of a farm. We visited most of the agricultural experimental stations of Germany, France and England in 1874. We visited a sugar beet farm in Germany where the beets are made into sugar, the refuse fed to dairy cows, and the sugar, butter and veal alone are marketed. The land is plowed by steam power, the rye is made into flour, the potatoes into

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poor alcohol and the refuse of good flour, poor spirits, skimmed milk and incompetent cow flesh is used to support the laborers who live in cold, damp stone hovels like cattle. An American laborer would tell the scientifically educated, important German lord who owns the outfit, to go to purgatory and be blasted. But these hereditary laboring Germans calmly eat their slop and drink their potato whiskey or stale beer and plod along forever.

We visited the agricultural colleges of France and noticed the neatness about their stables and laboratories, and their mushroom beds, hare breeding, frog ponds, etc. We listened to lectures in the botanical garden and to the profuse dignity of the professors and the voluminous circumlocution of words and shrugging of shoulders, and all that. But they did not know how to bind a sheaf of wheat deftly, nor how to ride a bucking horse, nor how to pitch a forkfull of hay, nor how to wield an ax properly, and we modestly showed them much, to their astonishment, etc. We then visited England, and the Lawes and Gilbert experimental farm, near St. Albans. We here learned, from a series of experiments conducted for a series of years, that nitrogenous plants such as beans and clover do not require a nitrogenous fertilizer and that cereal grains, such as are rich in alkali phosphates do not require these salts as fertilizers. We had, however, known these facts long ago on the farm.

So here you are, there is no accuracy of natural science in agriculture in any way. Agriculture is purely empirical like the work of bureau weather reports, it

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may employ scientific nomenclature to aid it. It may use diluted acetic acid for vinegar or even diluted sulphuric acid on pickles. It may use beet sugar instead of maple or sugarhouse drip, or it may use corn sugar and levulose and dextrose instead of suchrose, but scientific agriculture does not make a commercial proposition of the whole lot of "oses."

Natural science does not teach how to successfully breed, feed and groom thoroughbred racers, nor how to cultivate and maintain southern California orange and lemon groves and the youth of the land should not be deceived by the advertisement of universities that natural science is going to help them to make money on the farm, and to dignify their calling as such, by the use of new nomenclature for horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, hens, ducks, grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables. The youth better be taught mind-culture and the ethics of farm life and not the ethics of the race course and the village saloon and city pool selling room and gambling board of tradé! The youth better read "Wet Days at Edgewood," or "Snowbound," or "The Village Blacksmith." The youth should be taught that country life is the only respectable life under our present conditions of civilization if he desires to preserve his purity of character and his native integrity. When a regent of an agricultural college goes over the country lecturing, advising farmers to send their son John to his agricultural college, to be educated, to go to the city, where the people are, and the money is, and the business is, etc., he ought to be confined in a cell in Jacksonville or Dunning.

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When an agricultural college degenerates into a political training shop for lawyers, doctors, pharmacists and preachers it better go out of business, and forfeit its government and state endowment, and save the taxpayer no small amount.

When an agricultural college is run on the brass band plan to secure a volume of students and that sort of prestige it is about time that a new regent and faculty be imported from stolid Germany or from some other clime that has not learned how to manipulate our politics so as to furnish fine salaries and dress-suit parades and have ball teams for farmers' sons who should be displaying their capabilities as roughriders, hay pitchers and woodchoppers.

If there is one thing that is more disgusting than another it is the Irish saloon in city politics. If there is another thing that is still more disgusting it is politics in education. We prefer to be educated by the endowments of repentent accumulated millions.

So, my young friend, don't go to Europe until you have run the gauntlet in the United States; don't go to Scotland and Switzerland until you have visited the Rockies and the Pacific Coast. Don't go to Paris and Berlin, London and Vienna, until you have seen Chicago and New York, Boston and San Francisco. Don't go to Leipsic until you have learned all you can in St. Louis and vicinity. Don't get too far from home and home influences. It is all right to read Tom Payne and Bob Ingersoll, but don't be foolish and swear by them. Don't swear by anything but goodness, kindness, greatness, industry, economy and

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integrity. All honest men in their mature years would give the accumulation of their life-time to absolutely know whether they were wholly right in their philosophy of life. Nothing is absolute.

If any misguided fool tells you to get out and get the sun and see the world and sow your wild oats, calmly remind him that the sun shines brighter near home, that the world can be no more beautiful over there than here among friends, and that wild oats sown in a whirlwind are obliged to be reaped in disgust or disease. The talented W. C. Brann who established the Iconoclast in Waco, Texas, once said that he had been "up against it all from soda to hock," and he knew what he was talking about, and he seems to have possessed that psychic insight of purity and justice that the formal, vapid world does not possess. But remember his radical statements though true, caused his death by violence in an untimely manner. He was too sincere and too impatient of results for the civilization of Texas southern chivalry. So temper your convictions until they are ripe in mature age before you dare to place them before the world.

These conclusions were not reached upon our stay in Austria, Germany, France, England and Scotland in 1873 and 1874, at twenty-one and twenty-two years of age, nor yet upon our return there in 1890, at thirty-eight years of age, after sixteen years of life as a teacher and a business man, but they are arrived at, at forty-eight years of age, after ten more years of continuous travel, all over the United States and Canada, coming in contact with the very best of business

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and professional men and noting the floundering of the masses in every avenue of life under the vain hope of financial and social success.

We would preferably place in the hands of youth, for educational purposes, Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," Westcott's "David Harum" and "Mr. Dooley In Peace and War," to placing in their hands, for educational purposes, the scientific clap-trap of schools of medicine, of political economics, of theological maunderings and of legal concoctions. Human nature as well as animal, plant, and rock nature is what youth requires as a text-book. "Innocents Abroad," "David Harum" and "Mr. Dooley" furnish an insight into rational human nature. The proper study of mankind is man. The proper study of farming is farms. Agricultural colleges should be situated in an agricultural community and should not be near any other college. They should be permitted to expend for their benefit and instruction all revenues from the endowment of the nation, state and county and this endowment fund or its revenue should not be diverted to clay-modeling, effete literature, ancient parsing, criminal medical-dissecting and stupid pharmaceutical mixing of lotions, pills and dope. Behold the spectacle of state universities endowed by the nation, under a special act of Congress, to teach the sciences pertaining to agriculture and the mechanic arts, given over wholly to literature, pharmacy and medicine. They are operated to rush farmers' sons from wholesome farm life to vicious city life. They are operated to rush farmers' daughters from the path of virtuous happiness on

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the farm to society prostitution in cities. They are operated by business managers instead of professors of learning. They are operated by a combination of politics and grammar school principals. We wonder that the projectors of this national endowment are resting in their graves after the perversion that has been given to their philanthropic and magnanimous efforts.

We quote below the conditions as we saw them in 1875 after our return from Europe:

SCHOOLS OF FARMING.

SUGGESTIONS OF A GRADUATE OF A STATE UNIVERSITY—MORE OF THE PRACTICAL AND LESS OF THE ORNAMENTAL NEEDED.

Since ninety per cent of the people of the Central States are engaged in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and since there are sectarian institutions sufficient to educate the theological portion as well as a sufficient number of colleges of law and medicine for those who desire to pursue these avocations, it seems that a state institution of learning which has been endowed by the United States to teach the sciences pertaining to agriculture and mechanic arts without excluding other scientific or classical studies, should make actual efforts to give such instruction in these industries as is given in the best institutions in this and other countries. That actual efforts are made by the instructors of most state universities seems according to the knowledge and convictions of their graduates to be untrue. We took the second matriculation of a university on March 2, 1868, gradu-

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ating from the agricultural department in June, 1872. We have been connected with the university as a preceptor for two years before and two years since that time and believe we are able to speak for those who have graduated in the agricultural course of the classes of 1872, 1873, 1874, and 1875.

One of the graduates of 1872 has said that he had learned since he graduated that his alma mater produced students, who, when graduated, were more unfit for the actual duties of life than they would have been had they remained with their fathers during those four years. He said that everything that was really practical had been sedulously avoided. Another remarked that no teacher of ability who persisted in the proper teachings of the sciences which pertain to agriculture, could remain in the university, and at the present the preceptors and professors were the tools of the regent. We believe that much that is practical has been attempted, but not effected because it was attempted either to satisfy the demands of the state for action in an agricultural direction, or without a definite knowledge of what was needed. Probably no one doubts that the present favorable condition of the university is due almost wholly to the exertions of the regent, but this regent is not a professor of chemistry or agriculture; he is pre-eminently a literary man, who advocates broad and liberal polytechnic education. He becomes dissatisfied with an instructor and offers to resign, but he is retained and the other professor resigns. He is exceedingly popular in the adjoining cities as well as where he lectures. The citizens of these cities believe that he is elevating the literary and educational atmosphere of their homes and they clamor for him and the trustees retain him. The undergraduates adore him, for he praises their industry and flatters them, and is an excellent teacher in his branches of learning. We believe that we were most

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effectually gulled for four years and did not find it out until we attempted to study agriculture in Europe. It would seem that under the present regime the state university is tending towards popular literary, art and scientific education, instead of education in the industries, especially agriculture. There is perhaps as much to be learned from the anatomical dissection of a horse as from the moulding of a clay copy of the Venus of Milo, although there is probably not as much physical beauty in the corpse of the former as in the marble form of the latter. There is perhaps as much to be gained from the study of the exterior of Clydesdales, Shorthorns, Berkshires and Leicesters as from the study of the exterior of Michael Angelo's "Dying Slave" or "Moses" although there may not be as much fascination about the former as there is about the popular adoration of the latter.

There is perhaps as much intelligence expressed in a beautiful rural door-yard landscape, as in a plaster cast of the dilapidated relic of Praxiteles' handiwork, although there is probably not as much mystical, classical lore accompanying the beauty of the former as there is in the defaced remnant of the latter. There is perhaps as much actual knowledge to be acquired from the study of agricultural chemistry as from the study of elocution, freehand-drawing or music, although there may not be as much "honor" accompanying the pursuit of the former as there is the ephemeral popularity of the latter.

An examination of the cut of the outside of the catalogue of a state university suffices to indicate the character of the institution. If this picturesque advertisement is expedient and if this is an industrial university, why not substitute a steam engine for the emaciated literary group in the center; a group of fine stock for the owls in the corner; a plow and hydraulic ram for the Corinthian columns? We find in

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the course recommended for the agricultural students of the state university in this catalogue, a lamentable want of technical agricultural studies. At least there is a lack of technical studies if the universities of Germany and France are pursuing the proper course. We would append more agricultural chemistry. Supposing the student has taken elementary and technical chemistry in the text-book and the laboratory during the first year of his course, during the second year he should study estimation of chlorine, silver, potassium and sulphuric acid; quantitive analysis of hydric sodium phosphate, bone ash and potash alum; quantitive analysis of soil; mechanical and chemical analysis of soil by comparison of several typical soils. For the second term, fertilizers; estimation of phosphoric acid with uranic aceate, estimation of ammonia and nitrous acid; comparative analysis of several typical fertilizers; comparative analysis of the several composites and farm-yard manures. For the third term, foods; estimation of albumenoids, oil, starch, sugar, etc.; comparative analysis of several typical foods, of animal products, milk, cheese, butter, fats, etc. And should the student have time to go still farther, he should study organic analysis of carbohydrates, sugar, starch, oil, etc.; organic analysis of albumenoids, both vegetable and animal; extended analysis of irrigation and sewerage waters; comparative analysis of the several systems of utilizing refuse, sewerage, earth closets, slaughter-house refuse, etc.; preparation of fertilizers, superphosphates, nitrates and ammonia salts; extended comparative analysis of both natural and artificial foods. He should append or substitute more exterior anatomy and physiology of domestic animals, more veterinary science. We would have the students make frequent agricultural excursions to well-conducted farm and well-bred herds. And above all would we have students observe carefully all field

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experiments which have been made intelligently and have continued for a long period of time.

But the instructors say that all this course would occupy too much time, and we must give them a little more of the general and literary so that they may be cultured and able to express themselves. Yet if they are taught the reliable, stable things, they will be more able to express themselves than if they studied literature and had nothing to express. If they study these earnestly, the aesthetical will necessarily come. We would not wish to say anything to deter young men from entering state universities. On the contrary it is better to have such education as you can get there than to have none or little. We would only desire to see such sciences as pertain to agriculture and the mechanical arts taught with actual understanding and earnestness.

We quote below our letter published in the Prairie Farmer of 1875. The conditions of scientific agriculture were even better then than to-day.

INTENSIVE AND EXTENSIVE AGRICULTURE.

The farming of Illinois is, for the greater part, on the extensive system. But a glance at the east, and especially the Old World, suffices to indicate that before long, we, here in the fertile prairies, must pursue the most intensive system of farming, and he who first intelligently and scientifically attempts to pursue such cultivation, first succeeds. In order to illustrate what we mean by intensive agriculture, we will give short accounts of some of the most typical examples in Germany, France, England and Scotland as we saw them. But first ignoring the so-called idea of "book-farming," or the prejudices of ignorant minds as to the practicability of science, we would

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say that science is knowledge. It is science if we know how to grow good crops. It is science if we know how to plan and perfect a door-yard landscape. It is science if we know how to breed good stock, and certainly no mind of ordinary intelligence could say that each fragment of natural science does not throw more light upon all of these subjects.

A beet sugar farm of 8,000 acres belonging to Zimmermann, is situated a few miles west of Halle, on the river Saale, in Germany. The land is continually under the most intensive culture, there being no fallows, and scarcely any grass or pasture land. All the raw material of the farm is manufactured on the farm into a state in which it is used as human food, thus gaining the profit of manufacturing and all the refuse for manure and stock food. The beets are manufactured into sugar; the wheat and rye into flour; the potatoes into starch and alcohol; the rape seed into oil and rape cake. A dairy of one hundred cows and a flock of six thousand sheep are fed on the refuse of the beet sugar and potato starch factories; the bran, etc., of the wheat, rye and the rape cake, etc. The stock is housed nearly all the time, and the land is manured with the refuse of the sheep and cow stables, with copious use of superphosphates and Chili saltpetre. This very intensive system has been pursued over twelve years, and the soil is much more fertile now than when the system was begun. Nobody looking upon the beautiful, refined products, the massive new buildings, and the general neatness, can for a moment doubt of the financial success.

Not stopping to speak of similar farms in France, (for it was in this country that the beet sugar raising and manufacturing was brought to its first stages of success,) we pass to speak of the admirable five and ten-acre farms along the valley of the Seine. The families live in villages and own but small tracts of

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land surrounding, but they succeed in having a neat, intelligent and happy lifetime (considerations of which most of our western farmers know but little). We are accustomed to hear terrible stories of the fate of the French peasantry, and a few of them may be true, but we do not hesitate to say that the people as a whole are in better condition intellectually and financially than the western farmers taken as a whole. They farm their five or ten acres neatly and intensively. They cultivate and harvest at the proper time, and enjoy themselves intellectually whenever opportunity affords. Always polite and obliging, they are a truly happy people. In Germany these good accounts cannot be given of the lower classes, and in England, while we have the best farmers in the world among the middle classes, we have the most degraded lower classes of any higher civilized country, excepting, perhaps, Ireland.

But England has furnished our fine Shorthorns, Southdowns, and Berkshires. Her sister has furnished our Clydesdales and Ayrshires. England has produced men who have devoted whole fortunes to the furtherance of agricultural information, like the Hon. J. B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, near St. Albans, in Herefordshire. He has grown wheat on the same plat of ground with the yearly use of the same fertilizer on each separate plat for a period of thirty-six years. He has proven, and does actually grow five or six crops in succession by the judicious use of Chili saltpetre. He has grown barley for twenty-two years upon the same plats with a different fertilizer for each plat, and the same fertilizer for the same plat for this period of time. He has proven that Chili saltpetre makes a ranker growth of vegetation, but that it throws the harvest about two weeks late with barley and oats. Both potash salts and superphosphates hasten the ripening of the seed, although they do not

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add especially to the growth of the vegetation. He has grown oats in like manner for seven years and about the same results have been obtained as with the barley. He has experimented upon root crops, rotations, etc. He has furnished information which is ultimate, it is good for to-day, to-morrow and forever.

We review successful steam cultivation in England, and successful sewerage irrigation is to be seen here in its perfection. England being so thickly populated as she is, cannot afford to poison her rivers with the filth of the cities, and at the same time destroy such a profitable source of manure. The sewerage farm of four hundred acres, near Leamington, is the most typical in its details of any of which we can speak. The owner has a contract with the city for the sewerage for thirty years, to be delivered on the farm at a cost of $2,250, per year. It is pumped by two sixty horse-power engines through fifteen-inch tiling a distance of two miles, up an elevation of one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and the annual cost to the city to get rid of its sewerage is about $2,500, making an actual expenditure of $250 only. The principal crops are Italian rye grass, mangold wurzels, cabbage, wheat, beans, etc. Eight crops of Italian rye grass are grown in one season, and each crop is irrigated twice. Three crops of cabbage are grown in one season, and each crop is irrigated twice. Fifty tons of mangold wurzels are produced in a season, per acre, the beets averaging usually twelve or fifteen pounds each. The other crops are not irrigated but are grown after rye grass, beets, etc., wheat usually averaging sixty bushels to the acre. It should be remembered that before this system was begun, over half of the land was waste and valueless sand, but this was tile drained six feet deep and sixty feet apart, while the other two hundred acres were tile drained four feet deep and forty feet apart, the whole being a grand

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system of filtration which leaves the fertilizing material in the soil. The grass is sold in the green or uncured state to the city, stables, etc., and a dairy of one hundred cows, which furnish milk to the city, is kept. Thus the sanitary condition of the city is benefited; there is created near it a cheaper source for hay, milk, etc.

But this very intensive culture is not confined to the beet sugar and sewerage farm. The farmer near Edinburgh, Scotland, on one of the Duke of Buccleuch's estates says that unless he expends annually for seed, cultivators, harvesting, manures and rent, the sum of $75 per acre, he can realize no profit. He grows wheat, barley, oats and potatoes, and keeps only sufficient live stock to perform the labor of the farm. He purchases the stable manure of Edinburgh, and keeps three carts drawing all the time. He is obliged to produce the greatest possible quantity of wheat, barley, oats and potatoes yearly, or financially fail and give up his beautifully situated home. Thus every tract of land in England and Scotland is farmed as intensively as the circumstances will permit. The above system cannot be pursued upon the oolitic soils, but here sheep farming is at home. The soil is most healthy for the sheep although it may be quite unproductive. Yet it is manured and stamped by the sheep until a crop of barley can be grown, then again until a crop of roots can be grown, which latter are fed with oil cake to the sheep in pens on the land, and the soil is thus manured and packed so as to produce a better crop of barley, and now it is quite productive as well as healthy for England's finest sheep.

However it is seemingly useless to bring these imperative examples before our average farmer, for while you are speaking to him of the husbanding of his manures, of the proper succession of crops, of application of fertilizers, he scarcely listens to compre-

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hend, but occupies himself conjuring up some financial query which he suspects will stop your (to him) fanciful ideas. Hence before you are through he says, "All very well. Will it pay?" It would be with just as much propriety when a physician has prescribed certain medicines to be purchased and given to the needy patient, for the father or husband to say, "All very well. Will it pay?" We may speak of fall-plowing year after year, but unless some of the immediate neighbors just happen to get out of a rut and do something of the kind, and the results are so apparent that he has a result which enables him to praise his farming to his neighbors, the practice will go on for years as it has done in many localities without being heeded. The same may be said of the abominable practice of using scrub bulls when it would cost a much larger sum to purchase one of the better strains of blood.

And we may hope, perhaps in vain, for a general adoption of the best systems until we find education more general, and intelligence more universal—until we have time to feel the results of the education of the promising youth of the farmer in our agricultural colleges, instead of in the schools of law, medicine, theology, etc. The airy pleasantries of literature, and the fascinations of drawing and music, will in general do for that class of students who do not care to, or have not the ability to amuse themselves in some more stable manner. No one doubts the necessity of the education of the doctor of medicine. (This was written before we had knowledge of Mental Science.) He must first master a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the body, must know the chemistry and physiology of medicines before he can go into any one locality and apply a few simple remedies to the particular class of disease which prevail there. Yet many and perhaps most people doubt the practic-

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ability of first giving the young agriculturist a knowledge of his subject—a knowledge of the soil, climate, growth of crops, of the laws which govern his financial success. At least they consider it more honorable to hold out the inducement of political honor in public office, or the apparent luxury of a city doctor of medicine, or a journalist, instead of a fine home, intelligence expressed in a beautiful landscape, well-cultivated fields and fine stock.

But the fathers send their brightest lads to be educated for one of the professions, the others collar the horses and hop the clods from sunrise to sunset, and finally leave with a thorough disgust for farming, and they ought to be disgusted if they have no more idea of the subject than their father has given them. He goes cantering all over the county wire-pulling at political caucuses, and prating about the hard times, instead of staying at home and studying his profession (and agriculture is just as much a profession as law, theology or medicine). The glory of the American Republic will be just as much honored if he keeps his door-yard clean, fields well cultivated, and fences in good order, as if he gossips and pulls and secures a certain nomination in the adjoining town. The state of politics does not rest upon his shoulders nor that of the republican or democratic parties, but it is the outgrowth of a few of the best minds of the past decades, however it may have retrograded.

It may be safely said that the faster a new country abandons the primeval system of extensive agriculture and gradually adopts the more intensive system, the faster it will become a thriving land and intelligent community.

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CHAPTER V.

MODERN COMMERCIALISM.

Butte, Montana, October 15, 1900.

THIRTY odd years ago our opinion of the traveling man was that he was a tough, a boisterous commercial liar, and a sporty bummer, to be avoided as a pestilence. To-day we find him to be mostly an educated man of from forty to fifty years of age, who has been unsuccessful in business or professional life, and has been forced to use his talents and education as a traveling salesman or solicitor, as a means of support and education of his family. Sometimes still he is a young hoggish Hebrew trunk salesman, or a drunken Irish whiskey salesman, but more often he is a refined man, of fine sensibilities and often of more honorable character than the concern which he represents. This traveling man is obliged to sit at the same table with the vile young Hebrew and listen to his effort to make a date with the superannuated Irish waitress, whose bleeding gums show syphilitic inheritance. He is obliged to see her street-walker leer, and listen to the vulgar Hebrew national vernacular, or he is compelled to listen to the Irishman's braggadocio, of how he "did up" the last German saloonkeeper in the sale of manufactured whiskey and artificial California wines, or witness his helpless and disgusting intoxication.

Of course the modern traveling man sees the mountains, rivers, lakes and prairies, the cities, villages and farms, the panorama of the south, north, east and

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west, but he clambers into the sleeping car after two hours waiting at 10 P.M., to be kept awake by political bummers in the smoking end, with their shouts, coarse jokes and vile schemes, or to be kept awake by some woman who is traveling with a child and wants all the car to hear its prattle, babble, or squalling. He gets out at 3 A.M., to get off at a small town, to freeze until the hotel is warmed up at 7 or 8 A.M. He hurries to the postoffice to receive that letter from home, and instead receives one from his house, exhorting him to work the customer harder and not let him off so easily, sell a larger order, etc., etc. In this frame of mind he calls upon the country trade to get the cold-stare from the banker, the laugh from the attorney and the insult from the merchant. But our modern traveling man calmly sails in, and commands an audience and convinces the patron of his own integrity, and the patron purchases from the man, not from the house the man represents. The house has often insulted the patron in correspondence, and driven him at bay.

At noon the traveling man goes to that parody on dinner known as luncheon. He finds out about his next train and goes back to work the rest of the town, just as he did in the forenoon. He hustles to catch the train and is jostled by street car motormen, Dago fruit venders, boisterous newsboys, and old women's bundles, until he flees to the smoking car to sit in calm and a vile atmosphere of vile tobacco, which is preferable to the atmosphere of the average day coach. He arrives in time for the general delivery, and rushes after that

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letter from home, and gets a notice that a letter awaits him at the town where he was four days ago and it will be forwarded on receipt of excess postage. He will receive it one week hence; but he finds another letter from his house, acknowledging receipt of his work of two weeks ago, and wondering why he did not give all the conversation had with each customer as to the merits and demerits of the goods or publications, and of the manager's correspondence, etc. He retires at 8 P.M., after writing home and to his house, and hopes to get some sleep; but the barroom is below, and the local town talent is in there getting drunk, and some Hebrew "Kiyis" are boisterously jabbering in the hall before his door and the superannuated piano is being strummed by the landlord's daughter and he can't sleep. Just as he is well to sleep the night clerk rushes through the halls and loudly crashes on the doors and calls the men for the 1, 2 or 3 A.M., trains. Then the men make the usual noise getting down stairs and off. Then the housekeeper begins bossing the careless boy who is sweeping the halls and knocking his broom-handle against your door, and all sleep is off, and the traveler arises more dead than alive, to swallow that dessicated stuff called breakfast, and to again work the town, receiving the same cold-stare, the same horse-laugh, and the same insults because of the office-man's facetious letters on former occasions.

Sometimes in the cars a gentlemanly, refined traveling man will speak to you, and after a time will venture to converse in modest tones, and show his disapprobation of the commercialism of the present day;

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he will show you that all this political campaign talk is so much froth. It matters not to him whether McKinley or Bryan is elected; it will not affect his position in life; he regards politics solely as a rush after spoils, and almost utterly devoid of honesty, patriotism and statesmanship. He knows there is only one solution of the problem of wealth and poverty, of labor and capital, and he modestly cites you, that it may be found in Edward Bellamy's "Equality." He knows that Anglo-Saxon civilization is that of greed and extermination. He knows that the future Cuban, Porto-Rican, and Philippino will became serfs to our capital and lackeys to our wealth, just as the so-called freed colored man is to-day. He knows that the American Indian was too proud to become serf or lackey, hence he has been largely exterminated. He knows that the Spanish-Indian, the Greazer of New Mexico and Arizona is to-day just as he was forty years ago, and no more civilized. He knows that our aristocracy of wealth is more menacing than the aristocracy of title against which our forefathers fought in 1776. He distrusts Bryanism as demagoguery, playing upon the woes, trials and dissatisfactions of people who do not know what their trouble is, nor how caused. He accepts McKinleyism, as the safest evil of jobbery in statesmanship and government, and hopes for enough prosperity to enable him to educate and protect his wife and children; but he prays for Bellamyism. But this instructive conversation is interrupted by the brakeman's call of the next town to be worked. The traveling man hastens to reach the postoffice and finds a

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telegram that his child is ill, very ill. He gets a letter from his house enclosing a copy of that Garcia letter, something about the young man who went to deliver a message to Garcia, etc. It was intended by the young office cub who sent it out to be a reminder that the traveling man is owned soul and body by his house, etc. He telegraphs for more word from his child while he is waiting to catch train home, and receives answer that the child is better; is out of danger. He then reads the Garcia Message letter, and writes up his day's work, and tries to rest and sleep, but he cannot. It all irritates him. He has perhaps spent hours showing his house where an important improvement may be made in the business, and receives an irrelevant answer to the effect that the house knows its own business, has devoted the best years of its life to the matter (or to dissipation) and would prefer that the salesman would devote his time to securing sales and contracts.

It is a grim satisfaction to the traveling man to note that after a year or two, his recommendations have been adopted bodily under the authorship of the new credit man or the old one during a lucid interval. But then the traveling man arrives in a large city for Sunday. He hopes to have a good meal, a clean bed and quiet. But he is aroused by the carousal of illicit cohabiting of drunken couples in an adjoining room, and he gets up to take a walk and fresh air, and is leered at by street-walkers, gamblers, confidence men and thieves. He returns to the hotel and asks for another room, and is told there is no other. He retires again and is again awakened by a sick man or a

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woman's efforts at vomiting, or by a report of a revolver in that adjoining room. Sunday morning he awaits for the opening of the general delivery at the postoffice to find his long-expected letter from home, and he spends the day answering all in detail, and advising each son and daughter and exhorting the wife to look closely after the boys and girls, and to let him know what amount of cash he shall provide for the next month. Another week or month of this same routine of hash, insults, sleeplessness and work, and he goes home for a vacation of a week or so. He puts in this vacation reviewing the school work of the children, repairing the house, paying taxes, interest, gas bills, papering bills, meat bills, grocery bills, dry goods bills, sidewalk assessments, sewer repairs, and in attending charity workers' calls. He bids a final farewell to his family, and starts on the same efforts again, in another territory, with the same class of hotels, same class of hotel clerks and the same class of indignant customers.

He pursues this course for years, fearing to engage his small accumulation in business, to be ousted by Hebrew department stores and trust combinations, and when he does invest, he is buncoed by a bank president who wants to set his impecunious nephew up in business, and be relieved of the latter's demand for loans.

What a lovely life the traveling man leads. He has nothing to do but ride upon the cars, see the mountains, rivers, lakes and prairies, call upon bankers, merchants, and professional men, and be welcomed as a live man of the world, etc.

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A traveling man is one who is too bright and active to confine his talents to business in a country town, and has not the necessary wealth and aggressive brutality to go into business in a large city. A traveling man who makes his territory once or twice a year is an outcast from society, a wanderer from home, and the suspicion of all business men. He is looked at askance by all village society, and tabooed by city society. He loses every opportunity to cultivate a clientage in a steady, home business employment, and gradually unfits himself for any business undertaking. Just as a chronic school teacher unfits himself for a business life. He has no home comforts and his family have none. He cannot properly superintend the education and training of his children, and finally has nothing left but to go onto a ranch, a fruit farm, or into the poultry or Belgian hare breeding business. He misses all business connections in his home city, and misses all proper social connections at home and abroad. He sells his talents of education and personality to a combination of wealth and arrogance, known as a wholesale merchant, a publisher, a banker or a manufacturer, just as a street-walker sells her body to a libertine. He employs the same character of paraphernalia that the prostitute employs. She uses paint and whitewash, leering smiles, and false hair and form; he uses commercial agency reports, business schemes' seductions, and "hold-up" contracts.

Speaking of commercial agency reports, reminds us that sometime since a frayed out hireling of one of these holier-than-thou concerns came to our home and

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asked our wife where we deposited our money, and what our business connections were. Had we been at home we would have secured a good report in his quarterly publication for $2, $1, or two-bits, had we desired it, and yet this is the thing that is sold as a quarterly book for $75 and upwards to merchants and manufacturers, to aid their credit men, to tell their traveling men to whom to sell merchandise or machines. It is presumed to take the place of the business confidence that should exist between wholesaler and retailer, between lawyer and client, and between banker and depositor. It secures its garbled reports in country towns, by promise of collections to lawyers, such lawyers as can have no proper clientele, and depend upon improper reporting of their neighbor's business affairs in a secret code of deception.

Commercial reporting agencies are carbuncles on the neck of respectable commerce and trade. They are convenient for Hebrew merchants who fail in business, to secure wealth, and are convenient for credit men who have attained their position by bulldozing, from the work of an office-boy to that of a credit man. These are men who have little or no education, and no consequent understanding of commercial matters. They simply know how to sell at a profit, or know how to have a traveling man sell for them at a proft and know how to purchase or have goods manufactured at prices that commit the operatives to the poor-house or to the street. The little red book of the commercial agency is one of the traveling man's

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comforts, and the above-credit-man is another. This credit-man is as eternal as the emaciated dinner bill of fare, and just as insipid, vapid, and rabid. He employs convenient typewritists to do his composition and orthography, and entertains them at luncheon, theater and elsewhere when his family understands he is working overhours at his office. Such are commercial agency managers, credit-men, collection agency operators, bankers, Hebrews, lawyers and politicians. The traveling man is a prince by the side of either species above. He pays his bills and does not stand the grocery men off, as do the other fraternity. He educates his family to decency, not to down-town office work. He supports his wife and children only, and does not maintain a flat for an adventuress, as does the average city business man. He is disgusted with the base employment of his talents as a traveling man, and yet he must obtain money for the support of his family, according to the present commercial methods, —by genteelly stealing it in a legalized manner.

If he is representing a school-book publishing house the modern educated traveling man goes first of all and buys for cash the influence of one or more of the city, village or county school board. If he is representing a commercial agency he "holds-up" the wholesaler for alleged fresh, new reports, and for the $75 quarterly book of secret code of so-called financial and business standing. These reports are held in fear by every country merchant, and in contempt by every proper wholesale merchant. If the traveling man represents a collection agency scheme he "pulls the

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banker's leg" on some sort of a deceptive scheme to secure direct paying collections, and gets a high-priced advertisement from the banker. He does the same with the local attorney. All these deluded people get is a nice looking book, with their card in high colors. It does not increase their business nor add to their profits in any manner. If the traveling man represents a wholesale merchandise house he "Jacks up" the country merchant with new styles, new samples, new fabrics, imitating more costly ones of increased values. His stuff may be had at any city store for the same price which he sells to the country merchant at wholesale. But the city retail storekeeper hoodwinks the city customer in another manner,—by purchase of job lots and doing a general wreckage business. He throws staple lines on the market below cost of production, and gets more than even on new and imported stuff by his sales to society riff-raff at fabulous values. If the traveling salesman represents a California wine concern owned by the husband of a niece of the bishop of the Catholic church he is provided with a letter of commendation from the bishop, testifying that these so-called sacramental wines are genuine, etc., whereas they are cheap stuff, bought in carload lots, from Hebrew jobbers in San Francisco, and are mixed in a basement in Chicago and sold to churches, parsonages and nunneries as sacramental wines at a fabulous price, because of the cost of their pure (?) manufacture.

Of such is the kingdom of modern commercialism. It is largely Hebrew in its origin. It has the pawn-

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shop insignia over every portal, and the Shylock grin at every counter. It has the confidence game at every desk, and the Judas Iscariot nod at every place of business. Yet it is cleaner than politics or law, and as decent as medicine or theology. It has the mental stimulus of the faro dealer and the literary effervescence of the political orator, the impassioned culture of effete society, and the brutal greed of gold aggrandizement.

Comrades, let us "pass it up," and advocate production for use not for profit; industry for health and not as a means of escaping the poor-house; learning for wisdom and truth and not as a means of crucifying our neighbor. Let us advocate municipal ownership of utilities, state ownership of common utilities and government ownership of utilities just as the postoffice is owned and operated by the government. Let us abolish individual wealth, as such, and with it, crime, poverty, vice, and greed.

We arose at 5 A.M., to take an early train for Butte, Montana, and were importuned by a traveling salesman for a New York paper-bag concern. He shouted that he was selling more bags than all the rest of the paper concerns in the United States. He was doing up the trust—had four cars of paper-bags on track in Spokane and wanted to telegraph for three more at once. This was Sunday morning. He ordered a room with a bath, a bottle of champagne and drank it all at one standing, telephoned for a team to take him to the station to telegraph for his overcoat left on Pullman car and to telegraph for his sample trunks at a

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small station where he had been turned over into the hands of the sheriff for raising a "roar" on the train. The sheriff had left him for two days in jail and he had just escaped by bribing the jailor with his scarf pin. He was daft, gone crazy over the commercial fight that his firm was waging for supremacy. Yet, men continue to narrow the margin of profit and to work their men to insanity and they call men who advocate Bellamyism anarchists, fools and demagogues.

A few years ago a competing house had a man who had been traveling for them for several years, go crazy in Jacksonville, Florida. He had exaggerated the circulation of the concern's publications until he believed his own statements were true. He was by this time wild in his exaggeration, he was purchasing all the fake curios and alligator skins in sight in Jacksonville and soon collapsed and died. The same competitor within the past year has had two more of its traveling men die from dissipation, caused by the strain of loss of business and consequent loss of commissions with which to support themselves and families, and yet these men were once educated and refined and were driven to employ their talents in fake advertising schemes for a large publishing house which in former time was wont to secure its larger contracts for printing by feeing contract agents with gifts of diamonds and cases of champagne. This same publishing house is today working their salesmen and solicitors to a degree of insanity that is appalling and yet they will go mad if you suggest that commercialism should be annihilated and competition abolished and all property

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owned by the city, county, state and nation; that each person be required to labor sufficient to produce his proportion of the necessities of life and employ the remainder of his time, which is now required for cutting his neighbors throat in commercial competition, by improving his mind and morals.

What shall become of this increasing, commercial competition? Where will the battle end? When all are in the insane asylum or in the grave save a few trusts, then these may be purchased by the United States government and competition abolished forever. There is no other remedy in sight but final ownership of everything by a few trusts and final purchase of their interests by the government permitting the trust owner to retire to Europe to dissipate their wealth with royalty and Monte Carlo attaches.

It is the competent middle man who becomes opulent. It is the express company, the life insurance company, the railroad company, the steamship company, the slaughter-house company, the milling company, the improved mining company that becomes opulent.

Young man, if you still desire to enter the arena for the battle, on the conditions imposed by American rules for commercial supremacy and wealth, get into something where the common, honest, ignorant masses are compelled to patronize you. It is off these people men grow rich and not off Hebrews, bankers, nor off sugar, oil, tobacco, and railroad magnates. If you have small capital say $10,000 to $30,000, select a good town with railroads, mining, manufacturing and agri-

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culture tributary to it so that there will be a steady flow of laboring and producing people to contribute to your business. Organize and operate a department store—run all competition out and own the town and become congressman. Be sure you study Hebrew methods in Chicago, New York and other large cities and learn how they purchase job lots and remnant of the year's manufactory's out-put at one-half cost of manufacture —how they purchase the entire stock of a bankrupt wholesale, jobbing or other department store at street auction prices discounted and how they throw this stale stuff, at half-rate prices, upon the market to attract a crowd and make a sensation and sell other stuff to respectable people who are too weary to hunt what they want in another store of respectability some distance away.

Be sure to hire your help from among poor girls of Irish, Hebrew and Italian parents. They are less likely to be missed by the community if they degenerate too rapidly into street-walkers. Hire them at prices that will compel them to become the mistress of a lawyer, politician or business man. In this way you will make your store a necessity as a place of assignation for people who cannot afford to get married and for those who prefer a change of pasture without any responsibilities attached save cleanliness and price. Be sure you advertise well, subsidize the press of the city and county, keep up the talk until the people think you are a mercantile redeemer. Give to the poor, coal in severe weather but be sure you take an advertising coupon for each delivery and tie up all the progeny of

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poverty to everlasting obligation to you if they ever earn a dollar to spend for stuff you sell. Be sure you find an occasional man of original thought and ideas who has something new and enticing which you can exploit upon the market as an advertisement. Get for example control of a fine toy sewing machine that you can retail at $5. There was one a couple of years ago upon which you could sew anything from India lawn to sole leather provided you steadied the motion properly with your foot and treadle.

The inventor asked us to promote the sale of the invention. We had been recommended to the proposition by a banker, of course, who had an aged customer, of course, who had fostered the inventor up to the stage of exploitation upon the market, of course.

The sewing machine cost $1.50 to assemble the parts from different specialty manufacturers, and could be sold at wholesale for $3, and at retail for $5.

It was placed in the center of a holiday toy window during the holiday week of the end of 1898 in the leading retail store of Chicago for sale for $5.

A Hebrew department store desired to discount Anglo-Saxon respectability and purchased one thousand machines at a discount of ten per cent on $3, or at $2.70 each. They placed it in their window for sale at $2.95 or five cents less than it cost the Anglo-Saxon merchant. By this act the inventor and foster father of the inventor annihilated it. The Hebrew department store killed its sale in every town within a radius of one hundred miles of Chicago for Chicago mops up all the trade from these surrounding towns

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because the women come to get bargains, you know and to see the show, you know and take luncheon in the department store restaurant, you know and make a mash, you know and go off and have a good time, you know. Don't you know? The most elegant Hebrew department store in Chicago caters to the swift society people—to the upper demi-mondes and they are getting the trade of respectability now from Anglo-Saxon retailers. This concern has lady floor-walkers, procuresses, etc. When she discovers a wealthy female customer she informs the customer that the manager or junior partner would like to meet her in his office. The lady is introduced by the procuress or floor-walker. The manager or junior or senior partner is very smooth and glib and patronizing. He has a rear office and a sideboard. He offers a glass of wine with European politeness and customs upon which ladies of wealth dote. She drinks to his health and finally is insulted. She may have enough brains to escape or she may succumb to his bestial propositions and become a slave to his business for fear of exposure. The above cases are actual occurrences and we have the data at our command as we have in all recitals of this work. Begin your suit for libel if you want to, you bastard degenerate of the offal of Europe. Young man, we will give you more facts and pointers of how to succeed on the business plan of modern commercialism if you will come and see us but you will be compelled to establish your innocence to an *entre-sol* servant. We want no bomb throwers or emissaries from the department stores' detective force loitering about our premises as do re-

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porting agency hirelings and city politician tax-gatherers and police ward-healers.

We omitted to tell you that you should have a leading lady who is cute enough to instruct the young girl clerks how to catch onto a gentleman friend and to teach them how to evade motherhood, etc.

We recently traveled with a hardware salesman for a San Francisco house of which his father was a member. The father had been a Pacific Coast salesman twenty years before in the same business. Our companion was a man of thirty-five, in the prime of life. Bright, competent, educated, refined, clean, entertaining and respectable. His story was about as follows:

"This whole commercial question is a farce of the first magnitude. My father twenty years ago visited the retail trade once each year and told them what to buy and we had a profit on merchandise. To-day I visit a small territory every two or four weeks and get an order sufficient to pay my expense of travel and living on an economical basis and to give a very small profit or commission to my house. This is the result of competition. It is simply a question of being able to hold my personal trade and patronage or lose my position and let some competitor secure my clientage or patronage and finally let my house fail with the ever-narrowing of the margin of profit and the unsuccessful effort on my part and that of my co-laborers for our house to hold our trade.

"My father does not seem to understand these conditions. He still views the opportunities of the traveling man much the same as he did twenty years ago when he was a successful salesman. I have finally en-

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deavored to explain to him the situation by relating the butterfly story as follows:

"A judge was opposed to all corporations and their methods. He refused to accept their passes and papers of assistance. Finally a new man became manager of the certain railroad. He interviewed all his office associates as to the personal character of this judge. Asked if he had any hobby, etc. Was told that he lived in private and peace with his family and little was known of his inner life. He was above reproach and apparently the epitome of honor, justice and rectitude.

"The new manager made a social call upon the judge and finally ascertained that his hobby was butterflies of which he had a most beautiful, large and scientific collection. The manager went his way and pondered. He became a student of entomology and collected butterflies. He collected some rare specimens. He called upon the judge and exhibited some of the rarest. The judge was infatuated. Finally he gave the judge's little daughter the finest specimen as a memento. He was invited to the judge's home to dine and became his personal friend. When the company got into trouble the manager engaged the services of the judge and the case was won. Such is modern commercialism. It extends to the purest and best."

Integrity of the country merchant is a joke with the wholesale house, credit-men and employees. Honesty of the farmer is a jest of the city merchant or lawyer. Purity of character is a burlesque with a city physician, an editor and a society man; cold-stare of bankers is an object of hatred of advertising concerns, and the banker occasionally loses his temper and swears they ought to be all dumped into the lake or ocean along with free silver advocates and strikers.

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What a lovely brotherhood there is with the modern commercial world, the political world, the religious world, the scientific world, the social world! What laudable reasons there are for the man and woman of poverty to love the man of wealth and the woman of fashion! What beautiful incentive there is for the servant girl to make the care of her mistress' children a work of love. What artistic delights there are in the abject slavery of the mortgaged farmer, the poverty-stricken miner and the society jades' fast club! How lovely are the opportunities for reading systematically, improving the mind and becoming Mental Scientists!

Of course we could not for one moment consider these surroundings would lead to thought of common ownership of property, abolition of individual wealth ownership; could lead to annihilation of greed, avarice, competition, vice and crime. Oh no! these ideas are socialistic, anarchistic, nihilistic, vile. It is only society prostitutes, business libertines, church hypocrites, scientific fakes and political machines that constitute good, justice, equity, purity and fraternity. Oh no!

It is an amusing thing to see one man succeed on the holier-than-thou plan of doing business. We have known for years a man who rails at life insurance companies. He has kept this up until he has psychologized himself into a state of holier-than-thou rectitude (?) of character and yet he has wrecked more families and ruined more maidens, perhaps, than any one man in the county where he lives. As a lawyer he became one of the

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shrewdest politicians and attained the highest state offices, and yet he rails at life insurance companies as impostors. He does not propose to give a mortgage on his life to be redeemed in heaven—nor to support his offspring in corruption nor his wife in adultery. (He is divorced and his child is in a nunnery.)

This man who rails at life insurance companies failed as an organizer of an attorneys' co-operative collection and reporting agency scheme a few years ago, then engaged in other kindred publications to be stranded by the attacks of a competitor from whose publications he is alleged to have pirated, etc. Personally he is a Roscoe Conkling egotist on a small scale. His head is smaller and his tendencies somewhat more piratical and even criminal. He has a penchant for patent medicines, cherry pectoral, nervura, mandrake pills, etc. Celery compound is too mild a form. He occasionally becomes much intoxicated and then complains of heart trouble and fears death from overwork (?). He will not acknowledge that it is worry and fear of failure and detection of methods and anxiety of piracy methods in business and whiskey and sexual excesses that have turned his inherited qualifications of animalism and criminalism from legitimate ambition into commercial robbery, social debauchery and self-destruction. He has a vein of sentimentalism. He cements male friendship with grog and tears and insists upon engineering the private and domestic life of everyone who comes in business contact with him. He makes presents to compel obligations. He wants the benefit of presents in personal

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adoration and personal endorsement, irrespective of the propriety of justness of his claim or of the position in which it places the one who endorses his business methods or social position.

He is one of a dozen or more among lawyers, physicians and business men of whom we have the same identical knowledge as to personal character, etc. He will assert that this government is tending to Napoleonic imperialism and contend that law of Blackstone and Congress and Legislature is justice and equity and based upon goodness and honor. He has some sickly sentiment of honor among thieves but none of honor in the abstract. He will assert that co-operative brotherhoods are the concoctions of fools and the teachings of Mental Science are the ravings of idiots. If some Mental Scientist could approach him on his sick bed and confidentially show him the way of psychic thought he would be regenerated and finally overcome the devil in him and lead him to conscientious manhood and true development. But he will never appropriate their principles so long as he is immersed in competitive piracy.

Now this life insurance is about the best safeguard against business disaster we know of. There is only one condition to be observed. Select a solid company. Make your insurance terminate in ten, fifteen or twenty years and stay by your proposition to the end. Pay out and recover your cash or die and let your family escape starvation until they have outgrown the mourning period. Of course the life insurance company either fails or becomes very strong, so strong that

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its ramifying agencies can together predict the result of a national election better than the national central committees of politics predict the result. But of course strength, centralization of power and enforcement of greed and the elements of commercial greatness will eventually demonstrate to the toiling, blundering masses that they better vote to have the government purchase the gigantic insurance companies, railroad companies, savings banks, express companies, steamship lines and all and operate them for the profit of the masses as a community instead of for the individual wealth of a few who spend the surplus on faded royalty of Europe.

We were awakened at 3 o'clock A. M., in a northern California town, by two drunken "bummers" who were bidding each other good night in front of our door. After a time of endeavor at composing sleep we arose, went down to the depot lunch counter and secured a cup of coffee and engaged the colored man in conversation. He remarked about a five dollar bill we had handed him to change, saying that he didn't see many of them fellows out heah, sah. Was I from the east, etc. I asked where he was born and gradually had the story of his life about as follows: "I'se from North Caroliny sah, support ma old mammy back theah now. Has no wife or babies sah. Love my old home, sah, and my old boss, sah, but see, sah, it is this way, sah. I was a boy, sah, and had no father, sah, at least as I knowed of, sah. I worked, sah, and earned a living, sah, for my poor old mammy, sah. I bought an old hoss and paid thirty dollahs down and give a

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mortgage for the other seventy, sah, and in two years had him paid foh. I then bought a new one-hoss wagon for $118 and gave a mortgage on horse and wagon for balance on wagon. After cotton season I had all paid but $8. The hardware man told me I must pay this at a certain time else he would take both hoss and wagon. I went to my old mammy's mastah and he give me $8 and told me now I had learned, he reckoned, not to give any moh mortgages, sah. I soon had a meat wagon. Killed a small beef and took it to town and sold it out to poorer people, sah. Finally began to sell whole quarters to livery-men, sah, and to business men, sah, and then had $100 ahead in cash, sah, and put it in the bank, sah. Then heard of a neighbor, sah, who had come to Californy, sah, and had a saw-mill, sah, and paid men $5 per day for work, sah. I came out here, sah, and found the neighbor working as portah, sah, and I went to serving lunches, sah. Now if I can keep my head, sah, and tend my business, sah, and not get foolish, sah, and keep what I have and not throw kraps, sah, I can soon have the dollahs, sah, and then any man will take my hand, sah. It is all a mattah of dollahs, sah. You are very good, sah, to heah me, sah, and tell me to stay by my present proposition, sah. If my old boss in North Caroliny, where my old mammy is, had only told me that and made me do it long ago when I was a fool, sah, and listened to colored preachers, sah, telling me to come west, sah, or go to Texas, sah, and get rich, sah.

"My old neighbor, sah, had three girls, sah. The

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white town boys ruined them all, sah, and they are not fit to marry, sah. One was my sweetheart, sah."

Even the mulatto descendant of the old black slave woman of North Carolina understands the modern commercial question and the home idea question in spite of the effort of the South to disfranchise him and belabor him with ignorance and brutality.

The South is responsible for the gulf between whites and blacks of to-day. Had the old masters and their sons and daughters aided the black man he would have been their best friend instead of their ravisher and criminal. He is getting up alongside of them through illegitimate cohabitation of white boys and black girls and their offspring the lunch-server.

The Neah Bay civilized Indian of from one to seven-eighths white blood contends that he is pure blood Indian but he does it as a matter of pride. His Indian name is Tu Chu—Great Bird—but his United States name is Chester Wanderhardt. Some of his ancestors must have come from the Pennsylvania Dutch of Chester, Pennsylvania, which was the stronghold of Quakerism in the days of William Penn and later. This Neah Bay Indian understands the home idea question and the commercial dollars question. He knows the white people's—his ancestors'—government will support and educate him at public expense and let him fish and hunt and ride at half-price on steamboats and railroad trains because their concerns took most of his land and ruined his sisters with whiskey and miscegenation. And yet preachers do not understand us nor our logic. Of course not, why should they?

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It interferes with their numerical strength and their salaries and their greed and their social opportunities with the sisters, etc.

The Spanish-Indian—the Mexican Greazer of Arizona and New Mexico—who furnishes the girls for brothels for miners, gamblers and railroad men understand us, but preachers of the evangelist sort do not understand our logic.

We will cite one more instance of the present exemplary traveling man. He left the farm in central Illinois at seventeen years of age, clerked in a store in city near by, served in the civil war, attended normal school a short time, accepted a position as traveling man for a Chicago house. Just before the boom in Kansas he became an editor in a southern Kansas town. Noting the conditions of the boom in Wichita, as an editor, he opposed the inauguration of it in his town. The real estate men came to him and objected to his opposition. He turned over his daily paper to them, saw the boom come and go; saw every business man and capitalist in the town fail financially, and then came to California, where he again became a traveling man. He lives with his family in a university town, and travels out of San Francisco. He has grown sons who regret that they were not raised upon the farm as their father was, and hence do not have his physical stamina. But the mother, as do most mothers, thought her sons were too nice to plow, sow and reap from the soil. They are reaping from the hothouse culture of city life in effeminacy of character and weakness of body.

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This man has always been reared in a church. His traveling and business experience has opened his eyes. His ideals among church people have fallen. They have let fall from their shoulders the cloak of religion, and are now in the open commercial fight. He has been reading Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and is now reading Wood's "Studies in the Thought World" and Dresser's "Power of the Silence." He has read Bellamy's "Equality." He sees the whole tableau, the panorama of our present competitive civilization. He reckons upon the final outcome. He sees the animus of wars, tariffs, subsidies, trusts, greed, vice, poverty and crime. He sees the schools of religion and missionaries and their results with aborigines. He sees schools of medicine and their baneful influence upon morals and health. He sees the schools of law, and notes the masses of professional men who are educated to prey off the ignorance of the laboring and toiling masses. He is not a socialist, a trade-unionist, a democrat or a republican. He is an American citizen of Anglo-Saxon origin. He says the vicious Irish and the degenerate Jew are controlling San Francisco as they are controlling most every large city.

He sees but one remedy. Commence with co-operative brotherhoods on a financial community basis. Cultivate the ideal of health, strength and happiness by inculcating Mental Science teachings, and finally when communities have developed all over the land, organize together, vote together, and finally have the government buy out the trusts, and finally own every-

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thing in common. First eliminate fear of poverty, necessity of insurance and conflict of competition by co-operative brotherhoods. Second, cement these communities by realistic idealism of Mental Science thought. Third, develop co-operation between the severally organized co-operative communities. Fourth, vote together to influence government control of all utilities and finally, for common ownership of all things under purely ideal form of society, free from wars and commercial profit, free from religious hypocrisy, scientific brutality, commercial greed, social vice, and individual poverty and squalor.

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CHAPTER VI.

One Hundred and Forty Millions Dollars Inheritance.

Deadwood, South Dakota, October 1, 1900.

Dear Cousin: Your kind letter is received and noted. I am not surprised at learning of the inheritance awaiting our family. I remember of hearing forty years ago the legend to that effect. But I am a bit staggered by the announcement that it comes from Herr Silber in Germany. You know we always thought it was from Scotland, England or Wales. I suppose it will be necessary for me to apologize for that Memorandum and Post-Scriptum circular I issued from the State Street jewelry store in December, 1898, now that we are to claim relationship to the Rothchilds, of Frankfurt am Main. You know, at the time, you had some psychic notion that I was making a mistake, but you thought it was because the Hebrews were so influential in Chicago—owned all the stores, theaters and had the press of the city subsidized on high-priced advertising, etc. However, I did not tell you, at the time, that it was all a little joke of mine. Did not know but some of my wholesale merchant friends and some of my banker friends with whom I had been doing business for past ten to twenty years would really look me up and buy some solid silverwares and some precious stones. In case they failed to remember who I was, thought this circular might attract some of the curious from the department stores which were

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selling all the holiday presents and lastly thought the circular might warm up the Hebrews who sold us the diamonds on time and cause them to put up the cash I had temporarily invested in the business on probation and saw no other means of getting my cash back into my purse. The latter condition resulted but not the former expectations. However, this circular is not so bad. Of course it did get into the synagogues all over the cities of Chicago and New York and a Hibernian law partner of a Hebrew firm of fathers and sons remarked in his Celtic mirth that somebody would have to muzzle me. But I did not catch the remark until I thought it over later.

It now seems to amuse the Hebrews. You know they like Gentile attention and this shows they actually get it. I will quote the circular for fear you have forgotten it entirely:

MEMORANDUM.

Chicago, December 19, 1898.

We are American citizens, by descent, of a few generation past. We have not petitioned the Legislature to change our names to secure respectable club attention and the patronage of Anglo-Saxons.

We are not operating a department store, butchering standard lines of goods to catch the unsuspecting or to lure the cupidity of guileless integrity. We do not wrap ourselves in the American flag to do the fakir act.

We are cultivating that class of citizens who assume the grave responsibilities of the perpetuation of this government, and who are not grabbing for profits to squander in riotous living in Europe, when we have the scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Coast,

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the Great Lakes, the Gulf Coast and the Hudson from which to receive inspiration.

We are after the patronage of that class of citizens who desire to preserve the commercial integrity of this American civilization, and do not desire to murder it to perpetuate a political or social carbuncle.

We are responsible for our part of this civilization and for the inroads we permit to be made upon it by those who immigrate here to thrive off the respectability of the civilization of Plymouth Rock and William Penn, and then trade their detestable earnings off for vulgar notoriety abroad.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Whoever knew a Jewish friend except for lucre?

Whoever knew a Jew who comprehended the idea of patriotism except for shekels?

Whoever knew a Jew who understood a personal insult except for Gentile attention?

Why have Jews been driven or attempted to be driven at some period of history from every civilized land except the United States?

What is the department store but a Jewish idea to which a few German-Americans, a few Irish-Americans and a few Yankee-Americans (we blush to say it) have been driven by dishonorable Jewish competition?

What is the most degrading influence to which a Gentile youth may be brought if it is not to the nefarious results of Jewish loans? Who is the pawnbroker —the Shylock—the Judas of our civilization? What gave origin to the idea of a Jew baiter but the fear of the accursed use and influence of Jewish money? Why do the country-fed, college-bred and grandly-wed cater to this influence except to be contaminated, debased and dethroned?

I was about writing you that we had purchased

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a small Michigan fruit farm and were going to move onto it next spring and cease traveling entirely at forty-nine years of age, but since receiving your letter I think we will take a trip over to Europe with our family and of course you will go with us and get acquainted with our people. Suppose we had better secure Iselin's yacht so soon as the ocean calms down and call upon our people in England, Wales and Scotland. Then take a run over to Frankfurt and present our credentials from Congressman Mann and President McKinley to our cousins—the Rothchilds—and let them know who we are and make a draft on them for $1,000,000 or so and all that. Then we will take a run down to hear the Passion Play and learn how our ancestors did the crucifixion act. We will then take President McKinley's and Arch Bishop Ireland's letters of introduction to the Pope and secure his blessing upon our millions. You, my wife and my son's wife can then rest up with the three smaller children awhile in some Prisoner-of-Chillon cottage in Switzerland while the two older boys and I take a run up the Matterhorn and shoot some chamois and the alpenstock guide.

We will then go up and see Correlli's North Norway sunsets and then run over to St. Petersburg and go down and call upon Tolstoi and ask him about our race in his country and stop their expulsion, etc.

We will then run over to Paris and secure the services of the Chicago inn-keeper's lady as chaperone and get properly up alongside of royalty and high-life. We will take a select party of them in our yacht and call at the Pyramids and pay our regards to Jerusalem,

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returning *via* the classics of Greece and Rome. We will call upon Cecil Rhodes, Beit, the diamond king, and Colonel Bobbs in Kimberly some other time.

Come to think of it, from Jerusalem, I think we better go over to India and call upon our cousin of the Chicago merchant prince's family—the Vice Reine of India, and return *via* our new possessions in Manila and Honolulu. Upon our return we will put the boys in college and the daughter in a nunnery. I believe this is the proper method for wealthy people so that the church may come into possession of the child's wealth. We can then enjoy life in travel, society and politics. Please be ready to accompany us on short notice. You will have to drink beer in Germany because they do not have any Waukesha Hygea water there nor any Consumer's Pure Ice distilled, but that is nothing. You will get used to it as we did at the World's Fair in Vienna in 1873 when I was only a boy of twenty-one. It is easy. In France and Italy you will have to drink claret and white wines but they are just like our old catawba with the sugar left out and you will have no trouble there either. I will do all the talking in any of the languages and all you will have to do is to watch the rest of the party and worry about the children and not give any tips to any Dagoes or hoboes or hotel-keepers or train conductors. They are all after it over there. All Europe lives off American tips and extravagancies. Let me hear from you at once advising me when you will be ready to depart, etc. Yours, etc.

P. S. Since writing the above I have learned from

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the Associated Press dispatches that it is all a mistake about Herr Silber. Somebody got it mixed up with the Chicago multi-millionaire banker who recently expired in London and cut off his niece's inheritance because she did not call upon him from the Pacific Coast before he went off this earth. It was a mistake in printing the name Silber for Smith. After all I am English, Scotch and Welch on my paternal side and English and Scotch-Irish on my maternal side and I do not have to apologize to the Hebrews. I am awfully glad we lost that hundred and forty millions. The fear of proof of Hebrew ancestors was becoming so great that it is a tremendous relief to know that we missed the inheritance from Germany. It will come later on from the proper ancestry, no doubt.

We do not object to tracing our ancestry to the Aztecs or to the Cliff-dwellers, to the Greeks or Romans, to the Teutons or Germans, to the Danes or Dutch, to the Normans or Britons, to the English or Scotch, but we draw a line on the thorough-bred Hebrew, the uncrossed Hibernian, the Hybrid Asiatic, the full-bred African or the natural born South Sea Islander.

How happy we are that we lost that hundred and forty millions. The burden of ancestry was becoming an incubus—a haunting, horrid vision. The millions were all right. There was no burden connected with their acquisition *per se*. It was only that ancestry question. We wanted to be in a position to attain the highest-priced royal honors and we would have been defeated if handicapped by the proposed ancestry of the Hebrew inheritance, not especially because he crucified

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Christ nor because he is a successful merchant and pawnshop keeper, nor because he changes his name to secure Anglo-Saxon patronage, but more properly because he is, constructively speaking, wholly wanting in the qualities known as integrity, patriotism and heroism of character. He is a thrifty caricature, a nimble sycophant, a frank hypocrite, a moral leper. However, he is improving under the psychic influences of the civilization of Plymouth Rock and William Penn. He is rubbing up against us pretty hard, now, even in colleges as well as in business and in professional legal life and in the pawnshop racket. He captures our best hotels, our theaters, our best whiskey and wine outputs, our best clothing and wearing apparel manufacturers and is now generally getting on to all trust combinations. He is a bit disconcerted by our stock exchange plunging, our colossal mining and engineering undertakings and by our agricultural enterprises, but he catches right onto our schools, our politics, our merchandising, and our pocket-book. He blows his nose in the face of our religion and wipes his perspiration on our flag. He comes into our religious sanctum to offer us a job-lot for sale cheap and he comes into our universities to learn to compete with our commercial lawyers. He is seldom a criminal lawyer. He is never a patriot, a warrior, a philanthropist, a philosopher, or a humanitarian. He may become an English premier or a French novelist but he never becomes Christ-like, or Quaker-like, or Darwin-like, or Lincoln-like.

Place in a gallery of art for the advancement of

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civilization and progress Carrara marble tablets of the characters of Christ, Penn, Darwin and Lincoln and in the "*entre sol*" place Tennessee marble slabs of Judas, Rothchild, Disræli, and Shylock and there you have it. Take your choice.

Yet we have what the world would call some good Hebrew friends. They have admirable energy and business tact. They order (for themselves) the best there is in sight. They are economists in business, voluptuaries in social habits and ingrates in friendship. How fortunate we are that we lost the one hundred and forty millions. Come see us on the fruit farm.

Your cousin, just the same.

We want to do the Jew justice, we even want to educate him to conscience and realistic idealism.

Recently in San Francisco, since writing the above we were accosted by a Jewish traveling man. He had seen us in several hotels in Oregon and California and evidently desired an acquaintanceship. He was the prototype of the paper-bag, Hebrew salesman whom we described as in a state of insanity in our letter on Modern Commercialism. Was small, with black hair, black eyes, aquiline nose, was clean, neat and alert both mentally and physically. He began to satisfy his curiosity as to what we were doing on the road, and approached the subject very circumspectly. We want to have it distinctly understood that he was one of those Jews who have become largely Americanized by contact with American merchants, etc. He has had all the advantage to be attained by business contact with distinctly Anglo-Saxon ideas of business

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cleanliness and prosperity. We encouraged him to talk. He showed how he had been traveling for years for a New York varnish company, all over United States, Mexico and Cuba. How he had broken himself down at thirty-four years of age to build up a business mostly for the benefit of his house and now he is without anything but a salary and the education travel has given him. He has no clientage or nucleus about which to build on, even at thirty-four years of age, and enable him to settle down and remain at home. He has dissipated to a frightful degree and regards women as lascivious hags, because he has, in his gross Hebrew sensuality, courted the Irish woman outcast, etc. He now says he has given it all up, has discontinued whiskey and cigars and goes to bed at 9 P.M., if possible. Now this man is a typical American Jew. He speaks German, English and Spanish fluently. He is fairly well read. He courts Anglo-Saxon society and ideas. He avoids vulgarity even. And yet we will wager the value of our effort at composition and compilation of this book that the moment this Jew comes in close contact with his own people, he will revile Anglo-Saxons and gloat over his success in commercially defrauding them and in socially seducing some of their daughters.

He has the sycophancy, the avarice and the hatred of Christians that Shakespeare put into the character of Shylock. He will marry an Anglo-Saxon widow and adopt her children in order to acquire Anglo-Saxon trade and teach the children to hate and revile Anglo-Saxon civilization.

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Commercially and socially speaking, the Jew is a hog. Possibly this is why he does not eat pork.

The man who attempts to justify the social and commercial methods of the Jew by saying that he is kind to his wife, is not a beggar and is never found in the alms-house, seems to us to have little or no conception of what the Jew is in actual life. Almost any male animal is kind to its female mate. It is largely so in all cases except perhaps where the female caters to the attention, flattery or approbation of other males. Because one accepts alms it is not, in itself, evidence of degeneracy. Neither is the fact that one is cute enough to evade accepting alms an evidence of exalted character. If life on the physical bread-earning side is simply a question of cuteness or shrewdness then we should all go imitate the Jew provided there is no other side to life that is higher than the physical, animal existence side.

That antiquated fossiliferous publication formerly known as the Truth Seeker was embellished by a class of vulgar, crude illustrations that were calculated to offend the sense of beauty of a South Sea Islander. Yet it amused those people who were still fighting, in their minds, a dead issue—a ghost of a ghost of literal, child-like biblical interpretation. People who develop beyond puerile interpretation of scripture, beyond mechanical interpretation of Darwinianism and beyond chemical hell ideas should not attempt to justify Jewish methods of commerce and ideas of society by asserting that their business success is the animus of our jealous attack. It would be a mean Anglo-Saxon indeed that

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could entertain thoughts of jealousy of the Jew. We have almost exhausted our vocabulary to show that the Jew is innately one of the basest products of our fake civilization and yet a presumably intelligent critic interprets our diagnosis as jealousy. We give it up.

Why was the book entitled, "The American Jew," taken out of the market---the entire edition bought up and destroyed? It was destroyed because it told the truth about the mercantile and commercial transactions of these people—told how they failed in business for profit—burned out to secure insurance money and resorted to every device to defraud business men among Anglo-Saxons, Christians and Agnostics.

In the United States they have been able to run a wilder course than in any other country because they chime in with out fool ideas of prosperity, booming and speculation.

One of the largest department store men on the Atlantic seaboard is a Jew and is successfully posing as a Quaker with a Pennsylvania-Dutch name. He poses as a benefactor to his race—a church man and a purist—yet he "high rolls" in Europe and grows fat off the deception of the holier-than-thou department store racket.

We wish it were possible to convey to the minds of those who are attached to Hebrew family kindness that we are only attacking predominant racial characteristics and not attempting to injure the good character of any individual whatever.

We would be glad if we could convince those who inherit many or all of their best characteristics from

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the pathos, wit and eloquence of Celtics, that we are only striving to point out the error of civilization as expressed in the masses.

We would be equally glad if we could show those who trace their ancestry to the slave that we have the keenest sympathy for their position and are only endeavoring to indicate a possible remedy for their ills and misfortunes. We cannot find language to arrest the attention of the masses without directing attention to social conditions, however desirous we may be in hoping to avoid personal injury or insult to any one. We would not injure the good name of man or woman nor be cruel to beast or bird and we would not do this even by innuendo and much less from a spirit of cruelty or rage. We simply desire to show that civilization produces idiocy, produces man-made error and we point to racial characteristics to verify our statement.

The percentage of greatness, genius and purity among English, Scotch and Germans is larger than among Hebrews, Mohammedans and Asiatics.

Read the newspaper history of that notorious Jew who expired in London January, 1901—the typical Shylock—who amassed an enormous fortune from usurous loans to off-shoots of licentious royalty and debauched titled aristocracy and tell us Hebrew civilization is proper or even a civilization that is longer to be tolerated in its flagrant violation of all ideas of purity, respectability and honor.

This subject of American-Hebrew commercialism is discussed in other phases in the chapters on Modern Commercialism, Modern Occult, Chicago Cut-Rate

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Pharmacy Company and elsewhere in this volume, but we will add one more practical experience. We are personally acquainted with a stenographer who works for a Hebrew wrecking establishment, commonly known as a wholesale merchant business in Chicago. This young woman is over thirty years of age, is the daughter of English parents who came to the United States before her birth. She is a graduate of a Chicago conservatory of music and a member of the Episcopal church. Her father lost his life in the hazardous work of a laboring men's foreman position in the erection of one of Chicago's sky-scrapers. The widow and her two unmarried daughters have been for the past fifteen years endeavoring to live in Chicago and be benefited (?) by its civilization, education and commercial advantages. These people are from the sterling middle classes of English civilization hence are eminently respectable as to moral conditions and integrity of character, and yet these two daughters are daily subject to insults of every conceivable nature, from their modern commercial employers or their managers.

The music graduate endeavored to earn her share of the living for the three by teaching music. She is a most competent teacher, an excellent musician and above all she is proper, above reproach, correct and womanly. But the music teaching business in large cities in America is organized upon the same basis as all else. It is dubbed conservatories, music studios and other fakeries intended to allure wealth. In other words it is purely a commercial proposition. That portion of poverty which employs a young woman to

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teach music to its children, expects the teaching at a cut-rate figure and expects the teacher to tramp all over Chicago at all hours of the day and night attending social functions where the teacher is expected to entertain the company by her musical abilities. Her own church people do not furnish her students and pupils. Their children attend some conservatory. She can only hope to teach the children of more or less impecunious people—mostly foreigners of course. Her sister was for several years an expert operative in one of our immense watch factories. Upon the collapse of this business a few years since she was driven to stenography. She has given the earnings of a busy life to the support of mother and sister during the latter's musical education. The music teacher bitterly learned that she could not eke out an existence as a music teacher in the organized fakery of Chicago and her respectable womanhood was shocked and offended by the habits of life of the members of a traveling concert company with whom she engaged to play the piano. She now teaches a few pupils evenings and does stenographic work for the Hebrew wholesale house week days.

This Hebrew concern operates about as follows: Ostensibly it is a wholesale or jobbing concern but actually it is a commercial wrecking establishment. It has Hebrew traveling salesmen who employ every artifice to ascertain the financial condition of country merchants to whom they succeed in selling merchandise upon the job-lots-plan. They urge their goods upon the customer in a reckless, cunning way—make a show

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of personal friendship and a disguise of financial aid. They go so far as to pay off the indebtedness of the country merchant to every other concern and take an assignment of the other wholesale merchants' accounts and very often secure these assignments at a handsome discount. They then start secret disquieting commercial agency reports and gobble up all the country merchant has on earth and throw him out upon an uncharitable, rapacious world with a ruined financial character. This Hebrew concern has the endorsement of some of our supposed best Anglo-Saxon bankers, lawyers and merchants as well as politicians. It employs every artifice of trade,—all the detestable influences of reporting and collection agencies and all the gusto of money-power and its legal machinery to wreck the country merchant and it does the work. It then makes a renewed show of proffered help and employs the daughter of the wrecked merchant and on a salary which under the dictates of society and dress compels her to become the mistress of the Hebrew wrecker, and the latter gloats over his conquest both as to the wreckage of the financial and business honor of the country merchant and as to the seduction of his innocent daughter.

Our acquaintance—the Englishman's daughter, the music teacher, the stenographer—writes the letters that witness these transactions and sees the downfall of the poor deluded country girl and she continues her stenographic work as a means of support for herself and widowed mother and to learn all she can of all avenues of employment of the New Woman, hoping that some day she may find employment in an environment of decency if not with her Episcopal church peo-

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ple and her fellow kinsman from calloused England.

There is no doubt of her ability as a music teacher. She has taught our children successfully. We have known her from childhood and have witnessed her struggles at competitive existence. There is no doubt of her integrity of character and person. One need only witness her righteous indignation at Hebrew methods of trade and sexual traffic to be convinced of her purity of character. She has not succumbed to the level of many city female stenographers who are simply the harlots of their employers. The life of this good woman has been too filled with the struggles for existence as has that of her older sister, in this base city to avail themselves of any social connections that might afford matrimony. Indeed in Chicago they are perhaps better off without that character of matrimony that is steeped in poverty, promiscuous intercourses, intoxicants and easy divorces.

Yet you English, you Americans, you Anglo-Saxons, permit your daughters to clerk for Hebrews. You lend your names as bankers, lawyers and business men for use by the Hebrew for a cash consideration to enable the Hebrew to wreck your fellow Anglo-Saxons in the country towns as well as in the city and to destroy his daughters. You hide your deeds in the church-pew and your lust in effete society.

Does it now occur to the mind of the laboring masses of clerks, etc., that they should organize a community of their own—purchase a body of land and live among themselves and protect each other from the inroads of Hebrew commercialism, Irish Catholicism and Anglo-Saxon greed?

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CHAPTER VII.

STERILITY AND SOCIETY.

Boise City, Idaho, October 20, 1900.

THE Great American desert has for years been denominated the sterile spot of the United States. It was barren with alkali that was too rank for vegetation. It was barren from want of rain-fall. To-day it presents oases of wonder. The snow-fall in the mountains has been conducted by irrigation ditches onto lands that are exceedingly rich if watered and ameliorated with moist manipulation. Such are the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains in Colorado, the table plateau valley of western Colorado and New Mexico. The northern portion of New Mexico, the region about Phœnix, Arizona, the Great Salt Lake valley, the valleys of the Snake river in Idaho and those of the Yellowstone river in Montana, the Yakima district in Washington and especially those of semi-tropic California—they are no longer sterile. They have come in contact with the life-producing mists of heaven that have crystallized on the mountain tops, and yielding to the love of the summer sun have sought the canyon streams and rivers of life and finally have born issue in the gardens and farms and fields of man.

Sterility is a misnomer where industry, integrity and primeval greatness of man and mountain snows are available. Sterility is not desirable in any form. Not even in the hot-house plant, the over-fed and over-bred Shorthorn, nor the in and in-bred thoroughbred. Its

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sensuous products of hot-house culture are effeminating and stifling just as the alkali dust of the Great American desert was once stifling and death-producing and just as the sterility of society life is sensuous and stifling and full of quick decay without resurrection of flower or soul.

In animal life sterility is artificially produced by removal of ovaries as in a female dog, etc.; or by hybrid crossing as in the ass and mare which produce the sterile mule; or by castration as in the eunuchs that attend the houri of harems. In human life sterility is also artificial and not natural. It is a product of hot-house society. It blossoms in a brilliant, vulgar sort of a way in crimson, carnation-red, blondined-yellow, alabaster- white and metallic luster. It originates with French politeness, effusion and morals. It is cultured by scientific physicians and a cultivated fear of child-bearing and a physical fear of confinements and artificial expense thereof. This fear does not exist in the natural woman of the forest—among the red race. It is merely a product of our present civilization that develops fecundity in pigs and Belgian hares and reduces fecundity in high-steppers, animals for show and women for concubines. It eliminates all sense of connubial love and all idea of holiness in love of offspring and renders the subject brilliantly evanescent, ravishingly exotic, despairingly innocuous and fatally doomed to early decay and annihilation.

The society mother teaches her daughter to be cute in early marriage which has been purely a courtship of expediency from a social and business standpoint. The

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young wife gradually becomes sterile. Then her own mother instincts begin to gnaw at her soul and she dissipates to stop that gnawing. She leads the industrious young husband a life of humiliation and debauchery. She plays the races, dresses gaudily at theaters, takes down-town luncheons, makes desperate engagements with other men and finally degenerates into a bestial harlot.

Sterility is not the law of nature. It is the ignorant or criminal artifice of man. It is the direct product of our civilization of science, greed, hypocrisy, and religions.

By sterility is not meant moderation in all things. Excesses of all kinds are as much diseases as are sterile conditions and both are alike productive of diseases in progressive proportion as they are employed.

All are purely mental conditions of misapplied knowledge of a criminal nature. In order to avoid these diseases in domestic life there is only one thing to do and that is to control the body by the intellectuality and integrity of the mind.

After the sterile woman has run her course—has lived from off the vitality of many men and has finally developed ovarian troubles, she calls in the scientific physician whose first and only remedy is to remove the ovaries and render the subject sterile indeed. The married, jaded and faded woman of society now indulges her morbid mental and physical disease chiefly by chaperoning the downfall of younger members of her own sex. She is the Becky Sharpe, the Josie Mansfield or the more dangerous motherly chaperon of po-

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lite society. The sterile woman is the most vicious criminal in civilization. She is the procuress-agent for brothels. She is the loud female sport of the dance-hall, the race course and the baseball games. She is the blondined, bejeweled typewritist, the adventuress and the fear of respectable business men of proper family connections.

Early in life she may marry for purely social and business relations—a good catch—an intellectual, industrious business or professional man and by her cuteness succeed in deceiving him in her secret conduct with her boarder, her visitor or her coachman.

Sterility in American deserts is known no more when man desires beauty, plenty and life. Why shall we create a desert in our social life by abortions upon unborn infants for fear of inconvenience to social functions? Why shall we imitate the French state of sterile hysteria and decaying manhood, womanhood and statehood? Why shall we degenerate into the life of the city flat-residence and gregarious sexual life? Shall we place our daughters in a nunnery to be rid of their joyous happy love, and so as not to be inconvenienced in our daily assignations and debaucheries?

The sterile woman is in the street car. She is often corpulent and wide-hipped, but artificially formed by corset, pad and bustle, and loudly bedecked and bespangled. She is in the hotels and on the trains. She has a seductive smile for every man. She endeavors to win the bull-necked patronage of the train conductor and the cupidity of the traveling capitalist. She is a vulgar, detestable outcast of respectability operating

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with all the paraphernalia of respectability. Heaven pity our sons and daughters if they come in chance acquaintanceship with this moral degenerate and masquerader of society.

The chronic theater-goer is a person of coarse instincts and is usually a sterile person who prefers to play with the acting of life instead of becoming a part of life—producing purity and happiness.

We saw the sterile woman come into our car yesterday. She was short, laced, bunchy, gaudy, with fetching hat with high-colored bird upon it—with affecting nose-glasses, white gloves, artificial eyebrows, no character of thought—just base leering smiles with affectations and harlot winks.

We saw the sterile woman in our youth. She kept a boarding house for her professional husband in order to have men about her. She boarded no women. She always looked at her boarders with wide-open large eyes affecting innocence. One of her victims committed suicide and her husband seems to have never known of her treachery.

We saw the sterile woman once in a family of a professor in Germany where we had a room to exchange English for German conversation with the professor in our daily constitutional walks. Mrs. Professor was surrounded by a bevy of army officers and society parasites and her husband was immersed in science and did not see what his wife was doing. She finally flew southward with an army officer of rank and later we saw her on the street of Ostend—a total wreck.

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The sterile woman usually has a lap-dog of lascivious training. She has pets, cigarettes and liquors instead of babies, home and happiness.

Of men's escapades and inebriacy, of their gambling and debauchery, of their crimes and colossal greed, we have heard a plenty. Largely they are incited to these things—all of them—by their relationships with women of sterile life of some character or condition.

Their youthful idea of purity in motherhood has been shocked by the social conditions about them. Their inherited and perverted passions are coached by the society girl and she in turn deceives them and he finally launches out into a society debauchee and the all-around good fellow of club life—a cynic as to all women, a sneerer as to all virtue and integrity.

Men are largely what women make them. When club women occupy their time in progressive euchre, sensational novels and questionable theatricals instead of in home adornment, intellectual beauty and modest chastity, then they may expect club men and cynic bachelors who are of their own producing.

Perhaps the most misguided person in modern civilized life is the woman who affects polite society and practices self-destroying, death-producing sterility. She knows she is violating all intuitive knowledge of life and every subconscious dictation of the soul. The lurking fear that attends her pernicious acts commits her to moral and physical destruction. There is no possible reason for her continuing to debase her body or submit to abject slavery to hold

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her position in the heart of any man. The more she protects her dignity and virility of mind and body the more she is respected and loved by good men.

We understand why a young woman should practice gymnastics; should row a boat, ride horse-back, develop body, beauty and intellect; should pursue a definite course of study; should complete some specialty in art, music, painting, science, literature; should become master of cookery, house decoration and home management; should become, for a time only, a school teacher, a music teacher, a Mental Science teacher or a writer or artist or lecturer. We understand why the woman should have a refined home, lovely children and should have their sons and daughters entertain their friends in a variety of intellectual, social and physical entertainments. But what we cannot understand is why this woman desires to enter the field of commercial and professional competition. Why she desires to lower the price of man-labor for her father, brother or lover; why she desires to come in contact with the brutality of business life, and we cannot understand why she desires to become mannish, masculine and unattractive to her people, her friends and her lover. We cannot understand why she is willing to compromise her virtue for money, dress and theaters and commit herself to death-dealing department store or typewriter toil on anti-virtue salaries. She may answer that she desires to be independent—earn her own money and spend her own money. Does she ever stop to consider at what price she is earning and spending her own money? It is at

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the price of her hope of love, motherhood, and happiness. No high-minded young man will marry a shop girl and few will marry an office girl and they should not if they desire future peace of mind and constancy of love and purity of home life. Few business girls or woman can remain pure-minded and pure-bodied. The fight is in favor of the man whose work they are attempting at a reduced price. What terrible chances the girl takes when she leaves the protection of her home and proposes to battle for her bread, her rights and her independence.

This condition seems to be true wherever woman enters the arena in contact with man. It seems especially to be true in theatricals. What is the history of the leading actress and what is the history of the chorus girl, the variety and vaudeville girl? Their career is at the expense of their virtue almost without exception if the career is persisted in. Embellish, adorn and intellectualize theatricals as you may, the fact remains that it is demoralizing to womanhood as well as to manhood. The passionate devotee of theatricals may acquire an artistic taste or cultivated interest in its teachings but they also acquire with it a condition of impurity and gross sensuality, however discreet they may become in protecting this condition from the gaze of the world.

Artistic renditions of literary creations and operatic compositions may be engaged in as a development of physical, vocal and intellectual attributes with perfect good to the actor or singer and great benefit, instruction and recreation to the listener, but the unpleasant

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fact remains that they are seldom engaged in with perfect propriety or preservation of womanhood and true manhood in the vast majority of instances. With what disgust you find yourself seated in the same coach or parlor-car with a traveling theater or opera troupe. With what nauseating sense of humiliation are you forced to see their lascivious or jaded familiarity.

There is now open to woman a grand field of activity and usefulness in the teaching of Mental Science healing and training. There is an immediate crying necessity for their services as assistants in respectable families where they command the respect of decent young men far more than as putty-headed clerks in a Hebrew department store, forever on the flirt, the alert and the bad.

Who is greater than the imposter who asserts his celibacy when overwined and overdined and with the confessional sister in his arms?

What is a greater farce than the assertions of virtue of a female typewritist of beauty in the embrace of her office manager?

What is baser than the profession of holiness of a pastor when in the private parlor of his infatuated female worshiper?

What is more nefarious than the chaperonage of polite society? It cannot be the Irish-saloon politician, the Hebrew department store attachee, the blackmailing yellow journal, the annihilating trust combination, the brothel, the gambling den, the opium den, the orpheum.

There are two interesting articles in a weekly

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transplanted to Chicago. One is copied from an effete literary journal and is an effort to show that the fall of Beecher was due to the narrow-minded religious selfishness of his puritanically good wife who wanted him all herself. If he was such a grand, good man and had grown to such real greatness, why did he not successfully teach that greatness and broadness of character to his wife? The probabilities are that his wife knew him better than the public.

No doubt he was an inspirational speaker of eloquence and power. Yet many have been as eloquent on other than religious subjects. Demosthenes and Ingersoll were more eloquent. Who is influenced by Beecher's eloquence to-day? What was there in it but sensationalism and indiscriminate, unsystematic soaring similar to that of another popular divine still living and preaching his rabid stuff?

When an editor undertakes to justify the fall of any man because of the puritanical goodness of his wife he probably takes an occasional fall himself and he is not *en rapport* with the highest ideals of purity, ideality, goodness, self-control, culture and virtue.

The other article in this hot-house journal was by a female lawyer of some note. It was an argument for woman for divorce, for woman in business, etc. She says a woman should own her children. She should not be compelled to serve a man or be tied to him against her will. That she should be allowed the pleasure of earning and spending her own money, etc. What does she propose to do with the life of the child who does not know its own father. Has the child

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any rights of prenatal heirship? Has the child any sense of humiliation if it knows its mother practices promiscuous or gregarious sexual attraction? Does even the Morman child who knows his father and mother relish the combination that gave him existence? We understand not. The younger generation of Mormons are preferring one marital bond only at one time. What need has a woman to earn or spend her own money? What need has anybody selfishly owning things? Why not own everything in common except home effects or personal apparel? What necessity is there for women going into competitive, commercial slavery alongside of men unless it be to get near men and enjoy their company without the responsibility of motherhood and home? What do they gain by entering commercial and professional competition and what do they lose? What need has woman to approach death in travail? The red woman of the forest does not. What artificially selfish hope does woman suffrage have? One would think she would want to avoid the ballot as a contamination of evil. What does ideal motherhood want with divorce cases and criminal law? Why not develop the ideal, the good, the great in motherhood and happiness and teach, educate and inspire her children's father. What more does woman want unless it be still higher mental, ideal and grand conditions? What is the matter with home, children, flowers, art, cookery, literature, Mental Science and co-operative brotherhood undertakings?

The female attorney advocates pre-marriage, phy-

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sical examination and wants to apply law to copulation contracts. She does not seem to know that two apparently normal persons may marry and in six months one of them may be a physical wreck from excessive sexual conditions unbridled but legal. She is on the wrong path when she proposes to control love and youth by natural science and health by statutory law.

Her demand that a mother should own her own children is presumably made to avoid the necessity of determining the child's father. She might better be in a nunnery where such conditions do not often come to the eyes of the world, than be in the practice of mannish law and writing such misguided letters to the public as appears in this degenerate periodical. However she probably only writes this as an advertisement to secure legal patronage from those who do not know what is the real cause of their domestic or business troubles and thus she lives, by her wits, off their ignorance.

We recently called at the home of a California banker who was ill. His home was two miles from town. His wife mentioned something about the inefficiency of female help. Said when she could find a good girl she paid her $25 per month and home, board, etc. We asked her how much she supposed the clerks in the city department stores or the city millinery stores received and boarded themselves and dressed much more expensively and she replied she understood they did not receive more than enough to board themselves respectably and that they were

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thrown into vicious conditions of life for dress, entertainment, etc. We asked why the girl preferred this life to domestic life? She did not know.

She mentioned that the Hebrews were owning all their wine output and that soon their fruit output will also be in the hands of the Hebrews. That she as a woman had no right to vote but that the Dago who worked for them would sell his vote to an Irish saloon-keeper for $1 or for a drink of whiskey. They had been renting their large prune orchards but would be compelled to take them and handle them themselves because the renter did not satisfactorily or intelligently handle the business, etc. She then branched off to children. Had a bright boy ten years of age who recently astounded them all by saying to his school teacher that he did not believe that Christ was any more divine than any other man. She mentioned this as a case of degeneracy in brilliant and precocious intellect. Heaven bless that boy and keep him from contact with man-made religions, man-made greed and man-made disease and the world will probably see in him a great man and a good one. He may be ruined by contact with preachers' colleges, doctors' clinics, bankers' schemes or Hebrew lecherousness. If he keeps free from these, has only books and nature and not brothels and colleges at his command he will be a great, good man.

It is horrible to think he may be defiled by the vast volumes of printed matter that is labeled religion, philosophy, medicine, politics or political economy.

His mother is beyond help. Let her go off the

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earth believing in the immaculate conception and in the personal Son of a personal God. It is her solace and hope of futurity. Let her have it. She will probably never know the difference. She has blindly accepted the misconstrued teachings of Christ and she is hardly responsible for her perverted state of objective mind.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM.

Seattle, Washington, November 10, 1900.

WHAT you call science is the mere form of wisdom, as the catechism and chants and surplices are the forms of Episcopal service. Do you call the development of electricity science? Is the mind of Edison the product of science? Or is his mind the creative genius of invention applying the force of electricity, not discovering what electricity is, only manipulating its phenomena? Is science absolute knowledge? If so, name one scientific fact that is absolute and not relative and dependent upon environment and conditions. Did science create Darwin, or did Darwin's genius illuminate the wisdom of nature and show its absolute absence of fixedness on all occasions? There is nothing final or absolute in nature, nor in man.

Can you not comprehend that man is a being of unlimited possibilities—an element of developing capabilities? Why attempt to confine his growth and development by creeds, laws, rules, catechisms and pills? Can you control love of woman by legalizing slavery? Can you control sex affinities by legalizing brothels?

What is slavery? Is it using of man as a beast of burden under the lash? Is it permitting fear to force you to take medicine for fancied diseases? Is it inherited and acquired habits of drunkenness, sexual excesses and religious hypocrisy and superstition?

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Slavery is wealth, greed, social ostracism of the unfortunate born and the deceived fallen. Slavery is bestiality, brutality, horror. It is drugs, opiates, spasms, insanity. It is syphilis, tuberculosis, cancer and war.

What is freedom? Is it legal permission to try to earn your bread down in the bowels of the earth at from fifty cents to $1 per day? Is it government authority to stand on your feet all day in a moving train and sort mail for your life at from $50 to $75 per month and pay your own expenses?

Is it an opportunity to go out and be held-up" by a loan company for usurous interest and blackmailing commissions, and showings of value from collusion with contractors and builders, in the purchase of a home? Is freedom grabbing dollars and putting them in your stocking or in a safety vault or into land? Or is freedom an opportunity to be a man—to love your fellow-man—to co-operate with him in all things necessary and honorable, to sustain life and develop wisdom? Is freedom legal permission to cut your neighbor's throat in commercial competition or is it a brave standing together to produce what you need to eat, wear and educate and then cease toil? Or is it permission to produce for profit, to accumulate for descent, to grind to dust your smaller competitors? Are department stores products of freedom when they drive all other men out of business and to the poorhouse and their daughters onto the streets? Is it freedom to compel daughters of men to become typewritists and concubines for dress and bread? Or is

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freedom an opportunity to do good, be great, abolish competition, crime, poverty and vice?

Personally we admire the men who have been enabled to accumulate immense fortunes under such adverse criticism and circumstances. They are greater heroes than heroes of wars, they have fought a greater battle than General Lawton in many instances and yet they are more deluded even than General Lawton who sacrificed his life to a sense of heroic recklessness. Personally we admire Rockefeller, Hanna, Platt, McKinley, and more especially Roosevelt. We admire their capacity to put up such a splendid gladiator fight under such deplorable conditions. We surely do not admire Croker, Tammany and bathhouse John politicians, although they too have put up a cheerful fight, in a race-horse-track, pool-selling, whiskey-doping sort of a way. We cannot admire Bryan because of his sincere demagogy, his holy politics, nor his lucrative speech-making for office.

Is freedom an opportunity to have maidenly thoughts of purity and virtue, outraged by overdined and overwined priests under the guise of a religious confessional? Is freedom a public opportunity for misguided young men to sell their souls in brothels? Is freedom a chance to enter polite society and be horrified by its insincerity, impudence and indecency? Is freedom a right to make money by starving the wives and babies of day laborers? Is freedom an opportunity to edit a great journal and flame suicides and mesalliances and whoremongers into the face of children for a penny a sheet?

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Is modern journalism as clean as leprosy when it receives Jewish department store, high-priced advertising to enable it to cover up the truth of the actual conditions of society and business? Is freedom an opportunity for people united in the holy bonds of matrimony to congregate in city flat-residence buildings and live gregarious lives of indolence and cohabitation with the sterile wives and daughters of their neighbor and *vice versa,* and have this sterility attended by scientific medical advice? If all this is freedom give us the chains of the penitentiary that we may escape it and commune with our own selfhood—that we may anathemize modern human progress and prevent celestial civilization on earth in city life.

Once more we deplore the Jew, because he thrives off this sort of lecherous freedom. We deplore the medical student because he must live by probing and poulticing the abcesses of putrid society and become criminal. We deplore the student of law because he must exist by arraying neighbor against neighbor, wife against husband and honesty against dishonesty. We deplore the business college graduate because he must be an eternal enigma of commercial lies and legalized misrepresentations.

We deplore the student of politics because he must forever exist off the purchased votes of men who are like dumb-driven cattle or low-visaged apes of crimes.

Perhaps we are offending the nostrils of polite society by these recitals. The society that permits these smells to accumulate in their parlors, their closets and their sanctuaries and does not detect them by sight,

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cannot detect them by the use of the olfactory nerve. You society women are interfering with the business prosperity of prostitutes. Better turn your attention to the education of yourself and your offspring to ideals of purity, intellectuality and spirituality and thus divert your minds and bodies from the disease of society mania. You society men are preparing your daughters for commercial harlots. Better turn your attention to your legitimate business, your library and the sanctity of your home and avert the growing disease of club life, typewritist infatuations and society-belle-adventuress' designs.

If we could arrest the objective attention of the bestial husband whose animal instincts are driving his physically frail wife, to the grave or insanity; if we could arrest the attention of some slovenly slob of a woman whose only interest is in preparing, by her sexual demands, her overwrought husband for the grave, and could divert her remnant of an abortive mind to the intellectual and hope-inspiring ideals and the proper sanitary care of what offspring she already has, we might assist her to preserve her husband for a full round life of good citizenship. If we could, by some Mental Science process of thought, teach the man and wife of fearful poverty, horrible want and morbid disease of mind, to control their marital conditions then their minds might become clear, their acts lucid, their diseases myths, and their poverty might become plenty.

Is freedom a chance to swill beer and tear your hair over a saloon bar? Is it an opportunity to con-

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vert your stomach into a whiskey refinery and your mind into buzz-saw logic? Formerly the drunken, hairy apes of anarchy took on the form of the crucifixion of Christ, then of annihilation of Alexandrian libraries, then of Catholic tortures, then of burning of witches. Now it seems to thrive upon the blood of Kings, Queens and Presidents. It is the most misguided form of insanity that was ever produced by the fanaticisms of religions or by the woes of man.

A morphine fiend, an inebriate, an habitual whoremonger are just as true types of disease as is insanity, tuberculosis and fear of death. Can any of them be cured by the science of medicine satisfactorily? Can they be cured by mental treatment? Does the village doctor tell his patient that his troubles are caused by excesses of a private nature, or does he encourage these excesses by stimulants, etc.? Do politicians assist to decide the troubles of business, commerce and production, or do they live off these troubles? Has politics ever decided any question of truth or justice? Does the study of law simplify our controversies as to debts, divorces and property ownership, or does it multiply our troubles and losses on every hand?

Does applied theology lessen our woes or increase them?

Does the Christian idea of repentant or non-repentant sin purify or debase us? Does it create fear or abject slavery of thought? Does religion create more moral heroes than it educates selfish hypocrites? Are schools of medicine, law, business and theology developing men or pigmies? Are they making lead-

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ers or trailers? Do they stultify intellect and develop mental machines or do they create genius, inspiration and greatness?

We prefer to have our child developed from contact with nature, from reading of Whittier, Bellamy, Darwin and Wilmans, to having them developed by a course of study in any legalized system of education that is the product of state, nation or of amassed fortune of repentant rapacity.

The train upon which we recently came through southern Idaho at midnight was attempted to be wrecked by some ghouls who had cunningly fastened a log chain across both tracks. But the fastenings gave way and the train escaped wreckage with its 200 human beings. This conveys to the average mind a sense of horror because of the number of innocent families who would have been affected by a total wreckage of that train.

Does the present system of commercial competition convey any sense of horror to the average mind, and yet it drives our sons to war, to Alaska or to degradation. It drives our daughters to office work, to common factory work in herds, and to the home of the harlot. It steals all means of accumulated industry for support in old age. It robs us of hope, life and peace.

The Palouse wheat country, south of Spokane, raised this season an average of forty bushels of wheat to the acre, but the loss from heading machinery, the cost of plowing and seeding and harvesting and the cost of transportation and vessal tonnage, leaves no

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profit for the ranchman. Commerce eats up the profits of the producer. Wealth is not with the producer, but with the banker and the transportation companies that get all the profits and rake-offs. Wheat-raisers are going into lamb-raising and wool-production at a profit. But the sheep industry will react in values in the course of time and then they will hunt for gold and silver and so on. Man, the producer, is driven from wheat to sheep, from sheep to mining, from corn to hogs, from cattle to bankruptcy and so on forever.

Why not overcome these difficulties which are more glaring even with manufacturers, etc.? Why not abolish all competition and own everything in common through state or national organization and ownership just as many cities now own their water, gas, electricity, street cars, etc, and the United States owns its own postal system. This government should own its own railroads, telegraph and other common utilities.

We probably should not own these things in common because of greed of those who now own these great enterprises that control our markets, our production and our legislation. How long will producers, farmers, miners, clerks, railroad and manufacturing servants and traveling salesmen and solicitors put up with their present discomforts? Only so long as our expansion war policy attracts their attention away from domestic losses and no longer.

This sort of commercial slavery will some day, in the not distant future, be overcome in some rational manner and not by side shows of Spanish wars and Chinese complications.

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The freedom advocated by the Pilgrim forefathers and by William Penn will become child-like beside the freedom seventy-five millions of people in the United States of America, will some day demand from the hang-noose of capital and from the slavery imposed by professional sharks and politicians.

The spirit of commercialism is the adult spirit that is developed from the youthful base-ball game, the foot-ball game, the race-course, the gambling. It permeates all avenues of life and has grown to enormous proportions. People no longer disguise the fact that it is dollars and dollars only that they are after. They educate their sons in the law to prey off the ignorance of the less educated people. The masses are educated in the common schools to discontentment of their position and lot in life. They stake their all on ventures of the most reckless nature and finally become hoboes and tramps and strikers whose attention is diverted for a time by wars and blow of trumpets and demonstration of patriotism which, as Franklin says, is the last refuge of fools or knaves. Wars are evolved to divert people and create new commerce over the graves of the dead soldiers and to absorb another ignorant people off whom we may prey as we have done off the redman and the black man. It will now be the yellow man off whom we will prey so long as he will stand it. Nations, up to this date, have existed by preying off the toil and death of its poor people. They have not existed, up to this date, to any great extent, for the benefit of, or as the instrument of government of the masses. When wealth, as such, in the

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hands of the individual, is abolished and with it competition, then all profit of labor, invention and development may go to the body politic, to the common good of all. Then fear of poverty will be banished and with it inducement to crime and tendency to insanity and brutality. Then men and women may develop their mind, intellect, soul, instead of occupy their time in cutting their neighbor's throat in commercial competition.

It is appalling to see the frame of mind of the modern young man. He boldly asserts that all woes are caused by indolence. That the industrious, frugal and brainy may win at any time. Granted. But may win what or at whose expense? May win dollars to usurp power to keep others in fear, slavery and poverty. What good are his dollars for himself and what harm for the weak or unfortunate? The weak or unfortunate or ill would become strong and happy and healthful were this incubus of greed removed from over their heads.

Stop for one moment and ask yourself, what has been the fear of your whole life. Was it not fear of failure to earn a living, to earn as good clothes as your playmate, to earn sufficient to marry the girl you love, to earn sufficient to keep up your society display and show? Has not this been the horrid nightmare that has haunted you at home, abroad, at night and during the working hours? Has it not driven you to effort of labor as a demon? Has it not finally wrecked your health, your morals and your life. If you gambled fortunately and acquired wealth, has it not been

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your fear of losing it that has haunted you to the grave? You are not honest with yourself if you don't answer these queries in the affirmative.

Why not remove these fears by removing the cause and have everything owned in common and have no individual property ownership? What a load would be lifted off the individual if this anxiety were removed, if this fear were eradicated. How like a god he might become in his freedom and glory of flight.

He would then labor for the common good as a Grecian plays at the Olympian games. He would rest in peace and dream in a beatitude of divine glory.

With this emancipation from the slavery of fear he would understand what is meant by evolution of mind and the ideal carrying on and upward of the evolution of man from the lower orders of life of a mammal to a social and political being. Then he could control passions, develop body, evolve mind and become infinite in his godlike powers.

Now his whole being is absorbed in acquisition of property and in the fear of loss of it. He has no vitality, vigor or power left to contemplate the good, the great and the infinite. He cannot even take time to listen to charity that is necessary to feed the poverty his greed creates.

Suppose that by a process of Mental Science teachings you can eradicate fear and sickness in the individual and thus enable him to earn a living without these incumbrances as indeed it can be done under our present vicious conditions of competition. What a herculean task we have to forever keep up the

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mental treatment for fear and illness and superstition always forever endeavoring to overcome and overcoming new-born ignorance and vice and crime and greed and strife? Indeed, suppose we overcome fear and illness for the few who learn and apply Mental Science, what is to become of the masses who still walk in fear and trembling and live in disease and doubt?

Why not at once establish, on the physical plane, a plan of life that will avoid the necessity of this eternal effort of overcoming the annoyances of base, physical existence and apply ourselves to necessities only for that small portion of time sufficient to satisfy our physical needs and devote the rest to development of mind, soul and spirit—to happiness all and every hour?

The tasks of overcoming all the ills of physical and moral life by purely mental treatments is too enormous and too unnecessary. It is too much like building Egyptian pyramids to crumble under recurring conditions that have crumbled to dust every psychic effort of religion, science and art.

What was the effort of Confucius, Mohammed, Christ, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Penn, but an effort to overcome the excesses and results of greed, false pride and its fungoid growth, vice, crime and insanity? What was the effort of Payne, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Darwin, Draper, Huxley and Spencer but an effort to overcome the mistakes of erratic forms and consequent vices of man-made religion? What are the efforts of Wilmans, Knox, Del Mar, Wood, Dresser, Tynor and Patterson but efforts to overcome the mistakes of man-made knowledge of natural science, man-made religion

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of repentance and man-made mistakes of greed, vice and excesses?

Why this recurrence, at various epochs, of a purifying necessity for regeneration? Why the recurrence, at various epochs, of wars and carnage and death? Why this upward and downward wave of monarchs, republics and people? Why this out-cropping, at times, of the divine, the prophetic, the Christ, the Inquisition victims' declaration, the William Tell, the Joan of Arc, the Quakers, the Pilgrim forefathers, the Lincolns, the martyrs of all ages to truth, justice and fraternity of man? Have we not yet so far developed that we can afford to evolve actual justice, perfect equity and absolute equality on a mere physical plane of life? What tinsel are the things of the physical plane of life as compared with those of the mind, the soul, the intellect? Then why not treat them as not worth the effort of commercial throat-cutters? Why not establish community interests of all physical things and have the intellectual unfettered?

We can by harboring elements of fear and morbidity think ourselves into a condition of disease. We may by entertaining conditions of sensuality think ourselves into worshipers of vice and lasciviousness. We do by cultivating notions of property ownership think ourselves into misers, into contentious, jealous fighters for our so-called rights, into mammon worshipers and fiends of greed.

In precisely the same process of thought control and development we can think ourselves into a state of cleanliness. By cultivating an ideality of thought-

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power we may think ourselves into a final condition of health, purity, chastity and happiness. Primarily man is not in a state of disease, vice, crime and greed. He is so if at all, because of the accumulated thought conditions of so-called civilization. These conditions have largely been inherited as fixed and more or less definite conditions and yet he can and may overcome them all by the persistent and exalted exercise of his higher mental endowments, by the elimination of his inherited fear and accumulation of morbidity through rational use of his subjective mind and an appeal to his soul—his inmost life-power—his divine environment if you wish it so stated.

We maintain that wars, duels, punishment by death and human blood-shedding are erroneous and arise from a false condition promoted by cultivation of individual or national fear, greed and debauchery. So-called holy wars are as well as anarchy the result of a perverted condition of religious thought. The civil war was unnecessary, as was the Spanish-American war. Exalted statesmanship is befouled by sensational yellow journalism and rabid political and commercial prostitution. We may and can without wars adjust all differences of nations as well as of individuals. We assert that medicine, surgery and doctoring by material means are primarily unnecessary and are usually productive of increased disease, decay and dissolution. The very fact that, objectively, we are taught to depend and rely upon material remedies is sufficient to account for our present state of disease. Our so-called scientific diagnoses of our artificial diseases pro-

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mote as acute forms of intensified disease as does the morbid condition of thought produced in youth by nursery tales of impossible goblins, or by fables of religious allegory, or by placards of quack doctors or vicious advertisements of diseases and their alleged remedies.

All references to disease in private conversation, in public print, in advertisements, in pharmacies, or in hospitals should be absolutely kept away from the eye and mind of youth or of ignorant, gaping adults.

The grandest freedom we might at present enjoy would be the annihilation of all private and public notice of disease. The basest slavery we may now be subject to is the systematic promotion of morbidity of disease thought. It is developing into the grossest criminality and is legalized and encouraged by the coterie of so-called natural scientists who poultice, plaster, dope, cut, carve and mutilate the god-like beauty and grace of the human body.

The German student with his ambition for the scars of silly duels is not a greater perversion of common sense than is the promulgator of "orificial surgery" a subject of insane fallacy and perverted nature.

The ambitions of silly society women are not a greater subject of disgust than are the habitues of vice or the coarse hallelujahs of sensational evangelism, or the Oscar Wilde freaks of sexual insanity.

People who are looking for trouble usually find it. Those who see vice are those who are predisposed to entertain it. Those who think of the good, the true and the beautiful are the people who are good, true

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and beautiful. Those who are hunting for symptoms of disease usually develop them. The specialist who studies tuberculosis, cancer or insanity, usually succumbs to the disease itself. If a woman has a life-long morbid fear of cancer, she will be very apt to create cancer in her own body, and die of it. If one has secret thoughts of lust, he or she will indulge those abnormal thoughts in secret, and will succumb eventually to their destroying tendency. If one has an abnormal desire for acquisition of property, he will own wealth at whatever cost of hypocritical membership with the church, or of base ends of accomplishing his desires. If nations desire wars and carnage, they have them, under pretext of liberty, religion and civilization, but in reality to attain power, promote greed, develop vast ownership of properties, and enlarge the breach between capital and labor, wealth and poverty, society and morals, science and health. If individuals prefer pugilism, professional base-ball and horse-racing to Greco-Roman games, systematic gymnastics and intelligent physical and mental development, they usually find what they prefer, and with it intoxication, dissipation, degradation. Any excess of whatever nature is degrading.

If you want to make a test of the cultivated and inherited greed of the idea of individual property ownership, just make your will as equitably as you may, and hand a copy of it to each beneficiary. You will at once learn that each is aggrieved and unjustly (?) treated in the will. Witness the spectacle of settlement of estates—almost without exception the family

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is forever divided. The scramble often begins before the aged are in the grave, and all manner of influences are brought to bear to establish unusual claims upon the estate. The settlement of estates of accumulated wealth are the morsels of scandal that are fanned into flames of rabid jealousy by the carrion-eating crows of law who thrive off the death of respectability, and strut about with swollen opulence in society, politics and sensuality.

Since writing the above we chanced upon a June, 1898, number of the magazine Mind. Without permission of John Emery McLean, who was at that time the editor of this splendid magazine, we quote his editorial below. Why such superb ideas fail to reach the masses, and hence fail to show them the utter futility of their chase and scramble after greed at the expense of their morals, health and life itself, we are unable to comprehend.

IS PATRIOTISM A DELUSION?

In the sense in which the word is commonly used, patriotism is the metaphysics of selfishness—as politics is the metaphysics of force. It is an extension of self-conceit from the individual to the nation. Historically, it is based on greed, and had its inception in the covetous eyes with which one primitive tribe regared the women and other chattels in the possession of its neighbor. The predatory instinct is not a natural one: it is the result of a perverted imagination. Greed begets greed. The attempt to purloin an article from the hand of its owner inevitably tightens his grip—a habit that when carried to extremes often leads to the palsied unhappiness of the miser. Thus did self-defense and self-preservation become numbered among the inalienable "rights" of man.

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Out of this assumed necessity the spirit of militarism first arose. Originating in the crude savagery of a "barbarous" age, it eventually became a legitimate accessory in religious crusades and the only apparent source of stability to human government. To-day war is an "art" not a crime, though frequently used as a cloak for the perpetration of the most inhuman designs. It is the basis of almost every national debt under which the world now groans, and which is usually paid by the descendants of its creators---the one inescapable burden of heredity that ancestors can impose. "Debt," said Wendell Phillips, "is the fatal disease of republics: the first thing and the mightiest to undermine governments and corrupt the people."

Irrespective of the peculiar merits of the war between the United States and Spain, which it is not our present purpose to discuss, the conflict affords a good illustration of the martial method of adjusting differences. Resistance to evil, whether mild or forcible, may shift its base but cannot eradicate it. The "police power" of nations, in which we find apparent justification for interfering with our neighbor, is necessarily arbitrary and susceptible of abuse. And the attempt to demonstrate it through military and naval operations—"fighting the devil with fire"—is apt to defeat its own purpose, because it is the outcome of the same impulses of "patriotism" that gave rise to the offending condition. Force that is *felt* will never reform a criminal nor win a true victory.

But the "patriotism" that leads to war, whether offensive or defensive, has many far-reaching effects that are lost sight of by most minds. Large military establishments tend to breed anarchy, which leads to atheism. They are a kind of tyranny, both individually and collectively—the arrogance of petty officials in uniform toward the plain civilian is one of the discomforts

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of civilization. Moreover, in the minds of the young they engender wholly false ideas of heroism. The average boy is taught to study and admire the Hannibals, the Napoleons, and the Grants of history rather than the higher order of spiritual heroes whose labors and teachings we have alone to thank for the advancement of civilization. And this martial spirit has a definite effect even on the unborn. The "fighting" proclivities of whole races can be traced in large part to the spectacular effects of military performances on the minds of the mothers of men. In the annals of human society, the generation that immediately follows a great war is invariably the most prolific in cruelty and crimes of violence. It is then that "sports" become brutal and vivisection a legitimate branch of medical education.

Every metaphysician knows the baneful effects of anger and hatred in the production of disease. And these vices are more prevalent during a war period than at any other time, being fostered alike by belligerents and non-combatants. They are mutually destructive, the ironical fact being that the real victim of anger and hatred is their author. Not all the wounds of soldiers confined in hospitals are inflicted from without; and the awful contagion of *fright* is seen in the epidemics that rage even among those not "at the front." All this suffering and sacrifice is the price paid by nations for cultivating that ridiculous sense of "honor" and "pride" that in our day is erroneously termed *patriotism.*

But the real absurdity of this sort of national mania appeals with irresistible force to believers in reincarnation. The adherents of this doctrine comprise nearly two-thirds of the globe's inhabitants, and, if their belief is founded on fact, the word *patriotism* must event-

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ually become endowed with a higher meaning than selfish love for the little spot of ground from which we start on the journey of a given earth-life. The realization that our worst enemies in a certain lifetime may be our friends and neighbors of the next tends to discourage the use of shot and shell as argumentative forces.

War is without warrant, analogy, or precedent in nature and in an ideal civilization even the deepest love for one's country or nationality should be subordinate to one's love for the human race as a whole. In that millennial period that is yet to be, the "family of nations" will say, with Tom Paine, "the world is my country," and *all* war shall be regarded as intestine and fratricidal. Let us, therefore, cease our worship of externals. Let us not forget that the only imperishable treasures are those of the spirit; that our mission here is to gain wisdom through experience, not earthly glory through military conquest nor material wealth through personal ambition; that we are citizens of a higher realm than mortal eyes can see, and that any injury we inflict on our neighbor must inevitably recoil with added force upon ourselves. Thus shall we hasten the establishing of "the federation of the world, the parliament of mankind." * * * * *

As patriotism is the metaphysics of selfishness, and politics the metaphysics of force, so are our social efforts the metaphysics of lust. Just as patriotism idealizes greed, and politics subverts force, so does our social fabric propose to overcome lust. And just as patriotism is the last refuge of a knave, and politics is the ultimate resort of criminality, so is our social fabric aflame with carnal desires, religious hypocrisy and festering vice.

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Co-operative brotherhoods of communities, with common ownership of property, attended with true Mental Science teaching will overcome these conditions of selfishness, force and lust, and will eliminate artificial conditions of patriotism, politics and society, and with these, vice, poverty and crime.

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BOOK II.

CHICAGO INDUSTRIES.

CHAPTER I.

CHICAGO PRIVATE SANITARIUM COMPANY.

Olympia, Wash., November 13, 1900.

DEAR DOCTOR: We enclose check for $100, being balance of your bill of $175 for two weeks service in your private sanitarium for a case of paralysis(?) At the time of entering we omitted to say that we were recommended to you by a presumably high-classed practitioner in a Wisconsin town. He evidently regarded your theories of "orificial surgery" as highly scientific and effective in all avenues of disease of chronic nature when accompanied with proper mental therapeutics. Of the latter however no mention was made by him or by you until we left your care. We understand that your chloroform process is a radical and convenient form of enabling you to psychologize your patient and divert his mental conditions and permit the body to recover through rest, quiet and discreet surroundings. We began to learn while in your institution that you were a fake of the most egregious sort; that your scale of fees was regulated by the size of your patient's pocket-book and by his imbecility of mind. We witnessed your treatment of young men, young women and old people for all sorts of diseases, and we now

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seem to understand that your theory is, that by circumcision in males and a similar process of "orificial surgery" in females, you arrest with the aid of hypnotic suggestion their tendency to sexual intercourse and render the mind passive by chloroforming and by hypnotic suggestion and by thus controlling the patient from two weeks to two months you permit the body to recover of its own vital forces.

But we are now informed that you could not succeed in all cases, by this radical treatment and you have resorted to still more radical treatment—that of castration in males and of removing ovaries in females and that you have been divorced from your wife and are now practically insane. It is of no avail to tell you that your end is the end of all men who have attempted to take the laws of nature into their own hands and under the protection of law of man and in the name of science have essayed to cut, carve and mutilate the human body to a degree of murder.

Traveling, recently, we made the acquaintance of an editor. He was from Chicago but later of San Francisco. His wife is of excellent Chicago family and of Canadian-English extraction. She became ill in San Francisco and the leading physician advised that in order to save her life an operation would be necessary for ovarian tumor, etc. Both husband and wife stipulated that the ovaries should not be removed according to the latest scientific fad. The physician agreed to this. After recovery of the patient it was discovered that the ovaries must have been removed. The physician finally said they had and that it was abso-

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lutely necessary to save her life. She soon became despondent, brooded over her unsexed condition; became almost insane; threatened to commit suicide; a watch had to be put upon her. The husband became distracted and finally obtained the services of another physician who was secretly employing hypnotism. With these hypnotic suggestions the wife rapidly recovered and is now well. Had a higher form of hypnotic treatment been employed in the shape of Mental Science or metaphysical thought-treatment before the knife had been used this woman might just as well have recovered with all her functions of a mother, wife, woman, nature.

The private sanitariums of cities are largely of this scientific, dissecting and abortion character. The young society girl who goes to the hospital to have an operation performed, ostensibly because she has danced too much, really goes there for an abortion, in most instances. The jaded society madame who goes there to have her ovaries removed, does so because she has refused to bear children and has committed sexual excess until the parts are weakened to disease by preventives, lotions, cold water and more sexual excesses. Women do not decay from reasonable and natural child-bearing. They decay from criminal excess of sexual exertion. Men are the same and often educate the woman to these detestable practices. A railroad conductor of thirty-six years, an adept in all the vile practices of houses of ill-fame, marries a young woman of nineteen. In one year she is a walking skeleton, a man-hater, a divorced woman, thrown

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upon the uncharitable world with nothing left but to court men of means who have wives of their own. After she has tried family servant work and has been ostracized from society because of a servant's position, after she has become waitress in a hotel and consorted with older female debauchees, then she plies her nefarious trade, refusing only to sell herself for cash when she is too ill or jaded. She then turns to schemes of the procuress, the female gambler, the Klondyke adventuress. She was born of a good family in a small country town but this is the end of it all.

We seem to have noticed that divine healers do not have children. They are mostly those who have stared death in the face because of sexual excesses and having, by auto-suggestion in the shape of so-called prayer, become in self-control and health have taken new, fresh women partners and are not burdened with babies or conscience.

"A Heaven" formerly on the grounds of the Cook County Normal School was apparently organized on this divine (?) plan. Its patrons were women whose mother instincts had been outraged by brutal husbands and the originator took the place of the husband presumably upon a more aesthetical plane, having more women to care for, each devotee suffered less from excesses. Occasionally he seems to have won to his heavenly creed a young woman who did not know how to control her passions and she gave birth to a child.

A minister whose wife was overburdened with child-bearing, etc., expended all his means keeping her in sanitariums for nervous prostration. She is now

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well, cured herself. She came to the conclusion if God would save her soul he would save her body and she prayed for this until she became psychologized and cured herself, under the impression God did it. She is now a Divine Healer. She had tried Eddyism and failed to comprehend it. She comprehended apparently when finally at death's door and under the guidance of her supposed Heavenly Father whom she thought about to take her home in the weakness of life.

If men are going to be sexual brutes they better become Mormons. If women are going to become sterile concubines they better enter houses of ill-fame instead of mother's homes.

If physicians are going to splay women, castrate men and commit abortion, they better be placed in penitentiaries, where gold will not tempt them and scientific education cannot be applied to innocents abroad.

If husbands and wives of poverty are going to drown their capabilities in sexual excesses and ill-health, chronic complaints, they should be treated hypnotically or mentally on the co-operative plan or by the city or the state and rendered sufficiently lucid to enable them to earn a living at least. No one is naturally excessive in these matters. They may inherit strong tendencies but the habit is cultivated until it becomes a disease, more fearful than drink, morphine or consumption. Indeed consumption is probably largely increased and augmented, if not wholly the result of these excesses in parents who give birth

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to weakened children of disease of syphilitic or cancerous origin.

Medicine and natural science does not cure or control these things. Mental Science does, but the doctors say it is not legal. It is the vaporings of fools, etc. Most private sanitariums are not the vaporings of fools but those of criminals.

Recently we asked for the address of a physician whom we knew in Kansas in 1884. He had come to the Pacific Coast soon after. We saw him there in a prosperous town in 1892, having prospered and made money legitimately in his profession and in real estate speculations. He was a leading member of the board of education, health and of the local fraternities. He was an honorable practitioner and a genial man. The collapse of the boom in 1893 ruined him financially. He still practiced and endeavored to pay his indebtedness. He drifted into politics as a remedy of the stagnation evil. He took to drink. In 1896 he was found dead in his office, presumably a suicide. His wife and children have gone home to his people. All because of modern conditions of American civilization. We know another physician who has gone from a prosperous Kansas doctor to a renegade Keeley-cure fake-doctor and to nothing. We know another who is counted the best surgeon in his progressive city. He was once a farmer boy. Was educated in a modern school of scientific medicine. After marriage, became expert with the knife, lancet and saw; realized extortionate fees for expert surgery; drove his wife insane probably because of his escapades in society life;

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operated upon his niece for appendicitis and she died at nineteen, probably because of the operation and not from a case of indigestion or inflammation.

If there is a physician of the modern scientific school that is making an honest, legitimate living we would like to see the color of his hair and know all about his ancestry, education and antecedents. He should be lassoed by the Smithsonian Institute as a specimen of a defunct species.

The so-called scientific doctor and surgeon is worse than the quack doctor, the traveling wizzard-oil man, the clairvoyant healer, the thought vibrationist who sells his thought-healers, because the physician is practicing under the protection of the law and his victims, in the name of science, are never questioned as victims of malpractitioners if the latter have the requisite amount of impudence, assumption and arrogance. There are a few of the good old respectable family physicians left, those who deliver at birth alive and abstain from abortions, those who avoid excessive use of medicines, stimulants, calomel, morphine, cocaine and nurse and cheer and comfort and allay fear instead of creating it by the so-called examination with a thumper, a thermometer, an X-ray, a trumpet, etc.

Doctors are compelled to scheme in order to make a living at the profession. One of the most brilliant female physicians works the elite society and woman's club plan. Another old established city practitioner has a series of under-studies who interrogate the supposed invalids and dispose of them if possible when a large fee is not expected for the head of the office.

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Others have a system of hired invalids to fill up the front office in waiting. Others associate themselves together into combinations of specialists and employ expensive advertising. Others have nurses to secure cases for them. Few succeed financially in large cities. Their victims are many and are seldom cured or healed permanently. Of course not, their clientage would be ruined if they could heal or cure permanently. They cut and remove ovaries and mutilate until a chronic disease is developed.

We know a physician who practices upon the suburbs of the city's vice and upon the out-skirts of semi-respectable society. He is not down to a specialty on South Clark Street venereal diseases but he has an office in a flat-residence building, a place where apparently refined women operate a flat-residence alone and receive special acquaintances mostly of the male variety—a place where people live as man and wife and where they exchange wives when one or the other is absent on business—a place where people live in style who left a country town in debt and disgrace.

This doctor essays to practice in the good society just above the flat-residence district where his wife is a member of the church. He introduces and brings together prematurely developed boys and girls and sells them high-priced preventives and remedies. If the girl becomes *enciente* he provides a safe resort for her and secures the abortion for a handsome sum. He exploits all sorts of proprietary medicines and forges labels of old patent medicines and well-established proprietary articles and pastes them on bottles of the

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same shape as those of the article imitated and sells a cheap substitute at a high price. He is finally caught and prosecuted. His respectable wife secures a divorce. His beautiful daughter marries a sprig of wealth of a wholesale liquor dealer and now looks like an escaped corpse. It is the same old story,—liquor, stimulants, excesses, preventives, ill-health, desperation, death.

A quarter of a century ago the remedies were calomel, quinine and whiskey. Later they were aconite, belladonna, chloroform and strychnine. Still later they were cocaine, cutting, castration and removal of ovaries or anæsthetics, antiseptics, vapor baths and private sanitariums, or a trip abroad away from home, husband and society.

A quarter of a century ago the disease was smallpox, ague, fever, consumption, apoplexy. Later they were mental depression, nervous prostration and heart failure. Now they are blood-poisoning, appendicitis, insomnia and paralysis. What a farce and what a tragedy? Diseases are man-created. Remedies of science are simply poultices, plasters and dopes. Young men are induced to study science, to become doctors and alleviate the woes of the ill and the unfortunate, and before they are out of college they discover that it is a commercial proposition largely. Of course the lecturing professor does not say this. He employs the most exalted dignity and the several pyrotechnics of scientific language, but the masses of medical students learn too early that they have to deal with body-snatchers, stiffs, prostitutes, syphilitics, then later with

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family secrets, society degenerates and political wreckers. Many doctors are worse than some preachers as wreckers of homes and destroyers of virtue. Why multiply the detestable story that is the story of every community?

Of course these doctors and their family-secret patrons will rail at Mental Science or they will say it is dangerous mesmerism, spiritism or insanity.

It is not proposed to radically do away with the services of all doctors but they as well as people of all professions and avocations can enter colonies at home or elsewhere and become co-operative and useful to themselves and to the community with which they become associated. Time will be required to teach them and their patients the process and understandings of Mental Science philosophy of life. Many patients will pass away attended by the present scientific physician even in our new community-life, but the younger generation will reap the reward of youthful instruction and be happy in the control of their minds, bodies and in the development of their soul possibilities. This is no dream, no phantasmagoria, no unrealty, but on the contrary it is a present developing reality. All you need is to read the literature, search out the communities and be convinced for yourselves and in your own way and at your own pleasure.

We recently dined with a practicing physician at his home in a Missouri town of 25,000 people, one whom we have personally and professionally known for a quarter of a century. His father was a practicing physician in Iowa. Our friend had an excel-

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lent practice during the palmy days in superannuated Kansas, and was finally compelled to move to his present location to better the opportunities for enlargement of practice. He is successful and honorable. He is one of the few of whom we know the color, length of hair and other characteristics, and antecedents. (The external characteristics of frontier quackery are even yet long or dyed hair.) He is scientific but honest. He is progressive but not dogmatic. He is philosophical but rationally respectable. He is writing a book showing that there are not over one-half dozen diseases that may be cured by medicinal remedies and that not one in a hundred practicing physicians, so-called, are honest. They are pursuing the commercialism of the patent medicine man. They are licensed mechanical bunglers and ignorant scientific fakes. They are playing with a purely superficial idea of life. They cut and carve as they would dress a hog, and they poultice, plaster and dope as they would handle a slum-syphilitic. They have no more conception of mental therapeutics than they have of the immaculate conception, reincarnation, or of the philosophy of life of Robert G. Ingersoll. Anything but the criminal fakery of greed is as far from their mental diagnoses as is reason from a groundhog, or as is honesty from a Jew.

The fakery of the thought vibrationist and the advertising schemes of Weltmerism are tangible remedies and pure idealities as compared with the licensed machinery of a large percentage of the modern medical profession.

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CHAPTER II.

CHICAGO CUT-RATE PHARMACY COMPANY.

Chehalis, Wash., November 15, 1900.

IN THE spring of 1894 we exchanged the remnant of a defunct California orange grove for a Chicago pharmacy, hoping to realize no less on the latter, in a dense residence district on North State Street, fully one mile from the down-town business portion of the city. This pharmacy had been successfully operated, in years past, by a man who had gone daft on Chicago Board of Trade. We had operated drug stores in small towns and had also been a merchant and understood the situation fairly well. But we had not reckoned upon that element of competition known as the department store. We noted the rapid formation of down-town cut-rate pharmacies; got out our professional advertising for the several local resident-physicians and announced a perfectly respectable undertaking upon a proper business basis. We catered to the best trade, gave the use of our telephone to customers without charge, delivered all telephone messages in the neighborhood gratis, attached a competent package-express delivery agency, a branch of the American Express office, a telegraph office and sub-agencies for adlets in all the leading Chicago dailies—all in our double-room store. We put in a clean line of drugs, cigars, candy, a soda fountain and a line of druggists' sundries and stationery. We operated the pharmacy for eighteen

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months at a loss of $100 per month and traded it off for some dwellings just completed in Eggleston, etc.

We do not undestand that any criticism was made upon the conduct of our business by resident or physician, by the wholesale houses who sold us the goods nor by any of the concerns for whom we were agent.

The only disagreeable incidents were with the local agent as representative of the State Pharmaceutical Board and with the commercial reporting agency. The former by a process of spying and intimidation undertook to compel us to hire an additional registered pharmacist or fee the agent to keep him still. We did neither. We were seldom in the store. But a registered pharmacist was always there and a competent assistant. We had spent seven years in a chemical laboratory here and in Europe and had done considerable prescription work in other states where we owned drug stores, previous to the enactment of the state laws controlling registration. We declined to take the time to pass their farce examination and declined to be bull-dozed and were finally let alone, so far as we know.

We informed the agent of the commercial reporting agency that we bought goods for cash and had our business paid for and did not require his services or intervention in our behalf and preferred that he make no mention of our pharmacy in his publications which we regarded as practically blackmailing sheets of no actual benefit to the wholesale houses and of wholly unreliable information as to retailers, etc., etc. They gave us a blank report and of course did us all the

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harm they could, which was none. But it was their intention to notify their wholesale customers that we were not worthy of credit because we did not confide our business to them and give them our antecedents, etc. We understood that the agent was ready to accept a fee of $5, $3, $1, or whatever we chose to give him, to cause us to have a good report in his publications, but we concluded to paddle our own canoe and ignore all fungoid excrescences or modern cryptogams in commerce and trade.

We lost in the undertaking not because of the antagonism of the State Pharmaceutical Board, nor because of the failure to patronize the fake reporting agency, but because of the organization of cut-rate pharmacy companies growing out of the department store idea.

Women preferred to flock to down-town department stores where the show was on and pay the Hebrew supposed reduced prices because he advertised $1 packages of Paine's Celery Compound for seventy-nine cents each. They also bought their face powders, hot-water-bags, syringes and preventives at the department store where they were not known, presumably. They also purchased there some other articles in the regular line of druggists' sundries that we blush to put in print. Men do not buy drugs except cigars and whiskey and mineral water. Most men have learned that drugs are only for women and people who do not know how to smoke and drink and for morphine, cocaine and other fiends. We put up prescriptions but they were largely for venereal diseases. In

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case of serious malady the patient was usually sent off to a hospital which took away our patronage of course. We were not patronized by young men to any great extent because we did not operate a poker game in the rear room and because we did not permit street-walkers to lounge about our offices, etc. We had no bucket-shop attachment and could not attract the bloated speculator. Our trade was that of local servants, school children and old women who could not get down-town. The inevitable had come. The suburban pharmacist could not pay his expenses unless he slept and ate in the rear of his store and never saw daylight.

The business was concentrating down town in the department stores and the nickles and dimes went there and to the street car companies and to the ladies' entrance of the saloon restaurant and to the assignation house. We sold all patent medicines and well-known proprietary articles at cost and threw in telephone services and toilet paper. We were up against it and we finally traded out. There were others, in all lines about three thousand, in Chicago, that surrendered to the down-town department stores, to the street car lines and to the fun, etc. The Hebrews had done us up and were chuckling over it at the expense of the virtue of our sons and daughters whom they had hired at anti-virtue salaries. They had the Chicago press subsidized by high-priced advertising and when Mrs. Ichelheimer took a sleigh ride, all the newsboys shouted the news from the West Side down Michigan avenue to the road-house restaurant near Thirty-ninth Street where she went in to warm up, etc.

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We then turned our attention to the Father Murphy Sacramental Wine Company recited elsewhere and attempted to do a legitimate business in "the necessary" among the priesthood, nunneries and pharmacies out of the city where the spirit-business is best covered up in a local village drug store. But alas there is no legitimate business in wines, spirits, whiskey, drugs, druggists' sundries, department stores, cut-rate pharmacies or in any competitive business whatever. It is simply a question of raising the greatest "holler," the greatest herd of humans, the greatest gaping crowd or the greatest fashionable society riff-raff.

Selling salts, senna, simple syrup in the same manner in which sugar, molasses and vinegar are sold does not create trade. It destroys it. To create competitive trade you must make believe. The excuse must always be the cheapness of the article but the real reason must be unexpressed. It must be a chance to see the busy whirl, to see the demi-monde, to see the mingling of the sexes and let it start the flow of blood and quicken the deadened eye and let sexual possibilities flourish. The masses have no other means of developing life. They understand nothing of literary or mental stimuli, nothing of cultured art or scientific information but they all know how to flirt and spend all the change they have in the department store and do the other thing.

There is only one possible benefit to the community that the department store can possibly have and that is that it may demonstrate to the vulgar mind the idea of centralization and the economics of great organi-

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zation and they may sometime be willing to vote to own the store themselves in common and let it be the distributing point for the co-operative masses who own it. It is not yet demonstrated that they will have common sense enough to purchase what they need unless a Jew or Jewess stands by and urges them on to bargains and to purchase. But we hope to eventually show, even to their stupid understanding, that the commercialism of a Jew is deception, hypocrisy and vileness. When we get these poverty-stricken people to comprehend that the Jew who gives them coal in charity's name on the coupon plan, for the purpose of increasing his business at the expense of their individual poverty, perhaps they will revolt and refuse to be cajoled by the man from Jerusalem who changes his name to secure the trade of the descendants of Christians *et al.*

Perhaps it is better to have the wives of poverty spend their savings with the Jews than for the husbands of poverty to spend their savings with the Irish-saloon-keeper. We don't know. We need neither in our business at present.

There is a most profound ignorance of the masses as to where this commercialism is leading them.

Department stores are simply wreckage establishments. They place the auction job lot of a few years ago before the customer. They intensify this condition by great aggregation of capital, by catering to the foibles of women and the cupidity of men. They wave the stars and stripes and keep the band playing to the galleries. One of the leading Hebrew retail houses

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in Chicago has a luxuriantly furnished suite of rooms with wine and sideboard to which his leading lady on the floor of the house invites the more wealthy and voluptuous of his female customers. The Hebrew thus compromises the society woman and gets her in his power and secures her permanent extravagant patronage. The audacious impudence of it! He not only kills the cupid sewing machine for Field, but he kills it for everybody except himself. He kills the inventor's royalty for the latter's brains. He robs the distributers. He impoverishes the manufacturer. He indirectly takes the bread and fireside from the laborer's wife and children. If he took it directly he would be mobbed. He is astute. He does it on the pawnshop plan. He directly attacks the virtue of poorly paid shop girls and renders the young man too cheaply paid to get married. Thus he directly attacks the institution of the American home. He is breaking down the beauty of virtue, both in men and women. His department store is largely a convenient place for clandestine date-making, And yet women of the masses daily ask *why, how* do they, the department stores, drive their fathers, husband and brothers out of business? How do they wreck manufacturers, jobbers and other retailers? They even say: What do the Jews do it for? Those whose fathers have been wrecked in business, whose fathers have been driven to police jobs and finally to drink, whose mothers and sisters have been driven to masculine pursuits, to contact with office men, to shame, are yet glad to secure the $3 to $6 per week job that enables them to see

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people in panorama in department stores, watch the flirtation on every hand, and its legitimate result—assignation.

Of course, the newspapers will not take this matter up. They cannot afford to attack the best advertising customers they have. If we were in the newspaper business under the present conditions, we certainly should endeavor to retain our patronage in preference to financial ruin and distress. We would take the department stores' big money for advertising,—which is another word for deception.

If we were in the banking business and had wealthy department store capital or customers, we would say this recital is bad business policy, we would have to say it or get lost in the financial race for dollars and go out of business and clerk for a Jew and have our children reduced to every hardship and temptation of poverty and vice.

After all, the trouble lies with ourselves—we, whose ancestors cleansed the moral atmosphere by shedding their blood to gain independence in 1776, whose fathers sacrificed their lives to purify the immorality of the slavery question. Do you find any department store people boasting of ancestry among the martyrs of 1776, and 1861 to 1865? Do you find any department store people whose forefathers were Pilgrims or William Penns? Do you know any resident-merchant or business man who is distinctively from the above ancestry who ever makes one cent of profit off the patronage of a Jew unless he does the latter's advertising, or is in partnership with the gen-

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tleman from Jerusalem? Of course, a few boarding-house keepers, a few caravansaries who allow the Americans to be driven out after the latter have established the dignity of the place, may earn an existence as hotel caterers and boarding-house restaurant-ers to the Sheeny. But the business man on State Street has no Jew customers. He gets no profit out of a Jew or Jewess. The Jew gets plenty of profit out of the business man or his wife or daughters.

We understand that to influence any people to our civilization we must do it by way of their religion. We must do as arch-bishop of Ireland is doing for America with the Romish church. We must bring Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines into line as colonies, as integral parts of the United States by a broad and liberal policy toward the leaders of their religion. It is the safest element to lead with. It is the element which controls the masses and holds them in check better than reason or experience, but we trust that reason, experience and metaphysical thought will ultimately be their guide.

But whoever heard of a Jewish people being attracted by an appeal to their religion? They are attracted by their own inborn, base desire to gain off the social, educational, and patriotic sentiments of people who are willing to lay down their lives for a humanitarian or philanthropic idea. The Jews are more cunning than the pugilistic element that debases the theater and makes a fake prize, gladiator ring and starts a Corbett theater in Havana. But they are less moral in their tendencies. The Jews are more

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shrewd business men than the Yankees because less conscientious, because less patriotic, less moral. Because they are more voluptuous, more avaricious, more deceitful, more fawning, more bestial, more immoral, more dangerous.

They have seldom been so bold as in the United States. Some Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic or Gælic element has managed to hold them down to their sphere as pawnbrokers, etc., except in a very few cases, as in that of Disraeli, the Rothchilds, and their illegitimate offspring in the banking business in the United States.

We see Glasgow is celebrating municipal ownership. This may do with the frugal, canny Scotchman, but it will not do, at present, with Chicago, Europeanized with the riff-raff of creation, and Americanized with the offspring of the rural districts. The European element is too cute for the American element. Some Yankee who has "served his term" would "stand in" with the foreign element, would hypnotize the rural elements, and would plunder the public treasury in some shape, form or condition.

Of course, we would like to treat this subject as does the American banker, when he says this recital is bad business policy; but our conscience will not let us pass it off so.

It would be far less chafing, annoying and exasperating if we could become indifferent to our surroundings, if we could revert to a primitive condition of man and beast, if we could pay little heed to the future of our sons and daughters and of the American people and the human race. It would

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be more genteel, perhaps, if we could bluff the borrower into better securities, steer the capitalist into greater avenues for us to conduct on a handsome salary, and brow-beat the servants into their proper sphere, so that we could scheme without being overheard. We recognize the inalienable right of a Jew to existence the same as we recognize the right of a descendant of the Pilgrims and of William Penn to existence. But we object to the former living off the morals, the civilization and the flag of the latter. We do not object to the former changing his name in order to get business and respectability, but we want him to change his business habits along with his name, and not use Christian name and manners with which to purloin Jewish shekels.

In order to preserve these inalienable rights under the present conditions of commercial competition, we suggest that he colonize his church and people in the Philippines or some remote territory, and there, among themselves, learn the lesson that there is an end somewhere to the Shylock idea unless he wants to let one Judas do the other up in mortal combat with shekles and lucre for rapiers; with hypocrisy and sycophancy for seconds.

A man who wrecks values in business, who annihilates profits except for himself, who fawns and dandles with the established Christian morals and social decency, is not the man to be recognized by those who establish a semblance of good morals and respectability. Of course, politics are detestable, as promulgated by the city councilmen. Of course, the masses, being

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ground to desperation, favor bimetalism, and municipal ownership; but these supposed remedies are fleeting. There seems to be a possible remedy for which civilization is not yet prepared. But the first step is to be rid of Jewish methods of trade. Then resort to Bellamyism and metaphysical thought-control.

There is some hope when we read that the Czar sent for Tolstoi at the latter's railroad station, kissed him and entreated him to assist in the disarmament idea, and that Tolstoi heartily responded. There is some hope when we know that American shoes that can now be had for $3.50 in a department store are popular in London and Paris shops at $7.

It will not do to allege that all this obliteration of profits is due to the financial crisis of which the department store took advantage. A few years since, a department store proprietor when asked to testify before the state legislature, responded that he came over to this country with a pack on his back and that he is doing a humanitarian act by making it possible for the masses to get merchandise at right prices. His method compels the masses to get out of business, and compels their children to work for the department stores on anti-virtue salaries.

There is some hope when a war investigation committee will censure the real, arrogant, guilty leaders, and let go unnoticed the Billingsgate that a commissary general applies to a dress parade commander-in-chief. It seems proper to get nearer to the soil in our civilization, if we would preserve individual and national integrity. We are not ready, as a democratic

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people, to establish a European civilization out of the offal of Europe and Asia, and crowd it into the steeping vice and cancerous growth of large cities.

We may progress in aesthetics, we may profess so-called Christian Science healing. We may be benefited, but it seems necessary to keep one foot on earth yet awhile, at least, in order to avoid the insane asylum. The peculiar comedy and characterization of the American stage in our youth, was Paddy and the Darkey minstrels. It now seems to be the Dago and the gentleman from Jerusalem. Paddy seems to have largely succumbed to the benign influences of the public-school system and good business opportunities. The colored citizen seems to fill a happy niche as a lackey to the hustling public, and is no longer a vicious element of society. Mr. Dago has even gotten into the state legislature, and his American offspring are as patriotic as those who purchase his fruit. But the other gentleman has done more. He has not only gotten into line himself, but he has gotten us into line; he has patted us on the back, has cajoled us, has rubbed us down while he fitted the coat upon our back, employed our sons and daughters to attract trade for his profit and their misery. He loaned us money, and took a mortgage on our souls.

We have been accused of attacking the gentleman's religion. We did not even know that he had a religion. We are not supposed to know that his business methods are a part of his religion; and therefore, we are not attacking his religion.

The beautiful part about any religion (not our

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own) is that it holds the passions of the masses in check. It mixes up their superstition, fear and worship in such a manner as to keep the ignorant from committing overt acts of violence or bestiality. Hence, we could not be supposed to know that the gentleman from Jerusalem had a religion. . Of course, we knew he had a synagogue, but we supposed that was where they met to tell how they had insulted and ruined American girls, did up Yankee customers, and listened to the announcement of "job-lots for sale" when some get killed in the rush.

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CHAPTER III.

Chicago Beef Extract, Oleomargarine and Pure Food Company.

Salem, Oregon, November 20, 1900.

Concerning scientific preparations, when a student in Germany in 1873 and 1874, when Leibig's extract of beef was occupying the attention of scientific and commercial people, we conceived the idea that if this nauseating extract could be converted into solid tablets one of which would make a cup of beef tea, we would accomplish something for the world and for ourselves especially. Some twenty years afterwards —in 1895—we accomplished this and produced beef tea tablets that were praised by the physicians and the sick and everybody but the soda fountain people who wanted slop and not concentrated foods which we then supposed we had made. Our process was stolen and is now in use by a slaughtering concern as a side issue we are informed. While procuring the proper consistency of extract from a packing concern of the highest grade we learned from one who first manufactured it in America that beef extract so-called was made from the washings of beef in the preparation of corned beef for market in cans. These washings of blood, etc., which formerly went in the sewers were evaporated to a black consistency, all the albumen glue, animal gelatin and nutritious matter was removed by centrifugal motion and the animal salts alone were retained. To this was added a large amount of salt as

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a preservative and also one-third the volume of sugar of commerce. This then is beef extract. It will not keep a dog alive. It has little nutriment if any, but does possess, when in hot water, some stimulating property. The process of manufacture of this extract of beef was stolen from the young inventor by what is now a large packing house manager and is now in general use by all of them practically as recited above. It is a fake, pure and simple, like any proprietary medicine or so-called patent medicine. The same is true of the manufacture of pepsin and pancreatine by these packing houses. Pepsin is made by dessicating hogs' stomachs and is as inert and dead on the patient's stomach as chalk and powdered sole leather. Powdered beef or beef flour is another fake product. After the hearts are used in sausage, etc., what is left is dessicated and powdered and furnishes the beef flour. We used this beef flour to mix with our beef extract of a certain consistency to make bouillon tablets in a tablet machine. This flour is not soluble and cannot be told from the pepper that is used, etc. We faked the doctors with these beef tea tablets but could not fake the soda fountains who sold the fake slop teas to fake people and imbeciles.

The history of oleomargarine is similar. It was first introduced into this country by a packer in Chicago who imported a Hollander, who had been making it in Holland, as no secret, for years. It was found that it was all a question of temperature in mixing properly the cotton seed oil, milk, tallow, lard and creamery butter, etc., etc. And then the Hollander

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was discharged and now the secret is known only to Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City packers who fake the entire country with the fake butter. We know two concerns in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which have become rich in a few years by selling as butter "Chicago Creamery" which cost them at the stock yards about twelve cents per pound and was retailed at thirty to thirty-five cents. The men who put this fake stuff onto the market control largely the grain market of the Chicago Board of Trade. They make corners and jobs and break those who attempted corners like Leiter was broken, etc.

Another similar fake is "pure food" product such as the cereal coffee. It has made the owner rich and powerful. It is a high-priced fake that any housewife can prepare. The same is true of baking powders. They are fakes. They were first prepared as "bread mixtures" of soda and cream of tartar by a Hoosier druggist, for his wife. He finally sold the stuff to a New York bakery. Together they organized a fake baking powder company out of which grew the others and now we are told they are all reunited under one trust, etc. Baking powder that sells from fifty cents to one dollar per pound is worth from eight to twelve cents per pound. But the people want to be faked and they are faked by breakfast foods for which they pay ten prices for corn-meal concoctions–for which they pay five to ten prices to see it brought in pasteboard boxes. They are faked by cracker concerns and biscuit concerns and syrup concerns and vinegar concerns and by doctors, preachers, lawyers and politicians.

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When you see a pure food show the ladies flock to it in the name of science. It is a pure food fake, an advertising scheme of the rankest sort.

The man who first stole our beef tablets invention was a fake Catholic. We found him exhibiting at a pure food show in Chicago with coarse Irish women selling the tablets to gaping women and telling them they were made from the pure blood of a lamb, etc. Honestly, is not this commercial proposition a fake from A to Z just as drug stores and Barnum's shows are fakes and quack doctors and scientific doctors are fakes. It is all the outgrowth of greed for dollars, wealth and its power and show and vanity and vice.

Is there any wonder Canadians look upon us as fakirs and fools? Is there any wonder French lotions, cosmetics and gim-cracks are put in the same class with Yankee notions, wooden hams, beef extract, oleomargarine and pure food shows; with quack doctors, "Quaker" oats, "Uneeda" crackers, Finkes' "Widow Champagnes" and private sanitariums; with sacramental wines, artificial clarets, chicory coffee and herb teas; with sleight-of-hand performers, clairvoyants, spiritism and bathhouse-John business; with widow massage, private nurses, dear doctors and sweet pastors?

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CHAPTER IV.

FATHER MURPHY SACRAMENTAL WINE COMPANY.

Tacoma, Wash., November 5, 1900.

ACKNOWLEDGING receipt of your flattering letter of commendation, reciting that I was in no way connected with your business as a partner, but was a most successful salesman assisting you in many ways to improve and enlarge your business, etc., I can only say that it is impossible to use your letter, for the reason that your semi-Catholic assistants know that I was a silent partner, and that in order to get my interest out of the business I proposed to one of them that he learn, by watching your foreman, how to mix your "celebrated brands" of "Sacramental Port and Sherry:" that I would take possession of a portion of the stock and we would start a business of our own without the interference of your wife in the conduct of the business, she claiming to be actual owner, and having secured the devout endorsement of the genuineness of your wines from her uncle the bishop of Sioux Bluffs. But your assistant "squealed," and your wife learned that I was a partner, you having failed to place this confidence in her during the year and a half previous and during my interest in the business. Of the character of this assistant little need be said. It was not to be expected he would betray our confidence under a proposition to help him to a good position, but one can't tell anything about a person of Irish-Catholic training. They seem to be void of business honor and personal integrity of character.

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Hence we are preserving your letter of commendation as a curio. We hope this will reach you in Havana, where you are reported to be running a fake distillery joint and an artificial California wine distributing plant to ex-Queen Isabella of Cuba, etc. We are informed that you have called to your service the informant aforesaid. He gave in his testimony against me in a suit for recovering on a note given by some Peoria Hebrews in October, 1896, for $2,184 to you, being the one-sixth purchase of sixty per cent of your business, when the Murphy-Eichstein California Wine Company was organized. You assigned to me two of these notes of the same size, and gave me in cash the balance of $4,500, amount decided upon for my interest when I sold out to you some two weeks previous to your sale of sixty per cent to Eichstein Sons, whose uncle is a great distiller of corn in Peoria, and whose father operates a private savings bank and guaranteed the notes above. Well, you agreed to get these two notes cashed for me when I agreed to take them, but you could not be found. I cashed one for $2,000 and held the other till due April 1, 1898, when Eichstein told me to send it to his father's bank in Peoria for payment. It was protested for non-payment, and we at once took it to Murphy of Levi Sons & Murphy, lawyers, Women's Christian Temple Building, Chicago. This Mr. Murphy, who is a namesake of yours, had attracted you when you made the deal with Eichstein, and you employed him to draw up bill of sale of my interest to you two weeks before you sold out sixty per cent to Eichstein. Lawyer Murphy is the smooth-

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est duck we have met in the profession as a commercial lawyer. He is a graduate of Ann Arbor Law School, and assured me he was glad to see me getting out of your disreputable company and the fake sacramental wine business, and that Eichstein's notes were better than gold, and were backed by Peoria's wealthiest distiller. But it was the distiller's cheap brother who backed the notes. Lawyer Murphy regretted that I did not bring to him the note the day before it was due, April 1, 1898. He would have had me assign it to an innocent holder, and then there could be no offset or defense to its payment. He averred, however, that I was really an innocent holder, and had sold out two weeks before Eichstein bought in, etc. The fact that we agreed to take Eichstein's paper given as part payment for sixty per cent of the business he said his senior partners, Levi & Sons, said did not render the notes liable to non-payment, etc. Lawyer Murphy glibly stated that he would begin suit at once, and get it in on the short cause calendar, and for me to go ahead to the Pacific Coast, and be back May 16 for trial, etc. I meekly stated that I had taken the note at his suggestion of its valuable character, and that I represented for several years a collection agency of which his firm was a member or subscriber, and that I gave the business to him because of his generosity in helping me to get rid of your company, etc. He glibly replied that I could deposit a retainer of $50, and his charges would be fully in accordance with our collection agency schedule of rates, etc. I came back from Pacific Coast May 16 to find that the suit would have to be placed

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on long cause calendar docket, etc. I was assured that it would be reached soon, and was advised not to take the case to Peoria and force it through at once, etc.

It seems Murphy must have been juggling with the "Sheeny" attorneys for Eichsteins, and that they were all "laying for me" as the only one who had any cash in sight. I was informed in the meantime that your Murphy-Eichstein California Wine Company had become bankrupt and gone out of business after Eichstein had broke up and relieved you of all your cash, real estate and interest in the business, and I was informed that only the private savings bank in Peoria could make my note good. We suggested attaching their New York balance, but they had none to attach, so we waited for the docket and the calendar and the judge and the lawyers, and we came back from New York, New Orleans and New Hampshire to attend the suit which was not reached until March 20, 1900, or three and one-half years after the note was given and about two years after it became due. We were then advised to compromise. Our claim was now $2,640, and finally in the presence of the court, as we were selecting the jury, the "Sheeny" attorneys for Eichstein proposed to give me $500, then $1,000, and finally $1,500. Levi Sons & Murphy advised us to accept, but Levi, junior, said his firm would have to have $225 lawyers' fees. We thought we saw the combination against us, and accepted under protest. We received then $1,260 for $2,640, lost $1,380, and lost the $1,260 by loss of ninety days time returning home to attend suit that did not take place as expected by Levi Sons

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& Murphy, or rather as they said they expected. So my dear man of complimentary letter, we lost $184 on first note. We lost $1,380 cash and $1,260 time or $2,814 total loss on two notes of $2,184 each, or $4,368. That is, we lost $2,814 of our $4,500, and we agreed to accept $4,500 for our one-third interest after deducting thirty-nine per cent for uncollectible accounts made by sales by you to low Irish-saloons and impecunious Catholic fathers. You received, or would have received, had you not been outwitted, about $15,000 for sixty per cent, making the value of the business $25,000, of which I should have received about $7,000, and got really $4,500, less $2,800, or $1,700. But I am glad to get that, and get out of the Irish-Hebrew combination of sacramental wines and law. I am lucky to be alive, and not in a dungeon for prostituting my capabilities, selling wines for holy communion purposes whose purity is guaranteed by your uncle bishop when they were purchased in car lots from the lowest grade of Hebrew jobbers in San Francisco at from eight cents to twenty cents per gallon, and mixed in your Chicago basement with Guckenheimer rye whiskey and aged to twenty years, and sold by us at $1.50 per gallon in barrel lots to pastorates, nunneries and pharmacies—being (?) of course, our overplus stock from accumulations of manufacture for the Catholic clergy and the religious communion business.

What a lovely elastic religion you have, how well your priests are fed, and how richly wined, and what fun they must have with their tender confessional sisters! The very first opportunity you have, go wit-

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ness the opera, Nanon. It intimates what I have not said.

I forgot to congratulate you upon your Mexican venture. I had hoped you would rely upon my reports of July, August and September, 1896, when I went with that colonel and investigated all those mines in Santa Anna, Altar, Querobabi, Hermosilla and Sierra Azul. So you finally got a silver proposition with an iron combination, and lost $40,000, and went across to Monterey on the east coast and made a church combination for a distillery, and broke again after a spell of yellow fever and more crooked work. A recent letter addressed to you in Havana on San Ignacio Street, has been returned. Probably you are now working the Catholic element among the Tagals and the other Asiatic half-breeds of Spanish Catholicism and refinement. I believe when I last saw you, just before my suit came to a focus, in Chicago, you wanted me to go to the Philippines with you and get rich, and get into line to control the wholesale trade in corn-whiskey combinations, California wines and sacramental dope for these Catholic Asiatics and the "Tenderfeet" that go to Manila to get "run in" by the half-breeds, or by our army and navy.

Your former sacramental wine mixer tells me he is now doing a similar good trade on the North Side, near the Chicago river, and that you are a degenerate and an ingrate, and robbed him of some $400 by signing a priest's name to an order for five gallons of whiskey to be sent to Joliet, and he did not stop to put on the government stamps, and you caught him in

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a trap, and made him put up the cash to keep from being put into the hands of the government officers on account of this illegitimate transaction. Oh you Catholics are pure people!

When we entered into this partnership arrangement with you May 1, 1895, we paid you $1,800 for a one-third interest in the business, which you sold to Murphy-Eichstein California Wine Company October 1, 1896, for $25,000. We, however, was to pay you a balance of $1,200 out of our profits of the first year for this one-third interest, provided we desired to make the connection with you a permanent one. It will be seen that a $9,000 business of May 1, 1895, grew to a $25,000 business by October 1, 1896,—not a bad growth for seventeen months. Presumably it was upon this condition of things that you so jubilantly commended my services in your letter of recommendation referred to above.

It should be remembered that at the time of my business connection with you I reserved the right of withdrawal of my interest in cash upon written notice to you, six months in advance, of final dissolution of partnership. After nine months connection with your reckless manner of transacting business, and after learning that the entire undertaking was fakery and deception of the boldest and rankest sort, I gave you notice in writing of my election to withdraw. It was your failure to secure the cash for me from your uncle bishop, your merchant father, or elsewhere, that detained me seven or eight months more in your vicious business association. As you know, my name was not mentioned in

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the business, for the reason that I did not desire to be known to my acquaintances as being a partner in a California wine business, but it was not expected at the outset that I was undertaking such a colossal fake commercial proposition. My two conditions of preserving my name to myself, and of my election to quit you, were all that saved me from business wreckage and absolute defamation of character in the eyes of the public. As stated, I finally received for seventeen months connection with you, some $1,700, out of an investment of $1,800, and I received for my services $150 per month and all traveling expenses. But I received some most valuable experience and insight into the character of the Catholic layman, the Catholic priesthood, the nunnery, and the vast scheme of your church in its insidious methods of acquiring church property by contributions from the poor, by coddling of the female offspring of the rich, and by holding up the Irish saloon-keepers. I learned with some grim sense of humor that it is a part of your religion to do up a Protestant, and especially an agnostic. The only good feature I can discover about your religion is the impossibility of divorce. A good woman may thus, by consecrating all her happiness to a false man, finally save him for glory in a priesthood, theological heaven. Is it not a beautiful picture of domestic happiness and purity?

There seems to be two blights upon modern civilization—two malformations of religious thought—that stand out in monumental prominence, that are based upon a personal man-power, control of indi-

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vidual life of poverty and repentant wealth; that debase daily bread-winning life to the level of traffic in sexuality, and those two blights are Catholicism and Judaism.

Their cleansing at different periods of history has resulted in Protestantism and in "Quakerism" and in agnosticism. What a blight upon humanity it is that the Society of Friends was not enabled to continue its early efforts in America, and treat the redman as he should have always been handled and continue a civilization of purity, justice and happiness! Could we have even kept Catholicism and Judaism out of American cvilization we might now have been an ideal republic and a respectable commercial people as well as have the conscious knowledge of having civilized the North American Indian without exterminating him.

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CHAPTER V.

Mohammedan House and Art Industries.

Portland, Oregon, November 17, 1900.

Bureau of Government Management:

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your courteous letter, will say that we are in no way committed to the payment of the indebtedness for 1896 purchases from you. We received your 1896 sales as security for monies advanced to the purchaser to enable him to come to your city and negotiate with you for the exclusive agency of these goods in America. We supplied him with funds with which to visit you and make a specific contract covering the agency, and to purchase a line of samples on which we were to have sufficient time to take orders, have the goods shipped, receive pay for them here, and then remit you. We agreed to pay all customs, duties and expenses of marketing. We furnished the purchasing party some $1,100 in cash and put up over $2,000 securities with a Chicago bank under their agreement to indemnify you from loss on 1897 purchases.

It was the president of this bank who introduced us to the purchasing party and induced us to furnish the cash. At the time he did not acquaint us with the fact that the party had married the niece of his second wife, nor that he was wholly irresponsible financially, nor that enormous judgments were standing against him, on account of wild schemes undertaken by him and brother during the World's Fair of 1892 and 1893,

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etc. We very foolishly relied upon the supposed exalted position of the bank president, who now occupies an exalted position high up in an advisory board of the United States government. We were not at the time aware that he was somewhat of a financial juggler and had, as is currently reported, been the means of wrecking more than one competitive institution. We were not at the time aware that his private life was impeachable, and that his stenographers were usually females—especially those of after office hours service.

We were very desirous of quitting the traveling work, and of establishing a legitimate business whereby we would be enabled to remain mostly at home with our family, and was easily duped by the bland commendations of the bank president. He had loaned the purchasing party sums of money, and had become somewhat weary of his wife's impecunious relatives' importunities, and may hence be pardoned for bunko-steering an advertising man into loss of his earnings of several years.

However, for your personal gratification, we will say that both 1896 and 1897 purchases were sold at sufficient prices to cover all cost of purchase, duties and freights, and the sole deficiency lies in the appropriation by the original purchaser from you, of all the monies upon which he could lay his hands and apply them to his debts and household expenses. We paid the duties and freights on 1897 purchases, some $355, and paid the bank for the original invoice from you, about $1,067, and paid out some $150 to have the pipes properly mounted, since your mouthpieces are wholly

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inadequate to meet the requirements of our luxurious trade. We furnished the $1,100 to the party to start with, and was obliged to cable him more with which to return to America. We yielded to the desperate accounts of his wife who was left in Chicago with no means of support, and who was told by her husband that she was at perfect liberty to call upon us in case of need, etc. As you know, we cabled a countermand of all purchases not shipped, and demanded the party's return to the United States.

He could not market your products. We finally took charge of the goods, and closed them out to two leading retail concerns in Chicago, and paid your bill as recited, etc., etc. We are, however, now short some $1,500 in cash, besides other losses growing out of the business undertaking with this freak, all of which has rendered us practically insolvent in March, 1900.

We regret your probable loss on 1896 purchases, but the purchases were made and in Chicago and the goods in my possession, nominally, as security for monies advanced before I contracted with the party and furnished him cash with which to negotiate a proper arrangement with you. He, however, told us that the aforesaid bank had agreed to pay for these 1896 purchases, but afterwards remarked that under some technicality it was discovered that the bank could not be legally holden for the payment. This was after he had received the 1896 purchases, and had agreed that we should hold them as security for cash advanced, etc. It seems he is a rank fraud of no mean criminal capacity. He has sufficient of your oriental art talk to have

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enabled him to wed somewhat respectably, and by his marriage seems to have been enabled to worm his way into some sort of fashionable society, the expenses of which were far beyond his reach.

For your further information we will say that at the time your goods were attempted to be introduced there was a wide-spread financial depression in our country, and it especially afflicted dealers in art products so-called. However, your goods are not suited to our climate nor our tastes and requirements. Your wooden pipes inlaid with gold and silver filigree are not of the proper shapes for our Anglo-Saxon tastes. We require an English bulldog, and embellishments of a more substantial nature, where the inlaying work will not spring out and catch onto everything about. Our people are practical. They want a medallion with their fraternity monogram or their home address on it, so that they may be returned, in case of inebriation, to the proper number. Your parasol handles are rather unique, but savor of the state of an effete French governess of superannuated years and gentility. Your brass coffee pots and mugs are unsuited for use as such, because in this country all such things are for use and not for ornament solely, and must have a spout and a handle as well as a shape that may not be mistaken for a stuffed specimen of a bittern, or fly-up-the-creek. Your rugs are already too common,—every Mohammedan, Hebrew and Dago fakir has them on every street corner at prohibitive prices for your goods made and marketed under expensive governmental tutorship.

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Your cotton goods with gold and silver tinsel would not do here, because the climate will not permit of their use as garments of infatuation in our harems. Your cigar and cigarette holders are somewhat salable to effete dudes and demi-mondes, but not to sensible American people, who do not affect Europe, etc. Your match boxes in damascene are works of art, but do not fit our full-grown matches, which have sufficient wood in them with which to kindle a kitchen fire. Your goods, on the whole, are a surprise to any one who has not traveled in Turkey and been surfeited with the street bazaars and the filth and stale articles which a well-bred Yankee woman would not permit to remain in her garret. Our people do not take kindly, as a mass, to stuff that is gotten up to amuse the lascivious houris of Turkish harems, and your pathetic story that these goods have been manufactured for 200 years by the peasants of Bosnia and Herzogovia after they have returned from their mountain chase or labors, like the garnet jewelry producing peasant work of Saxony, will not easily go in our land, where they grind out more artistic stuff by machinery by the gross, and have no especial individuality of art in each separate article. A watch in America is to tell the engineer of a train when to side-track to avoid a collision, and is not to wear on his sleeve as a talisman of æsthetics and imbecility.

We regret that this financial art freak was enabled to cajole your people into a supposition that he owned a considerable portion of Chicago and the bank that backed him, but we regret more deeply that his mentor

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of civic federation and banking glory was enabled to bunco us to the tune of $1,500 by introducing his freak nephew, or his wife's freak nephew by marriage. We are told that he has invented an electric light appliance. Indeed he has agreed for over a year to pay us the amount of his shortage with us out of the glittering profits of his wonderful invention which he carries in his overcoat pocket, where it may not be stolen or imitated. He claims ancestry from Hebrews. He looks and acts it all save the common sense of that apostate race. He has all the characteristics save common business sense. He can bunco you, but he comes out empty-handed himself. His art creations are of such a definite character as to render them extravagantly freakish and unfit for exhibition. He wears a Viennese air and an empty wallet. He carries one of your canes, and wears a last season's hand-me-down Sheeny suit. He supports a silk hat and near-sighted eyeglasses all right, and is now a government clerk at about $25 per week. We fear you will never recover your loss, and he refuses to secure us by a life insurance, on the plea that his life would be in danger if we had a policy in our name. We are informed his wife's relatives are now not proud of him, and really do not know how to keep him hid from social or political view in their great circle in the functions of the nation.

If we can give you further data as to your claim, or the reception which your goods may meet under our present republican prosperity in the United States, command us, and send us a line of samples, gratis, as you did your 1896 purchase to the Hebrew art student.

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We are informed by the sporting goods house which purchased the stuff from us and paid us $1,350 for the unsold remnant not appropriated by the Hebrew art student, that your products are still on hand, and wholly unsalable in our live-stock slaughtering city on Lake Michigan. The Irish policeman cannot use your pipes for clubs, nor your canes for shelalahs, and the inlaid work gets mixed up with their drams and mustaches and causes profanity. There is nothing so wicked as Hibernian profanity, and it has about stopped the sale of your products in this police-ridden city. Somebody said the democratic mayor thought to be exotic and purchased a pipe and a cane of your make, but he spat out the pipe and called for a stogy, and he broke the cane punching recalcitrant politicians, etc. With your "Eingebildete Kultur-Geist" you probably do not comprehend that our free political institutions make a ward-heeler at once a ball-room leader, a political orator and a bathhouse proprietor of the female massage sort. They cannot carry about with them, in their several capacities, your canes and pipes in cases, with proper effect on all elements under all conditions. It is only the Tammany sort who hob-nob with English sprigs of royalty and purloin the race-horse stakes of those sprigs that can have lackeys to use your stuff for them—to keep up the dignity of their *entourage*. People who earn their own living in an honest Yankee or Quaker sort of way cannot do their smoking by proxy, without impairing their health and credit.

We suggest that you organize these Mohammedan peasants who do this artistic work, into communities of

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common ownership in everything except in women, and we suggest that you teach them metaphysical thought-idealities of purity, health and happiness instead of oriental filth and how to make coffee pots without any handle or spout. Teach them how to raise flour, meal and wheat instead of cigarette holders, chocolate bon-bons and harems.

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CHAPTER VI.

CHICAGO LOAN AND DEBENTURE COMPANY.

Spokane, Wash., November 1, 1900.

SIRS: Enclosed find check for $66 in payment of first coupon due on the $2,200 loan made about May 9, 1900, on No. 51 Blank Avenue, Chicago. We now own No. 49 and No. 51 Blank Avenue. We have not yet received the abstract for the two properties which was handed you at time loan was made to save expense of guarantee abstract for which you charged $13.50 besides $60 commissions, etc. We note your reply of August 30 to our letter of August 2 wherein you state that contractor who built these stone-front houses with the $2,200 each you loaned him May, 1895, for that purpose, says that he did not give us an abstract when we traded for them September 5, 1895.

His Hebrew agent gave it to us in contractor's presence about as they were leaving for Florida to make a trade for some merchandise which, as we are informed, unfortunately, took fire and burned up soon after the Hebrew obtained possession and a transfer of the insurance.

As you know we have paid you this $4,400 loaned contractor before they were completed with which to build these two houses, and we have paid you $1,430 interest for five years on the loans and have paid Mr. B——— $1,000 second mortgage loaned contractor as purchase price of the two lots and we paid B——— $350 of interest, besides release costs on all mortgages of about $15 and costs of continuing of abstracts about

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$15, and taxes for five years about $450, and government revenue on transfers about $18, and water rent for five years about $50, and repairs—building both chimneys anew, making new roofs, completing steam radiation, calking up around all stone front window and door casings with tow, hemp, plaster and putty, also sodding, fencing, cementing areaway, and refitting basements, over $2,000, making a total cash outlay to date of over $9,850, to which should be added $7,000, the value of the pharmacy in Chicago which we gave for the equities in No. 49 and No. 51 Blank Avenue.

This makes the two properties apparently worth over $16,850, not including the interest on the $16,850 invested, which is partially offset by rental of No. 49 for five years by us. No. 51 has not been rented until now because we could not keep a tenant in it on account of defective chimney, imperfect steam plant, unfinished conditions about windows and doors, bad roof and execrable sewerage connections. The plumbing in both houses will soon have to be replaced. It has never been satisfactory. All other repairs save that of the plumbing and door locks and sinking of all floors from one-half to one inch have been made or will be soon.

We recount all this to show you that your debenture owners now have ample security for their loan in our judgment. You may show this letter to them if you desire. If we can serve you any further, command us. Give our felicitations to contractor and his Hebrew agent for their courtesy.

We may further add that the pharmacy in question

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was received in exchange for an orange grove which cost us about $7,000, and we gave $1,000 cash to boot to lift the chattel mortgage put upon the stock by former owner. This makes the two houses worth about $24,000. However, we desire to change our location. Five years is all we care to live in one place, all at one time. Hence if your real estate agent desires to undertake the sale of these two houses, we will sell No. 49 clear and improved and No. 51 improved with $2,200, five-year, six per cent incumbrance upon it, both for $5,000 cash and pay him the usual modest commission of two and one-half per cent. He is at liberty to use this letter showing value of properties. Above valuations may all be verified by receipts, deeds, etc. We are willing to make a reduction for cash of seventy-nine per cent, that is will sell $24,000 houses for $5,000 cash, but purchaser must assume and agree to pay your $2,200 debenture on account of liberal discount by us.

We were enabled to secure the twenty-acre orange grove for $7,000 by compelling Semi-Tropic Land & Water Company of southern California to cancel our stock in twenty-eight thousand-acre land purchase at $42 per acre with water and improvements and to cancel our notes for back payments of $30,000 giving us twenty acres with water rights which cost us this $7,000 cash including planting and tending of orange grove for five years until irrigation water supply was exhausted and the company became insolvent, etc. This semi-tropic scheme of development and improvement of arid lands was conceived by some bankers in Los Angeles and Riverside, California, and by some

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nice church people in Kansas and Ohio and we regret their financial failure and bankruptcy. We are informed that the "sun-kissed" brown-haired typewritist, who received her early business training with this reverend tropical fruit company is now enjoying life as a street-walker in Los Angeles where the Chicago invalids resort and support her.

This all makes the houses more valuable as mementoes from which we are loath to part and our family are so attached to them. They are so comfortable and sociable being all attached together and one building on each sixteen and one-half feet of ground permitting visiting at all hours of the day and night.

We omitted to say that we are informed that one of the promoters of the company aforesaid got a puncture—in the head—and it was made by his own English "bulldog" and caused the collapse of his machine entirely. This was not the one who helped train the typewritist, as we are informed.

And this puts us in mind of a little story. Once there was a little boy with straight hair and sleepy eye —a boy who herded cattle, caught mosquitoes, and had the ague on the prairies of Central Illinois. He went to school about three months each winter but did not attend in summer for the reason that the confinement caused him to shake with the ague and he could not go to school and see the children laugh and play and there was no lamb at school. He saw the passing circus and went to see the animals and also saw the village high school building. He was then about fifteen and determined to attend this school. After six

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months there he entered a new State Agricultural University and at eighteen years of age he became preceptor in the chemical laboratory of this college and received some actual money for this three years service up to the time of his graduation at twenty-one years of age. He went to Europe on the advice of the regent of the industrial college expecting to become a professor of agricultural science. No one told him he was too young, too immature, and too verdant. After return from German university and Vienna World's Fair, of 1873, he endeavored to teach the other verdants his acquired scientific training, etc. He resigned without suggestion from the board of trustees in one year upon finding that his trip to Europe and purchase of agricultural experimental farm had put him $6,000 in debt.

He wrote for agricultural papers, turf papers, and daily papers, and married and went to village school teaching and then to Kansas and became county superintendent of schools and finally agent for a large New Mexico railroad construction company. He saved $500 and made from twenty to thirty thousand dollars as a merchant in the next eight years, but he was bunco-steered by a Hebrew agent for a wholesale house in Chicago and bought too much goods during the boom in Kansas and as a boomer and city council-man he assisted in building too many Masonic Temples, salt plants, stores, etc., and invested in too much California orange grove stock, and was too much tied up with a boom-banker when the crops of 1887 and 1888 went up in the hot winds and chinooks. He was com-

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pelled to trade all his Kansas property for mortgaged Kansas City flat buildings and his partner being unable to collect the rents and as he was now traveling as an advertising agent for a bank directory, traded off the flats for 3,800 acres of mortgaged Texas lands. But cotton went from ten cents to three and a half cents during the next three to four years and his partner could not make the lands pay the interest on the mortgages and the lands were lost under foreclosure. Hence the two houses above cost us $20,000 more, making the total cost about $44,000.

On account of these conditions and historical undertakings we recommend for other generations an early application of the principles of Edward Bellamy's "Equality."

It is not necessary to recite here his experience with a Chicago Hebrew-Hibernian concern with whom he engaged to sell California wines to the Catholic clergy and to the pharmacies, and how all connected are now insolvent except the Hebrew-Hibernian lawyers who conducted the several suits resulting in the insolvency of each, nor is it necessary to recite how he was buncoed by a Chicago national bank president and invested his earnings as a traveling man with the nephew of the wife of this banker in order to develop an importation scheme and how the nephew aforesaid embezzled all the cash of this traveling man and the bank president presumably got his money which he had advanced to his wife's nephew.

This adds another $6,000 to the value of the two houses, making their total value up to date $50,000. It

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is not necessary to recite other mementos of our lovely residence in these houses in the remarkable city of Chicago and its delightful æsthetic social surroundings and pure moral atmosphere, and convenient board of trade, and other avenues of making and losing money. All these items are parts of our desire to live in these properties but we cannot afford the expense of the luxury. We prefer to sacrifice $50,000 for $5,000, cash, and take our wife and children to the country away from city taxes, city water rents, gas bills, milk bills, meat bills, butter bills, grocery bills, dry goods bills, transportation bills, wash bills, servant's bills, plumber's bills, interest bills, and street improvement assessments, and sidewalk assessments, and track-elevation, street-depression, sewer repairs, and house repairs, public school experiments, and high school freaks, and Chicago American journals, and bawling newspaper urchins, and the betting yawp of sports; away from the cold-stare of city bankers, from the glad-hand of charity workers, from high-ball politicians, and free lunch dispensaries, from Hebrew stores, and their prostitute clerks, from bathhouse-John saloons, and Irish caravansaries, from Dago fruits and Yankee commission brokers, from Polack vegetables and stock yards butterine, from this cities' brothels, its syphilitics, and its free-love licentiates in church society, from its theaters, nude art, and naked actresses.

Hence please have your man sell our $50,000 houses for $5,000 if you can find a sucker from the country, but be sure to have him assume and agree to pay your $2,200, because we fear the property would not bring

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this at forced sale under foreclosure and we do not want you to become insolvent through guaranteeing to your debenture purchasers, the interest on our loan from your generosity.

We will throw in our forty years' of time, in preparation for acquisition of these houses and we will throw in (without consideration) also the five years time we have occupied in fitting them for habitation. Please send us the coupon for the $66 inclosed to No. 49 Blank Avenue.

We address you the above open letter for the purpose of sale of No. 49 and No. 51 Blank Avenue, as detailed. It is not presumed that from the rake-off you have had, that you will require any advice from us in the conduct of your business, for the reason that it seems to be conducted on a safe plan for yourselves. Of course we do not know that you guarantee the interest on your debentures, but presumably since you are in competition with others who do this, you also do the same. Doubtless you know of the history of similar concerns in Denver, Dallas, Topeka, Kansas City, Minneapolis and everywhere in the United States which have gone to glory in insolvency of the most disreputable character known to modern money loaning and time-worn fraud. We have had such liberal consideration from you that we extend our felicitous congratulations on your ability to get everything in sight that is detachable in any manner. We do not suppose that you take too many risks when you place your loan before the building is completed and for a sum sufficient to cover the entire cost of the building, when you are deal-

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ing with such honorable contractors as the above, who seem to be enabled to recoup by collection of merchandise insurance, and seem to be enabled to sell incomplete and "ratty" work as complete and honest work. Your connection with these people illustrates what we are endeavoring to establish, viz: that no one can do business on the present competitive system, and do it upon a basis of honor, and upon a basis of value rendered for cash received. Somebody must be victimized in order to support the display of wealth and comforts of your offices, and this victim is the man who purchases the home and assumes to complete and occupy the property and pay your death grip upon the premises.

We trust you will whoop it up and effect other equally profitable connections with other equally astute contractors and builders, and that all your concerns will be enabled to continue to keep out of the newspapers the actual conditions of real estate values, etc., in the city of Chicago, as you have already been enabled largely to cover up the results of the most disastrous strike that has probably ever been inaugurated by workmen, contractors, builders, etc., viz: the one which started with the granite cutters on the custom house some two or more years ago.

The two houses above would have rented ten years ago for $50 each, per month, as now completed. But we are now compelled to expend in chromos, such as gas ranges, china closets, refrigerators, janitor services, papering, frescoing, screens and repairs, the entire monthly rental of forty per cent of $50 per month,

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or $20 per month each. Evidently we should realize $50 per month rental on property that would apparently stand a loan of $2,700 each. According to this valuation, the properties are surely worth in your business and honorable conservative judgment, at least $5,400 each, the price at which they were valued when we purchased them. After putting in $2,000 cash for completion of buildings, besides buying the equities, we will now sell both with only $2,200 on one of them, and the other one clear for $5,000 cash. From this it would appear that your judgment of the proper amount to be loaned is very erroneous, and that you are deceiving your debenture owner in the same manner you have apparently permitted this subscriber to be buncoed.

Since writing the above we have concluded to offer for sale our Michigan fruit farm along with these houses. Perhaps it will help to sell the houses.

It is three quarters of a mile from high school in the central town of Van Buren county where there are flouring mills, creameries, canning factories, brick yards, tile factory, sawmill, brick stores, bank and good prospect of county seat. This farm will, in three years from now, pay a net profit of fifty dollars per acre for the fruit which is of the finest grade and variety. It has a new five-room alabastine finished cottage, a new barn—sugar producing maple trees, walnuts, chestnuts, ash and a few gnarled old russet apple trees. It is near the river with fish in plenty, a short distance from several summer resorts lakes and a few miles from Lake Michigan, just far

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enough to produce fine fruit and be rid of resorters. It is four hours' ride from Chicago by lake steamboat across the lake or by railroad around the south end of Lake Michigan. It is an ideal summer home for the owner of our winter houses in the city above described. We have expended since July 30, 1900, over $1,750 cash on this lovely home and will now take $2,000 cash for it, if accompanied by the sale of No. 49 and No. 51 for $5,000 cash. With this $7,000 cash and the $1,000 or $2,000 we can secure by cashing our life insurance we can go to Idaho, purchase cheap school or railroad lands and go into German prune farming, sheep ranching or Palouse wheat growing and be still farther from your city civilization and be among Indians and other respectable people.

In this way we figure we can recover the $50,000 we gave to the Kansas populist farmers, to the Kansas City and Texas mortgage loan companies, to California semi-tropic fruit culture financiers, to Chicago national bank president's nephew, to Hebrew-Yankee department store wreckers who took most of our pharmacy and to your combination of loan company, contractor and builder and Hebrew agency. And to Armour, Cudahy and Levi and other wheat raisers of the Chicago Board of Trade and their agents and heelers, the commission man, and to Yerkes' street car lines, municipal street owners and human life sacrifices and escaped penitentiary freaks, and to the Jew-Irish combinations in the sacramental California wine business and in the law business and general business confidence games.

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Again we are making these sacrifices on No. 49 and No. 51 Blank Avenue, Chicago, because we find that we are compelled to supply an engineer for the steam plant and a janitor with each to keep our tenants from moving out in dead of winter. Of course we have lived in No. 49 for five years and heat all three floors and have never used over nine tons of coal in a season and have never had a pipe freeze nor a plant frost-bitten. But understand that when people want to rent a steam-heated house, they want to heat three floors that would require three base burners and a cook range and twelve tons of coal for the season, with the same three tons of coal they would run a cook stove one season. They want to keep up steam for a ten-room house with a kitchen fire and want you to carry out the ashes and start the fire. Of course they will not listen to your explanations and directions and will not profit by our example in our furnace at No. 49.

They prefer to go into a frame house with a hot air furnace and use fourteen tons of coal during the season, or they prefer to move from place to place and beat the landlord out of his rent, a month or three months in a place, at a time. Chicago business educates them to fraud and dishonesty and dependency and imbecility. Please send us a purchaser for all three properties described for $7,000 cash. They are really worth twice that if not the $50,000 and the forty-five years' effort they cost us to acquire them. We want to go to Idaho and seclude our health upon an irrigation ranch, or failing in this we want to start and perpetuate a co-operative brotherhood colony of honest,

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respectable people in the mountain region of northern Arkansas, where we may not have our children contaminated with your base dishonesty and vile habits of social life.

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CHAPTER VII.

CREDIT CLEARING HOUSE ADJUSTER COMPANY.

Seattle, Wash., November 8, 1900.

RECENTLY we stepped into a bank on Puget Sound to interview its president. Another man had just begun on a similar mission. His words, manner and statements were so intense and importunate that we were compelled to listen.

This was about what he said: "We represent the Credit Clearing House Adjuster Company of Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis and New York. About a year ago we undertook the task of endeavoring to establish a direct communication between the merchant and manufacturer and the banker in the town where the debtor is located, to evade the loss of time and uncertainty of the par-point system of collections, the importunities and irresponsibilities of all collection agencies, and to have but one man between the creditor and the debtor, and him a responsible banker in the town where the debtor lives.

"We have made a great success of the undertaking. We now have some forty thousand merchants, manufacturers, and shippers who have contracted with us for from three to five years, agreeing to send their items for collection direct to the banker that we designate in our publication, and on a paying basis. We are supported in this undertaking by Mr. Campbell, vice-president of the Third National bank of New York. To illustrate precisely what we mean: Recently

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we were in a national bank of Riggsville, Pennsylvania. Cashier McIlvane showed us a draft for $91.50 that was made by a Westfield, Massachusetts, whip manufacturing concern upon a harness-maker in Riggsville. It had been placed in the local Westfield bank to be collected on the beautiful par-point system which came into existence to make a false showing of deposits and a fictitious volume of business with the metropolitan city banker, and have the country banker do the work for nothing, as he always does for the city banker. This draft went to New York bank, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Riggsville, which required eight days' time. It was held for supposed collection, but on the third day the harness-maker failed or suspended. It then required eight days for the return of this draft by way of the reverse order of all these par-point banks, who had several days' use of the item as a padder to their business showing. In other words, it took nineteen days before the Westfield man learned that he had lost his $91.50 entirely. Had it been sent direct to McIlvane, cashier, by the whip concern, he could have collected it, because the debtor was a depositor with him, and usually paid his drafts with slight accommodation in the way of extension of a day or two.

"Now Mr. Banker, we propose to evade this loss to the creditor by sending all such items direct to you for collection in this town upon a paying basis. The next condition we propose to evade is about as follows: Suppose a draft is sent you for $100 direct from a merchant or manufacturer. You send a boy out to pre-

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sent it in the usual perfunctory manner, and payment is refused upon some pretext of incorrectness, freight rebate, or not yet due, etc. You return the draft at a loss to you of from eight to twelve cents. Many houses have adopted the idiotic plan of sending out this same draft as a dunning proposition every two, four or six weeks. After you have returned it about three times at a loss of some thirty cents to you, the astute credit-man will yield to the importunities of some of the numerous fake collection agency representatives that come down the street every morning soliciting business and will say, 'Here is an item you may try your hand on, etc.'

"The collection agency will attach to the draft some threat to have the country banker place it in the hands of his local attorney, and with this threat you may collect the amount of the draft. Now this is the fourth time you have had this draft for $100, and you cannot charge over thirty-five cents for collecting, and it has cost you forty cents at least. The collection agency, however, receives an average of ten per cent or over. They will get $9.65 for writing a letter to you, and attaching their attorney threat. You will do the work for thirty-five cents or at a loss of from five cents to twenty-five cents in the whole transaction. What we propose to do is to cut off the irresponsible collection agencies and leave them off the list and out of the consideration. We propose to pay you for collecting this delinquent item the same percentage that the fake collection agency receives. To that end we place with these merchants, manufacturers and ship-

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pers a better class of stationery and machinery than the agencies have or use. We place with each of our 40,000 subscribers a draft of 100 in a tablet which provides that in case of non-payment on first presentation this draft is to be placed in the hand of X. Y. Z., attorneys in your town. The average debtor does not want litigation, and he pays the draft in ninety per cent of the cases, and you deduct your ten per cent and remit the balance to the house sending you the item. The house is pleased because it receives ninety per cent of a bad claim without loss of litigation or by irresponsible collection agencies. We place with these 40,000 subscribers four other forms as follows: First, when they send you an item direct they attach our letter of advice, so you can keep a memorandum of all business coming through our medium, and they furnish our company the stubs, so that we may know what business we are supplying. When you collect this item on first presentation, you deduct for your services from one and one-half to two times your present exchange and collection charges, because you are writing more letters and drafts, and you are remitting severally to the different merchants and manufacturers, and not bulking a dozen of these items together and sending them to a metropolitan city banker to distribute on the cute par-point system.

"If you do not collect on first presentation then this item according to our system, becomes a delinquent item without further ado, and our percentage draft No. 1 is used by the merchant or shipper. To this draft is attached a notice to you as follows: Re-

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tain for your services five, ten or fifteen per cent, owing to the size of the draft, and if not paid promptly do not return the same, but hold and endeavor to collect upon a subsequent demand—which means that you, Mr. Banker, handle this item just like you would one of your own. If the debtor wants time and has security, you get him into your office, take his note and security, hold till due, and deduct your $5 or $10 on the hundred for your legitimate services. We can afford to pay you this percentage for several reasons. First, we show by the books of O. Y. Smyth & Company, wholesale hardware, that all items sent out on the par-point system lose from three to five per cent in the same manner that the $91.50 was lost to the Westfield whip concern. Second, if a collection agency handles this item, they lose the amount of the collected item in over fifty per cent of the cases. Third, if the claim is placed in the hands of a local attorney for collection by litigation, he gets fifty per cent of the claim for bringing suit, and the local jury decides all possible conditions against the non-resident creditor. Fourth, we educate the credit-men of merchants, manufacturers and shippers that the local banker is the only man who holds the key to the situation. He is the only man who can collect without litigation because the debtor desires in most instances to preserve his credit with the local banker. We educate the merchant and shipper that he must protect you, the local banker, and that he can afford to pay you well for your services for reasons above given. For example, he must not accept a check direct from the

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debtor when a draft for the same item is in your hands for collection. If he receives such a check he must remit it direct to you, and let you settle with the debtor in the same manner as a non-resident attorney would do if he had sent a claim to a resident attorney, and had received a remittance direct from the debtor. He would either send a remittance to the resident attorney for settlement of the debt and costs, or he would remit him fully two-thirds the proper amount of the fees and the costs at least. We educate the credit-man that he must protect the draft system. It is the most desirable method of settlement between creditor and debtor ever devised. It gives a receipt by a responsible local banker at the time of payment by the debtor. It renders the whole transaction a matter of record, as it were, and it saves expense of shipments of cash, etc., and it must be protected alike by creditor, banker and debtor. The credit-man needs a whole lot of education to overcome the peculiar dishonest education that par-point banker and the fake collection agency have given him to your disadvantage, Mr. Banker.

"Now you cannot always handle a delinquent item upon a five per cent to fifteen per cent basis, but you can often handle them as you would your own item if permitted to handle them in your own way, and if paid for your services properly. Hence we place with our 40,000 subscribers these percentage drafts No. 2, wherein they say in addition to what they said in percentage draft No. 1, that what we want is to get this off our books without litigation, and as indi-

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cated we are willing to pay you well as a banker for adjusting the matter in an amicable way. This is where our merchants and shippers allow you from twenty per cent to fifty per cent, and they can well afford to do so, for reasons stated before, rather than lose the entire claim by litigation, or by way of a fake collection agency.

"This then, is one end of our proposition, Mr. Banker. The other end is this: We designate your bank in our publications by a line of reading matter under the name of your bank in the alphabetical list of banks of United States and Canada, as the bank which will handle this business direct from the merchant, manufacturer and shippers, on the terms above, and we take these contracts as follows as you see here in your neighboring towns, and all over the United States, etc. In small country banks we charge you from $25 to $50 per year for five year contracts. In large towns we charge you from $100 to $300 per year for a three year contract, owing to location and size of your card. This is payable after you receive the publication with your card properly published therein and continues through the next semi-annual and quarterly publications without charge until the end of the year, and you pay again when you receive the second year's first issue, and so on. Well, Mr. Banker, this is our proposition. If you desire to avail yourself of the matter we will be glad to contract with you. If not, we will see the other bank, and not take up more of your valuable time."

The banker replies to all this about as follows:

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"I do not care to contract with you, because there is nothing in your advertising contract that says you will send us business in payment for our cash paid you for advertising, and we will not contract because we have not seen the contracts of these wholesale houses saying they will send me their business direct on the basis you have outlined, and we will not contract with you because your name is a plagiarism upon a reputable bank directory concern in Chicago, upon a Minneapolis and St. Louis attorney's collection agency, and because the vice-president of the Third National Bank of New York is not behind you in the matter, and because you do not have 40,000 subscribers with shippers, nor 4,000, and probably not 400. Good day."

The above interview and conversation is typical of the more advanced stages of evolution of the whole scheme of bank advertising, collection agency fertilities, and reporting agency side-shows.

If some reputable concern now publishing a reputable bankers' directory could actually acquire a full subscription list among merchants, manufacturers and shippers, and educate their credit-men to an actual realization of the situation, and contract with them to agree to use the designated banks as direct collecting media, and eliminate all the more or less fakey interlopers of the par-point collection banks, the vast horde of impostors known as collection agencies and the disreputable "hold-ups" known as mercantile reporting agencies—if some reputable concern could formulate a trust upon the above general plan, and crowd

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out all the riff-raff of suckers who are trying to live off the cupidity of a banker who dotes upon seeing his name in high colored cards in a handsome book, and who is afraid his local competitor will get the business if he does not become a subscriber to all these agencies and directories—then a great step would be accomplished in the evolution of a rational system of commercial collections, and the smaller parasites would be relegated to the workshop, the farm or the street curb-stone business. Of course this is the inevitable result of evolution toward final ownership of all things in common, and the elimination of all necessities for collection agencies, reporting agencies, lawyers, bankers and money-grabbing and greed-sucking mollusks of modern commercial civilization.

But note that if this direct connection was established and this collection trust was formed, there would soon be no use of the medium forming the trust or direct communication. Does it now penetrate the mind of the reader that this is the legitimate end of all trusts of this character. But the establishing medium does not want anybody eliminated but the competitor, hence he courts fraternity among competitors and secures his advertising on not too positive grounds as above recited, and secures his contract on glittering generalities that may not be verified or measured as the efficiency of advertising. Now this is true of all advertising. It is a parasitic growth on the cupidity of a free-for-all race for dollars.

Almost all modern business methods may be reasoned out of existence just as the direct collection

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scheme and the advertising business is eliminated. All commercial schemes are fungoid growths on producers and consumers. The retailer brings the wares of the wholesaler to the customer who pays a profit to the retailer, who pays a profit to the wholesaler, who pays a profit to the manufacturer, who buys the raw material from the producers' agents who make a profit, and the final or original producer gets almost nothing for his isolated labor of growing and producing from the soil. And yet these farmer producers, these toiling millions of factories are like dumb-driven cattle when they vote. But their vote is powerless under our present system of campaigns of education and money-administration of everything.

Why not send all business direct? A banker in a town of 2,000 people recently made out commercial reports for an agency on every man doing business in his town and mailed these reports to the agency free of charge. Why should he not charge the agency $3 each? What good can the agency do him for this labor performed? Or what injury can the agency do this banker if he refuses to make their reports or refuses to answer the agency's letters? By virtue of what system of doing business does the agency secure the services of country bankers and attorneys for nothing and then hold the bank up for $75 per year for a book of reports in a secret blackmailing code on every man doing business, which reports are usually from three months to three years old and hence of no value whatever to anybody? By virtue of what ethics of commerce is any agency licensed to

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report in a secret code of deception concerning the business of any man on earth? Their reporting attorneys are largely disreputable and when they have a collection of importance they seldom send it to their own reporting attorney.

The country banker who makes out commercial reports on his neighbor in business for any agency for nothing is selling his information for nothing to support a fake nuisance in commerce and trade—a concern that has become rich off the contributions of country bankers, attorneys and city merchants and bankers. Why not patronize the local banker if you want a report? Have your banker ask his banker in the town where the business man is located what about him. Why support an institution of questionable capacity in New York city when you want to know about a piece of business in Los Angeles and when you live in Iowa? What are you contributing to the colossal wealth of any commercial reporting agency for, anyway? They will only cause your downfall if some scandal monger reports secretly that you have unusual financial obligations when it may not be the case at all.

All reporting and collecting agencies are purely and simply fungoid growth. They are a disease of modern commercialism. They sap out the honor and vitality of the business men and defeat their integrity.

A publisher recently had the colossal impudence to say that he was aware that we had prejudice against reporting agencies but that that did not prove anything. This same man made an egre-

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gious failure to establish a competitive reporting agency in connection with one of an old agency's agents. He was crowded out and off the field by that agency. He cannot distinguish between legitimate business and illegitimate business. He was educated a lawyer and hence cannot be expected to understand that the country merchant and the country banker have some rights as well as the fake collection lawyer and the "hold-up" reporting agency.

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CHAPTER VIII.

On the Board of Trade.

San Francisco, Cal., December 5, 1900.

Amanuensis Mental Science Headquarters.

DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of your letter saying your wife has psychic powers, and can compel harmony in music, health, business, etc., and your request for practical understanding of stock and grain operations on the Board of Trade of Chicago, so that your wife can develop along these lines and read the minds of the men who control the markets, etc., and sell your prophesies to small speculators, etc.

We are desirous of encouraging your psychic efforts and of enabling you to earn a living elsewhere than in transcribing the psychic thought of a Mental Science manipulator. Of course, we must remind you that clairvoyants, spiritualists and all the riff-raff of hypnotists and mesmerists that this ill-begotten world has created, have endeavored to play the same game, and "down" the man of millions who froze out Leiter and freezes out every country "sucker" worth going after. Now it is our opinion, to use the slang phrase of the street, that you are a bit "nutty" to think you can read the mind of the boss on this grain deal when he operates through so many agents and heelers. However, you know your own, or rather your wife's psychic powers, and we will freely give you the data from our experience. It is rich and short.

It is parallel with the Monte Carlo games, the

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draw poker, the faro and the dice box. It is not as genteel as draw poker, nor as honest. A frontier gambler would scorn to use the deception that a Board of Trade broker or bunco-steerer employs. We prefer to be "held-up" by a man with a six-shooter who takes our purse, rather than to have our good name filched along with our money by a Board of Trade commission operator.

But we are digressing. We will now tell you how they do it, and show you how to prosper on the Board of Trade. But we must explain how we came to go into the business ourselves. We knew that all Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Iowa, as well as most of the United States had created monuments to its leading citizens in each country town by displaying the wrecks of their fortunes acquired by honest toil, shrewd banking or astute professional acquisition, and dissipated by contributions to the Chicago Board of Trade's wealthy members and their cryptogamous under-studies—the commission men. Notwithstanding all this, after having been educated on the farm and later in college, and having spent twenty years as a business man and a traveling man, we concluded, in our worldly experience, that the whole matter was purely one of intelligence; that the man on the ground understood the situation, and the only successful man from the country was the man who occasionally won just as he occasionally wins from the Louisiana lottery, or at faro when the bank breaks. We had just inherited $5,000 cash from the estate of our maternal grandfather and con-

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cluded to cease traveling as a profession, settle down in the city and hob-nob with the elite. We meekly called *"in cognito"* upon a concern where an old acquaintance in the wholesale dry-goods business had become manager. The manager was out at luncheon, and the proprietor mildly referred us up stairs to a concern which accepted smaller accounts. We went up and arranged to open a small account and have our mail sent to our home in plain envelopes, etc., put up a hundred and bought 1,000 bushels of wheat at sixty-two cents per bushel in October, 1898, when we were forty-six and a half years of age. This was our first gambol on the green, although we had stood by and had seen them play the high-ball in the Rockies, and had noted them run the gauntlet at Ostend and at Monte Carlo. Up to date our Quaker inheritance could not comprehend that the whole business was not reckless gambling by everybody, except the boss. We remembered old Hutch, Partridge and a host of other leaders who had gone down "bucking the game," but we were after some of the stuff that the boss *et al* had taken away from Leiter *et al* and we wanted to remain home and cease traveling. Wheat began to rise. We sold at a profit. We had not bought wheat, but we had put up ten cents per bushel to guarantee the commission broker that we would buy it in December if we wanted it then and had enough money to pay the cash price on date of December delivery of the actual agricultural products. The $100 was to be used in case the price went down so that the broker could not lose on our promise to purchase in

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December and especially to pay his commissions for making the business connections and standing us up alongside of great operators in the visitors' room of the Board of Trade and permitting them all to facetiously call us Major McKinley.

We kept on playing the game and winning modestly from $25 to $100 a day and we kept our nerve. The broker would come and sit by us and tell us about David Harum's pork deal, about old Hutch's freaks, about the Iowa express messenger who had embezzled $12,000 of his company's cash, and how his father came to see the broker to get it fixed up before the express company discovered the shortage and how he did fix it up by mortgaging his farm, and by finally sending the old folks to the grave instead of sending the young man to the penitentiary. He entertained us with excerpts from the "Gad Fly," the "Barbarian" and from his private life, and that of the senator from Chicago, and that of the secretary of the treasury, etc. He facetiously and brazenly recounts how he engaged the services of his typewritist, about as follows: A handsome young woman makes application for the position. She is faultlessly dressed and bejeweled, is bright and competent. He says: "What is your price?" She answers, "Fifteen dollars per week." He replies, "Very well, with pleasure." She answers, "Oh! with pleasure, $25 if you please, sir," and she was engaged.

He took us to the best French buffets for luncheon and made us feel like English lords and French counts. He braced us and we hit the game harder, and put up

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our profits and $2,500 of our inheritance and bought and sold in the future at 20,000 bushels to the clip, and this is how you do it below.

Perhaps we can best convey the idea of operations on the Board of Trade, by recounting more or less history of our transactions since October 1, 1898. To begin with, we have for sometime had the idea that the proper way to deal in wheat, for example, was to wait until about the first of October, at which time the large Dakota and northwestern crop is well on the market. At this time wheat is about at its lowest point, provided there has been a fair to good northwestern crop. On October 3, wheat for delivery in December reached the lowest price, about sixty-one cents.

Now, as we started to say, we should have then bought 50,000 bushels, for which we would have had to deposit in order to make ourselves perfectly safe a margin of ten cents per bushel or $5,000. We then should have remained away from the excitement of the operations on the board, merely keeping track of the valuations; should have remained away until wheat reached about seventy-eight or seventy-nine cents, in the latter part of January, 1899. We should have then sold our 50,000 bushels and drawn out the gross profit of $9,000, for which we have risked $5,000; from this $9,000 profit should be deducted $62.50 for commissions to the broker and $3.75 tax to the government, leaving us a net profit of $8,933.75. Of course we run the chance of wheat going down to fifty-one cents and of losing our ten cents per bushel

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margin of $5,000. But we figured that when bought at the time we speak of, wheat would in no case go down below fifty-one cents, and that it certainly would go above sixty-one cents before December 31, when all December wheat has to be delivered or settlement made, or when exchanges have to be made from December purchases to purchases for delivery in May.

Now, the great objection to this method of speculation is, that you have to invest a large amount of capital, but the greatest trouble lies in the danger of the loss of your margins by the financial failure of your broker, through whom you operate. It will thus be seen that even in this seemingly sure transaction, there is great hazard. The other method of operating which we have been pursuing more or less regularly since October 3 above, is to put up about $500 in margins with a broker and depend upon the daily fluctuations of the markets for our profits. For example, we buy wheat at sixty-one and seven-eighths cents, and sell it at sixty-two and seven-eighths cents, we make one cent per bushel or $50 on 5,000 bushels bought, less commission $6.25, and tax thirty-four cents, makes a big profit of $43.36 on a risk of $500 deposited. So long as the market is mostly of a bull nature, and the prices are more or less steadily advancing, and the fluctuations do not vary more than one cent per day, this daily purchase at the high point and selling at the low point is a fairly sure thing. But by the time wheat reached seventy-eight cents, in the latter part of January, all the country buyers had become bullish also, and even those who had begun to

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see the collapse of stocks and the boom in the New York market, began to make their investments in wheat. Then the bears who operate in the millions, saw their opportunity. They sold wheat "short" in such a rapid manner as to run the market down, frighten the bulls, especially those from the country, and cause them to begin to sell out their "long" wheat, which the bears bought "short." This stampede did not require a great length of time, before the price reached seventy-one or seventy-two cents, a loss of six or seven cents per bushel. This exhausted all the margins of the little bulls and created what is known as "a shake out," for the small outsiders, leaving their profits exhausted, their margins having gone mostly into the hands of the big bears.

Now the proper thing to do, if one can divine the point at which this turn in the market occurs, is to get on the bear side when the wheat is going down. That is, sell wheat "short" and by it back on a cent or so decline, and take your profits. But there are few people who are so constructed mentally that they can be either a bull or a bear at will, and of course it is very difficult to determine when the market is going to make a sudden flop into the bear hands, that is, a general downward tendency, and it is just as difficult to determine when it is going to discontinue that general downward tendency and make the general upward turn, at which point one should become a bull again.

Certainly, if you had the means of divining the exact date of the upward climax and then this downward climax you could play a dead sure game, as a

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bull until the upper climax is reached, then a dead sure game as a bear until a lower climax is reached. As it now is, we have been since January 31 operating as a bear, that is we sold wheat "short" at seventy-two and seven-eighths cents and bought it back at seventy-two and one-eighth cents, making three-quarters cent profit or $30.88 cents on a sale of 5,000 bushels, in the course of the business day from 9:30 A.M., to 1:15 P.M. But day before yesterday we sold wheat "short" at the high price of seventy-three and one-eighth cents and failed to get it back at a decline sufficient to cover the tax and commissions. Hence we are compelled to hold it over this February 22d holiday, and run the risk of getting it back on a decline. Indeed the market now seems to be very stiff, and it may be about the right time to become a bull again. That is, buy it at the present price and wait until it advances and sell at a profit. So you see there are several points to cover, to determine when to buy or sell. We do not see how you can operate on daily fluctuations at your distance by the use of telegrams and do not know whether you could operate by determining beforehand the point of collapse of a general bull market to that of a general bear market and *vice versa* determine the point of decline of a general bear market and the formation of a general upward bull market.

After profits of some $3,000 we drew out our original investment of our inheritance and put it in the bank, leaving only our profits upon which to speculate. Here the broker began to figure and see how he could

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induce us to put up that original $2,500 for it is out of the original investment that the city operator gets his living and profit eventually, and not out of our $3,000 profit, but out of our original investment from the soil, as it were, where the wheat was grown and actually harvested and threshed and really hauled to town and positively shoveled into the mills to be ground into flour for bread for the hungry and the weary laden. He angled well. He began to show us how a man of our experience and education and intelligence could come here for three hours each morning and go home with from $25 to $10,000 and take in the grand opera at night or the Lake Front euchre clubs or most anything on earth, and we began to believe he was correct in his estimate of our capabilities. We began in October, 1898, as before stated. About January 27, 1899, wheat took a boom because it was said that the New York talent had come over to buy granger stuff because industrial stocks, such as American tobacco, federal steel, and Brooklyn rapid transit were no good any more, etc. We had plenty of wheat and kept right along buying more as the market advanced. When it reached seventy-nine cents, when we were a few thousand dollars ahead, and when everybody was becoming eager, watchful and nervous, we told the broker to sell all we had, and close up the deal. He rushed out, apparently suddenly remembering that he had other large customers in the same state of mind. He did not get to our sale in time to execute it and really did not understand that we wanted to sell everything at seventy-nine cents, etc. We then put up the

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desired $2,500 original capital, because the $3,000 profits had been exhausted to keep up the margins caused by the losses in the fall of the price of wheat of over ten cents a bushel. We then got on both sides of the market, playing both bear and bull, and understood we were dead game, all right. But we dropped our wad and the account was closed out and the $2,500 inheritance investment was wiped out. We then began over again with a new $1,000 of our inheritance and our accumulated experience and bought some more wheat, which had become dull and the speculators began to go to sugar, tobacco, biscuit, and rapid transit. We took a bit of a slice of shares and soon they telegraphed wildly from New York, and we ordered that it be sold, but the order did not get in until a great loss was made, and then our wheat margins were in danger. The next day the wheat market collapsed and we had lost in all $3,500. We had paid off second mortgage on our house with one thousand dollars and had spent the remaining five hundred dollars of the $5,000 inheritance for dress suits, theater tickets, and club receptions in high life.

It was now April 25, 1899. We had had six months off the road. Had blown in $4,000. Had had a good time, and wanted to get back to work, and be in a position to pay our home expenses, and our grocery bills. We went back to the "old reliable" and told them that we would make a sixty-day trip, if they desired, and we have been attending to our knitting and making money every day since. Of course we do not engage the services of a Board of Trade broker. We

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do that act ourselves on the country banker upon whom we call, and upon the country attorney whom we entertain in his own office with modern commercial lore.

When will men learn that fortunes cannot be made and kept by gambling of any sort? Fortunes are only made and kept by misers, thieves, stock-yards riches, railroad magnates, and Standard Oil millionaires. Some times the congressmen and senators receive a tip and a slice, but they usually do not keep it because of dissipation in high life and because of annual contributions to the impecunious lords and ladies of Europe. When will people learn that all business transactions, so-called, are pure and simple gambling like those of the Board of Trade? The difference is only in degree. The country banker and the country merchant and country lawyer gently pulls his support out of the country farmer who has sold his cholera infected hogs before they began to die by the wholesale. Then the banker, merchant, lawyer or politician from the country takes a trip to the city, buys some stocks, has a time, etc., and goes home to pray on the Sabbath for the goodness of God, and to keep him steadfast at his original occupation of gently working the farmer and the grocer and the wagon-maker and the laundry girl, and the shop girls.

And the Lord seems to support most of them in affluence, but the shop girls have to go to the city because they have been ruined by the local banker, merchant, lawyer or politician, and the farmer mortgages his farm to build a new house and to send his son to college and

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the farm goes, and the son has to go to the city to get knocked down and robbed of his virtue and his honor and his manhood. His sister follows him to the city to be robbed of virtue, beauty and finally of bread. And yet these same merchants, bankers, lawyers and politicians from the country as well as the Board of Trade and other wealth and poverty of great cities say, that a man who advocates Bellamyism, common ownership of property, annihilation of throat-cutting competition, of individual accumulation of wealth, of crime, of vice and poverty, is an anarchist, an arrant knave, and a hair-brained demagogue.

The Hannas, Crokers, the Platts and the Joneses nauseate us with their talk of honesty in business and prosperity in this commercial hell.

What we intend to say is that the people who play the Board of Trade are pursuing a more desperate and degenerate game than is the actress who prostitutes her virtue to make a living; that the commission men who live off the cupidity of those who play the game on the Board of Trade are not on a parallel with the procuress and the keeper of brothels, precisely because their nefarious practices go even farther than do those of the procuress. They not only wreck the victim but they wreck his household. They not only drive the victim to an early grave but they drive him to calloused indifference to the woes of poverty they create and cultivate a degree of reckless habits to which Monte Carlo and frontier games are mild in their infatuation. No society woman harlot is cuter than the successful Board of Trade commission man,

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nor is she lower in the scale of civilization when she plays society for the sole purpose of making sexual game of men in high positions to break the heart of a pure wife solely for the love of the chase and for the indulgence of the several victims of the debauchery. Every commission house feeds its egotism upon its ability to bait a country sucker and drop the margins of honestly earned competency into the hole in the slot machine to which the boss, the heeler and the Hebrew hold the key and for which the commission man is agent for the one-eighth to one per cent of the amount deposited in the machine. People who patronize this slot machine do so with the same sense of humiliation and disgust that they experience when they put a penny in for a stick of gum or put a nickel in to see if they can draw a quarter's worth of cigars.

It is impossible for us to remember the name of the broker who a few years since took advantage of the tip given him by the man who controls the Board of Trade and made a million out of it and now lives in Paris. He does not often return to Chicago Board of Trade and does not give the boss an opportunity to make good his threat to break him for violating his trust as a broker or heeler. All commission men except servile fools are watching for the same identical chance to make a million out of the man who has indirectly made the commission men insolvent. Nearly all commission men are those who became insolvent by playing the Board of Trade and who then turned banker or faro dealer themselves.

Behold the spectacle of this boss endowing educa-

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tional, religious and charitable institutions to square himself with the elite world of purity, goodness and imbecility. His educational endowments are now largely enjoyed by young Hebrews. We do not know what has become of his other endowments, but they will never prosper coming from one who made his start in life by taking advantage of the tax to be placed on whiskey by the government and later on, crowded all small butcher-men out of the business and all dairy concerns out of the creamery butter business and all country capitalists out of the speculation business by taking all they had and endowing education, religion and charity with it in God's name.

Understand please, that as a colossal organizing mind that is enabled to command the machinery and the power to control the grain and meat markets of America and much of other lands, we have the keenest admiration for the unsurpassed generalship, gladiator pugilism, political sagacity and business acumen of the man whose business is typical of modern commercialism as manifested in the control of the Board of Trade; in the refining, marketing and distribution of the crude oil product of the United States; in the organization, development and operation of the railway systems of America; in the mining, manufacture and perfection of the coal and iron output of the United States; in the development, elaboration and promotion of colossal electric appliances; in the erection, establishment and final operation of enormous plants for extracting gold from low-grade ore. Personally we understand the character of these men to be unim-

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peachable as citizens and neighbors. Had we the same parallel capabilities we would probably be occupying the same relative position that they occupy. And had we been born and reared in the South we would probably have the same convictions that the civil war southerner has. But we were born of Quaker antecedents and reared in the West. We are neither European nor Hebrew, but Anglo-Saxon, and we believe we have developed beyond optimistic commercialism, pessimistic natural science and hypnotic religion into a far broader fraternity of men, peace and happiness.

Apropos of calling us Major McKinley he tells us the following incident: He was once a Standard Oil agent and as such moved from Cleveland to Chicago and took rooms at a South Side hotel with his wife. The wife became friendly with the wife of a judge living at the same hotel and they determined to introduce their husbands to each other. The Standard Oil man's wife in introducing her husband to the judge thought to say something nice and remarked, "Judge, I have always thought you bore a striking resemblance to Major McKinley," The judge, who was slow in thought and speech, straightened up and hesitated and the oil man's wife began to think she had made a mistake and remarked that perhaps he was not flattered with the comparison. The judge again straightened up and hesitated again, but finally said he did not know he was flattered to be likened to any man, not even the man on the cross. The oil man's wife was by this time somewhat nettled and replied that there were

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three on the cross, to which do you refer? Our inference is that we were one of the thieves else we would not have been engaged in trying to steal a living off the cupidity of the people from the country whose families were in need of the necessities of life while they are using their meager cash gambling in wheat, pork, corn, either on the open board or through a commission man or in a bucket-shop. They are all the same proposition. One may be a little smoother than the other, that is all. He "Jacks his man up" a little harder and gets a more munificent rake-off, that is all.

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BOOK III.

WESTERN UNDERTAKINGS.

CHAPTER I.

SEMI-TROPIC LAND, WATER AND BLUE SKY COMPANY.

San Bernardino, Cal., December 18, 1900.

IN THE early part of 1887, ex-Governor Merrill, of Iowa, Howes & Bonebrake, bankers of Los Angeles, a Mr. Joy and Naftzger, a banker of Riverside, California, were in control of a tract of some 28,000 acres of land lying immediately west of San Bernardino and north of Colton and Riverside.

They organized a company for irrigation water supply from Lytle Creek canyon; subdivided the lands into five, ten, twenty and forty-acre lots; laid out two or more town sites; arranged for a university; built an elegant semi-tropic hotel in the center of the town of Rialto and in short projected a colony whose people were to come from among the dissatisfied farmers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, etc.

It was estimated by the parties in control that people who bought stock in this enormous colonizing company, got in on the ground floor when they purchased stock at $42.50 per share which share represented one acre of land with preliminary improvements, water rights, etc. Each purchaser of stock paid $12.50 cash on each share and gave his note payable in one and two years for the remaining $30 per share.

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In September, 1887, the southern California boom at Los Angeles and San Diego collapsed in one night, punctured like the collapsing balloon. This condition called a halt upon the immigration from the East and Central States. Our Land, Water and Blue Sky Company was in trouble. The Kansas and Ohio syndicates began to clamor for a materialization of the glowing promises of the prospectus. It was finally arranged that those who desired should exchange their stock in the company for lands with water rights, under an agreement that one-half the lands were to be set in oranges or lemons, etc., and stockholders were allowed to cancel or have cancelled their notes for deferred payments. But they were furnished the land at $281.25 per acre with water and under agreement to improve one-half of it. One acre thus cost us twenty-two and one-half acres or shares of our original investment. One acre had grown from $42.50 in value to $281.25 in value for the privilege of cancellation of the deferred payment of $30 on each acre or share. Of course we accepted this proposition as did all non-resident stockholders who could not be on the ground to watch the manipulations and have a hand in the looting.

Our twenty-acre orange grove thus cost us in cash $5,625, without any removal of sage brush, leveling for irrigation or improvement, except the promise of this company to furnish irrigation water. This was without the cost of trees and planting, tending, culture, etc. Our deed was mailed to us finally along with our cancelled notes. We, however, soon found

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that the original (heirs) owners of the property in San Francisco had a blanket mortgage on the entire property. By repeated threats of dragging the entire company into United States courts at San Francisco the mortgage was released as to our twenty acres.

Then began our tribulations in purchase of nursery stock, clearing, leveling and planting and then (heaven protect us) came the annoyances of men cultivating and caring for the ten acres in cultivation. Then came the short water supply, then the frosts, then the orange thieves. Finally in the spring of 1894, after seven years of the most disagreeable annoyances of correspondence with resident people who were obliged to get their daily bread out of non-residents who engaged their services, we traded the twenty acres off for a Chicago pharmacy—a history of which was given in chapter 2, book II.

The first cost of this twenty acres, $5,625, plus six years' care at an average cost of $150 per year, or $900 for six years, plus the cost of the trees, planting, etc., made a total cost of about $7,000.

In April, 1894, when the orange trees were well in bearing, we traded this aggregation which had cost us some $7,000 in cash, not to speak of annoyances and interest, for a drug store in Chicago valued at $8,000, thus losing $4,000 in cash on orange grove because the pharmacy was at no time worth more than $4,000.

Since we traded off this orange grove all resident elements have been in a turmoil of litigation over conflicting water rights, etc., etc. The ex-Governor, the Los Angeles bankers and the Riverside banker finally

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unloaded upon or sold out to a millionaire sheep ranchman who operated the plant in connection with the San Francisco bank that had come into possession of first mortgage by reason of its executorship of the estate of the minor heirs (as most executors and administrators usually come into ownership of the entire estate instead of the heirs for whom the estate is intended).

The agent of this bank was also agent for the sheep ranchman, but this agent became so valuable to the Frisco bank that he has now an important position with them. The ranchman died and his son died from the strain of the loss of property, etc. the ex-Governor, the ex-Governor's son, the Los Angeles bankers and all except the Riverside banker, have died from the strain of these disasters and have nearly all died insolvent.

One of the Los Angeles bankers had been worth over two million dollars. His estate settled up less than fifty thousand dollars. He is said, however, to have been the only honest man in the entire coterie of boom talent.

The sun-set-kissed, auburn-haired typewritist who caused so many family eruptions, is still on the turf in Los Angeles, as is also the agent for the Frisco bank, and the Riverside banker. One of the Kansas syndicate, a Methodist minister, is still coaching the ungodly in southern California and one of the scions of the Kansas syndicate now remarks that when Methodist preachers go into the real estate business, look out for trouble. This one has gotten back into

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the pulpit out of one of the wildest schemes to boom arid lands into fertility and incidentally to establish a Methodist colony with orange blossoms, universities and blue sky.

But this is not the end. Following the panic which came upon the heels of the collapse of the boom in 1887, there has finally come another three years' disaster in the shape of a scarcity of snowfall in the mountains, in the winter, to produce a source of irrigation water.

This three years' drouth all up and down the Pacific Coast has caused increased destitution and disaster among the wheat raisers of central California but far worse disaster among the semi-tropic fruit growers in the arid irrigation country south of the Tehachepa mountains, where they recently had, however, a rainfall of five and one-half inches that was in the nature of a water-spout or cloud-burst as in Arizona and New Mexico. Creeks were made in a few hours through bearing orchards and, in some instances, whole orchards were swept away. The gravelly lands of the Rialto district where our grove was, absorbed all this five and one-half inches as a sponge drinks up water, but the heavy soil as at Redlands was washed into gullies and creeks.

All the different fruit belts have gone through all the disasters of marketing their products three thousand miles away. They have finally formed their co-operative fruit and shippers' association and now have the matter of caring, transportation and marketing fairly well systematized. The whole undertaking

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has gotten down to a basis of narrow margin of profit just as the corn and pork raising of central Illinois has gone down to a definite minimum margin of profit for labor only.

But behold the wreckage all this has cost. Behold the millionaires and the deluded poor men with large families that have gone to the wall. We knew in central Illinois two brothers. One was a war veteran with but one limb left after the civil war; was a county official for several years in Illinois; went to southern California. His brother was a government employee in Alaska. The lame brother got into a California boom; telegraphed his brother to resign his government position and come and join him in the boom business. The Alaskan official went and recently related to us that at one time in 1887 his brother could have sold out and cleared $100,000 and he could have sold out and cleared $25,000, but the lame brother said hold on for better prices, etc. The boom collapsed in San Diego in one night and the next morning in Los Angeles. The lame brother wore himself out in the twelve years from 1887 to 1899 and died a bankrupt. The Alaskan official went to Oregon and engaged in law, especially in liens and foreclosures. This business all left him with the financial crisis of 1893 because there was nothing left to foreclose. He is now endeavoring to start again in a new clientage in marine litigation growing out of shipping to the Orient, etc., that has developed from the results of our Spanish-American war.

Does it now occur to the reader that all this death

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and disaster is caused by greed, competitive conditions and modern false civilization?

We recently visited a town in the wine district of California. The wineries were pointed out to us as being the largest above ground in the world. We asked who owned them, and were told a former grape grower and ranch owner had gambled them off to a Frenchman, who sold them to Hebrews in San Francisco, who distributed the wines over the eastern country, etc.

Fifteen years ago this valley was one solid vineyard, but the phylloxera came and destroyed the vines. Now the grapes come from higher up on the hills and from other points. Then wine was worth thirty to forty cents per gallon in hogsheads; to-day it is worth, in San Francisco, from eight cents to twenty cents per gallon, and is sold by Hebrews. They have had their rake-off in ruining the business as they ruin, for Anglo-Saxons, every business they touch. This is the adulterated wine that is sold in car lots to men who have the endorsement of the Catholic clergy. It is sent to Chicago, mixed with spirits, and sold to priests, nunneries, etc., for from sixty cents to $1.50 per gallon. Why should there be a profit to the middle-man—the man who does not fight for his country, the man who has no country, the man who lives off the respectability of people who can die for an idea of goodness or greatness, the man who lives by defiling the children of Anglo-Saxons?

California is a land of surprises. We of the East, or rather, of what the "East" calls "The West," are

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accustomed to regard southern California as the real wonder of the Pacific Coast. This is simply because arid southern California has been developed by northern and eastern energy and capital until it has attracted railroad competition, winter resort wealth and investing speculators. So far as semi-tropical fruits are concerned, oranges are grown 200 miles northeast of San Francisco, as well or better than they are grown 400 miles southeast of San Francisco, and they are put onto the market from four to six weeks earlier in Oroville, without irrigation, than they are 500 miles south at Riverside, with irrigation. Oroville, in fact, ships an early crop to southern California to be distributed, and to supply the established market for what has become the central distributing district for Pacific Coast citrus fruits.

Here is the same story over again. Oroville and vicinity are paying tribute to the Southern Pacific Railroad for 500 miles of useless mileage in the marketing of their oranges, in order to help build up a rival in southern California, because the civilization of north central California is composed of people largely from the South and from the East, of a quarter or half century ago,—people who are not familiar with modern methods and modern commercialism. They have some sort of a psychic notion that they have the finest climate in the world, hence they price their lands at from $100 to $300 per acre, making their sale prohibitive to actual energetic producers and developers.

A banker in one of these towns of about 4,000 people in north central California recently told us that he

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was going to close out his business, that his competitor could have it all, that it was easy enough to loan money but the security was of little or no value. We remarked that the town was full of people, the stores were full of fruits and vegetables, the mines were active with prospectors, the stage coaches were filled with tourists and seekers for mines, etc., and that land was valued at $100 to $300 per acre—why not use these things as security for loans. He replied that they were not convertible into cash, hence not available security for loans. In other words, this banker meant to say that there are no markets for California inland products, that the railroads discriminate against them to the blighting of the development of the country, that they are too far from the centers of consuming people—from our great cities. They hope by expansion to develop San Francisco and other large coast cities, and thus create a home market for fruits, grains and vegetables, as well as for wine, brandy and flowers.

It is fascinating to see ripe oranges in December, red roses, blue heliotropes, yellow chrysanthemums and white lilies in gorgeous beauty everywhere. It is inspiring to walk beneath the cooling shade of the eucalyptus, the acacia, the palm and the pepper tree, and breathe their aromatic fragrance. It is grand to travel in the land of the orange and the lemon, the fig and the olive, the almond and the walnut, the vine and ever ripe berry! But the climate soon wearies you for want of positive manly energy, for want of man-producing care, and for want of bracing ozone.

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The vast wheat lands inland from San Francisco are still held at from $100 to $300 per acre when subject to irrigation, and wheat does not pay the cost of production. Fruit is rotting on the trees and the ground, while at the same time land is being plowed for more wheat, and new orchards are being set out. The towns have decreased in population since the census of 1890, and the bankers, business men and professional men cannot understand it. They cannot tell where the people have gone, nor what is the reason of it all. One says, if we can only have thirty-five inches of rainfall this winter, wetting up the subsoil so that the surface and subterranean waters will meet in the soil, then we will have enormous crops of wheat and fruit, and the people will return to us and to their vacant houses! He does not seem to realize that these people have gone mad after city life, after the glitter and unrest of the modern Sodom and Gomorrah,—gone to live in helpless poverty or vicious lust brought on by the hope of fortune; sapped of life by sensational journalism, sexual excesses and sensual dissipation; made sterile in reproduction; made mad in despair; wrecked in commercial competition, social prestige and individual misguidance.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A———, of Napa, California, we recently were shown through the prune drying, curing and shipping plant of the Napa Fruit Company, members of the California Fruit Association. This plant alone ships during the season about sixty car-loads of French prunes, with a net tonnage of 24,000 pounds to the car, or in all for the season,

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1,440,000 pounds of dried and cured fruit. It is packed in twenty-five and fifty-pound boxes, and shipped east, most of the product going from this point to Boston. The production of prunes for the market began in California in earnest with the destruction of the vineyard by the phylloxera. The business has been perfected and systematized, until now it is as regular and certain, in its operations, as an Illinois or Wisconsin creamery. Mr. A——— is an Englishman who has been in California some fifteen years, being the owner of one-third of this Napa Fruit Company plant, and several fruit ranches besides. He has engaged in fruit shipping, and reports the general profits of the business for the season largely a loss to the shipper.

Mr. B———, the president of the Napa Fruit Company, is from Illinois, and takes great pride in the fact that this company is co-operative. All members of the company have their fruit dried, cured and prepared for market at this plant. The prunes are hauled to the dry houses, are first scalded in a weak lye to extract the oil from the skin, so that the evaporation or drying may be readily effected. The fruit is then placed on racks, or drying pans and laid out in the sun, after which it is collected, put in bins, and then run through a separator, which grades the fruit according to size. It is then steamed slightly and packed in boxes, as seen in the market in the East.

We have detailed the prune production for the reason that it is typical of the canned-fruit industry, and the orange, lemon, fig, olive, almond and English walnut industry of the Pacific Coast. It is hoped that

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the California Fruit Association will not go, as has the Wine Association, largely into the hands of Hebrews. The wineries at Napa stoutly declare the purity of their wines, and assert that the adulteration takes place in San Francisco. We know it also takes place after it reaches Chicago.

The fresh fruit, canned fruit, and dried fruit business of California is enormous, as much so as was, at one time, the wheat ranch business and the wine production, but there is no certain, fixed value to general securities, and banks are not pleased with their profits as a whole. Occasionally a banker makes a profit by a speculation, but in the legitimate banking business there is little or no profit. Neither is there a profit in the mercantile business in these inland fruit towns. The apathy of the climate has stolen in upon the people, and they live in ease and indifference. The restless and evil-minded flock to the city — to lives of gambling and infamy. The ignorant foreigners of the city are crowded out into the country, and are the fear of the respectable fruit-ranch owners who desire to preserve the exclusive conditions that they once enjoyed, as did the Southern cotton or sugar planter. This ranchman has done precisely as did the cotton and sugar planter. He has spent his later life as his family has spent theirs, in riotous living in the city, and the ranch has often gone from his ownership, or is mortgaged or divided up and in the hands of the foreigners. What better evidence can we have of the march of our present civilization and of its ultimate conditions, so far as the descendants of the Pilgrim

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forefathers, the William Penns and Southern chivalry, are concerned?

At Merced, California, we became acquainted with a wheat ranchman. He is a man of unusual advancement in economic and social ideas pertaining to agricultural life. He tells us that wheat lands just outside of the irrigation districts of Modesto and Merced are held at from $40 to $60 per acre, and that wheat is sold at from seventy-eight to eighty-five cents per hundred pounds, or from forty-two cents to fifty-one cents per bushel, and that wheat farmers will be compelled to resort to diversified farming, or endure failure and loss of landed estates. At this date, December 12, 1900, they are plowing with six to twelve-horse or mule teams. The land has been thoroughly moistened by recent heavy rains. The wheat sown upon this land will be harvested in May and June. He explains the low price of wheat by the "boom" in the demand for ships. The moment a ship is for charter, factors or middle-men take advantage of the demand, charter the ship and put the re-charter price up to an exorbitant rate. The factor thus absorbs the profit that should go to the producing farmer. He argues that the proposed ship subsidy bill now before Congress will result in a farce so far as the producer is concerned. The East will reap the benefit which will be largely confined to a few large manufacturing establishments and their chief stockholders. He has been a life-long republican, but believes the day has passed for protective tariff conditions; his wheat should go to Liverpool in free trade vessels, and manufactures

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should not be built up at the expense of the tax-paying farmer. Enormous wealth should not be amassed by protective tariff to secure the final downfall of the masses of small property owners and of agriculture. He deplores the tendency of education in agricultural colleges, and calls attention to the things taught that lead the student directly away from agriculture and into fields of city life, commercial competition and social degradation. He is wholly unable to retain possession of his vast acreage of land, and cannot perpetuate its ownership in his children. His community has tried co-operative fraternities, and disbanded them for reasons of economy. He seems to have the idea that fraternal societies are co-operative brotherhoods. He says that he has been contending that there should be a financial feature in every co-operative undertaking.

It is incomprehensible to us that all agriculturalists have not long ago arrived at this conclusion. If a farming community will pool their issues socially and financially, will each and all put up their farms, stock, labor and brains into a common fund, and will produce, according to the best methods, and be guided by the highest ideals of social and physical development, they can dictate terms to people who consume, and may then hold up their heads and walk erect in a sense of success and power that inflates the speculator, the manufacturer, the professor, the preacher, the doctor and the politician. However, we would go farther, we would pool all issues of all peoples in all communities and own all things in common, and annihilate

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competition and individual ownership of profit, and with it banish greed, strife, vice and crime; and we would control the higher social, esthetic, moral, health and happiness conditions by the teaching of rational Mental Science. No community life has ever succeeded without a high ideal. The moment that that high ideal has become outraged by contact with greed and individual property ownership and vice of city life, the misguided youth of economical societies have gone daft after worldly possessions and demanded a division of community property.

There never has yet been a sufficiently high ideal of life inaugurated. It should be on the Edward Bellamy plane of ideality. His book should be read in co-operative fraternity meetings. It is no dream, as many sordid greed suckers contend. It is an early probability, and people should acquaint themselves with its pages, and then should further acquaint themselves with the ideas and practices of the leading Mental Scientists, if they desire to be healthful, happy and prosperous, and get out of the slough of despond into the haven of beauty, plenty and purity of life.

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CHAPTER II.

KANSAS MINERAL, SALT AND BOOM COMPANY.

El Reno, Oklahoma, January 30, 1901.

IN THE early part of 1887, when Kansas had had ten years or more of the most phenominal prosperity that had ever come to any land, when Wichita grew to a city of 50,000 people and its wheat and corn fields were fabulous in their wealth, when railroads began to honeycomb the entire state and packing house plants, mills, elevators and newspapers were started in every village, there appeared one day in the central county seat of the state a peculiar malady. This town had about 1,100 people. It had been the county seat before it had any railroad or any population. The Santa Fe railroad was ten miles to the south. It had finally, in 1879, obtained a branch of the Santa Fe. In the early part of 1887 it obtained a branch of the Missouri Pacific Railway and also a branch or what was then supposed to be an extension of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway from Wichita to Ellsworth on the Kansas Pacific Railway.

Our county seat now had three distinct lines of railway. It was the center of trade of the Buffalo Cow creek, Plum creek and Little Arkansas wheat belt. There were Hoosier farmers, Buckeye farmers, Iowa farmers and Illinois farmers who were growing over one section of 640 acres of wheat and often nearly as much more corn each. They had no weeds to fight, no mud to dry out and to impede their progress and

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work. They had rich, sandy, alluvial soil that was easily worked and they had sufficient rains to produce crops.

Because of these conditions, land, loan and mortgage companies had sprung up in every small mushroom metropolis. They loaned eastern and foreign capital on any piece of land that was cut out for a farm and they guaranteed the interest on the loans to the debenture owners and purchasers. Then the town lot craze struck Wichita and other large towns. It was a combination of these conditions that produced a malady known as "boom." Its symptoms were feverishness, high pulse, dilated iris and intense nervous activity. It soon degenerated into the "*Loco Foco*" of the wild horse herds of the plains and left the patient dazed, bereft of employment, property and means of support and with but little physical capacity to recuperate. It was this peculiar malady that struck this little county seat in 1887. It came in one morning on the construction train from Wichita. It had been contracted there by some freaks in the real estate business. Immediately the disease spread. The wind and dust of the street seemed to hurry on the fever. Bankers were seen scurrying about through the dust storms, surveying corner lots and locating mill sites. Property began to change hands. Before night the disease was all over town. In a few days it had reached the surrounding farmers, and those nearest town began to lay out their farms into town lots—and organize land and town lot syndicates. The people came from all quarters of the earth and began to buy. Men

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bought an option to-day and sold the option to-morrow for a profit of from $100 to $1,000. Pressed brick, French plate-glass front stores began to be built. New hotels were built by subscription, Masonic temples were built by stock companies, street car companies were organized and tracks were about to be laid and cars about to be run. Water-works were built and the town was watered and lawns began to appear. Fine houses, almost palaces, were built and still the fever grew. Clerks began to take options and project homes, milliners began to be speculators and all that.

In the midst of all this the writer conceived the idea of boring for possibilities under the town. A company was formed with a capital of twenty millions and three thousand dollars were paid down. A well was bored and 284 feet thickness of almost pure mineral salt was discovered. A committee was sent to Warsaw and Syracuse, salt districts of New York. The writer reported for that committee and at once the Warsaw method of securing the salt was adopted. Water was forced into one aperture and the dissolved salt or brine was pumped out of an adjacent aperture or well. The brine was evaporated and the pure crystal salt was obtained in enormous quantities. Salt plants sprang up all over in Ellsworth, Sterling and Hutchinson. It seemed that the whole central part of the state was underlain with this bed of salt. At one time Hutchinson had some thirteen of these evaporating plants, but the Kansas Mineral, Salt and Boom Company made the original discovery. It was soon discovered that it was one thing to produce salt and an-

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other thing to find a market for it. Our boom headlines of accessory chemical plants for by-products of salt never materialized although we forced them hard to attract capital, etc. The evaporating plants began to close down for want of a market. The total crop failure of 1887 had put a gloom upon the "boom." It was the first time in years that these grand promises of wheat had been dessicated on Memorial Day, by the hot winds to commemorate the rebellion of the South and the carnage of the civil war. This was followed by another warning. It came on the national holiday again. On the Fourth of July, 1887, vast fields of corn that promised from seventy to ninety bushels to the acre went up, out of sight, off the earth in chinooks or hot, dry winds from the pan-handle of Texas. After Memorial Day there was not enough wheat on an acre to make a shock, whereas two days before it was heading to make from forty to fifty bushels to the acre. After Fourth of July there was not enough cornstalks or blades upon an acre to make a shock of fodder and that was black and dessicated. Yet two days earlier it had given a most wonderful promise. Kansas can promise more in May and June and pay out less in July and August than any state in the United States.

Merchants who had for a few months been unable to secure goods fast enough for the increasing demand began to find a breathing spell and time to attend a frolic, a ball or to listen to a traveling troupe. The boom went on. Pressed brick, plate-glass fronts, Masonic temples and opera houses were built and cupolas

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and mortgages were placed upon them. Farmers ceased their purchases almost wholly, but carpenters, plasterers and painters purchased more. Certain lines of dry goods became stagnant; finer lines came in demand. Large stocks were carried over and extensions of time of payment of bills were asked for and allowed.

The president and cashier of the First National Bank became leaders in syndicates, subdividing farms and platting and selling town lots. They became promotors of a new town fifteen miles away at the new junction of our branch with the main line of the Missouri Pacific. They used all their cash in their options and the bank began to flounder and the stockholders began to come on from the East and trouble was in the air. The president stepped down and out and a new arrival from the East put in his money. The cashier became a juggler and rediscounted paper and began wrecking merchants by securing mortgages which he agreed not to put on record but wanted them merely as a showing of security to eastern stockholders. He began giving merchants a small amount in cash for their mortgaged merchandise and the merchant would skip out between two days. This was after the second crop failure—the one of 1888. The farmers had, many of them, left their farms in the night and had fled with their teams only, to Colorado, Washington and to the East, had left their debts for merchandise and mortgage indebtedness behind unpaid and it never has been paid. Twelve years later, the $10,000 home of the First National Bank president sold for $1,000. All town property decreased in value

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from $100 to $10. The bank lost all its profits and capital and the stockholders became bankrupt. Every merchant lost all of his original capital and most of them were bankrupt. The president of the State Bank is whittling on a hog ranch in the backwoods of Missouri, probably to keep from becoming insane from want of occupation and means of support for his family.

The Kansas Mineral, Salt and Boom Company is now represented by a St. Louis concern that came in and sunk a shaft and mined the mineral salt. The evaporating plants all went out of existence with the collapse of the boom. The subdivided lands have been reconverted into farms. The town site addition houses have been taken down in sections and removed to other towns and sold, or sold to farmers, etc.

The dry, hot winds continue. Corn growing is a thing of the past. Wheat is about the only crop that will now mature before the hot winds come on. The region that blossomed like a sunflower from 1876 to 1886 is reinhabitated on a penurious scale off the wrecks of that decade of prosperity.

Few men who were in business at the beginning of the 1887 "boom" in this central county seat town are now in the state of Kansas. Others from the mud of Illinois and from the clay of Ohio and the rocks of Kentucky have taken their places and bought the original pioneers out at ten cents on the dollar or taken the property from the mortgage-loan company, at ten cents on the dollar. So endeth the Kansas Mineral, Salt and Boom Company. It is a product of modern commercialism, a fungoid growth of fortune seeking,

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a wreck of men's lives and of woman's virtue, as all wealth-producing schemes for the individual always are in the final outcome for those concerned directly or indirectly. Those who accumulate wealth move to cities and mostly lose their honor and character. Those who fail and do not accumulate in the speculation are relegated to the frontier, the street or the mad-house. And yet not even they have often sufficiently broad and liberal intelligence to make an effort to overcome these very conditions that are belaboring them.

They can vote for erratic temperance laws and continuously violate them. They can license "joints" and "boot-legs" in violation of the law and can create fanatics who take the law into their own hands to bring on speedy justice in violation of justice that should be administered by courts of justice. But their native weakness and innate self-greed will not permit them to consider co-operative existence and pure community life under ideal conditions of health and happiness.

Yet we hope and believe that the movement inaugurated by Mrs. Nation and Mrs. Sheriff will result in the enforcement of existing statutory law. If laws are not respected they should be repealed and not defiled.

Temperance is as essentially correct as is Quaker justice and honesty. It is born of the intuitive knowledge that alcoholic stimulants debauch and debase youth and adults of Christian civilization.

The higher the ideal of civilization the more terrible its debasement by intemperance and sexual ex-

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cesses. Intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks is the essential promoter of sexual and gambling excesses. Intemperance is born of woman's knowledge that her sons and daughters are being ruined sexually, physically, morally, by addiction to the drink habit. Intemperance is a disease of inheritance and of acquired habit just as sexual excesses are diseases of inheritance and acquired habit and both are co-ordinate and beget each other and lead to insanity, poverty and total wreckage of the individual.

The personal and family experience of all great temperance leaders teaches them that the higher they are developed in ideal life the more terrible the downfall from the drink habit. It is so with the downfall of woman. She seldom recovers because her virtue has been placed upon a higher pedestal of ideality than has that of man.

The "Keeley Cure" is almost purely a mental treatment or psychologization and the efficiency of this "cure" is gradually lessening as the psychic influences of Keeley himself grow less by time and by the imperfect understanding of his followers who assume to be teachers and Keeley Cure doctors. Few, if any of them, teach Keeleyism as he taught it, just as few of Weltmer's disciples will probably teach Weltmerism as he teaches it himself.

They mix up Keeleyism with all sorts of physical remedies, hence the several branches and off-shoots of Keeleyism and hence the gradual dissipation of real psychic Keeleyism as a cure for intemperance.

Keeleyism is declining just as Eddyism will prob-

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ably decline as such and much as Christism has declined through its misunderstanding by the masses who have established a mixture of greed and Catholicism, of gold and Protestantism, and have fallen.

The rise and decline of Keeleyism is a splendid illustration of psychic or metaphysical influence upon treatment of disease and it illustrates most efficiently the danger of imperfect applied psychic influences or thought concentration. It is parallel to the evil influence of hypnotic efforts and occultism in general. Every acquired habit of daily life that interferes with ideality, spirituality, abstract justice or divine goodness is an intemperate habit.

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CHAPTER III.

KANSAS CITY FLAT-RESIDENCE COMPANY.

Oklahoma City, January 18, 1901.

IN JUNE, 1889, when the grand fields of wheat of central Kansas were bending their heads in bowing acknowledgment of the beneficient conditions of the climate and promising such a rich and abundant harvest after two consecutive years of total annihilation of crops by the hot winds from the southwest, a leading firm of merchants in the center of the state exchanged their stock of merchandise, their homes and their store building for three flat-buildings of eight residences each at the corner of Tenth Street and Virginia Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri. These twenty-four flat-residences were mortgaged for $30,000 and were supposed to have an equity of at least as much as the amount of the mortgage. The firm of merchants had passed through the conditions described in the chapter on Kansas Mineral, Salt and Boom Company and were endeavoring to flee from the conditions imposed upon central Kansas by the total crop failures of 1887 and 1888 and by the collapse of the "boom." With the rich crop promise of 1889 they hastened to exchange their central Kansas belongings for this Kansas City property. The latter city was supposed at that date, June, 1899, to have reached the anti-climax of prosperity, and property was supposed to have decreased in value to its proper and correct intrinsic valuation.

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This firm of Kansas merchants was recommended in this purchase and exchange by the attorneys for the Jarvis Conklin Mortgage Trust Company, now defunct. The mortgage on the three flat-buildings was in the name of the Lombard Investment Company, also now defunct.

One of the merchants moved to Kansas City and occupied one of the flat-residences in order to care for the twenty-four flat-residences and collect rents, etc. He soon found that the tenants or renters were occupying the premises upon all sorts of verbal agreements not mentioned in the leases. Several were in arrears in rent payment and many were of disreputable character. These renters consisted of families of men who had moved to the city from all parts of Missouri and Kansas to become street car conductors, clerks, day laborers and roustabouts. Some were widows whose ostensible means of support was dressmaking and some were the supposed wives of cattle men who came to see these women when they were not out west upon their ranches. These renters received male company of about every description when the cattle man was out of town. The general complexion and characteristics of these flat renters was that of the average person seen on the streets of Kansas City at that time. It was a composite picture made from the dissipated carousals of cow-boys and cattle-punchers—from the offspring of the backwoodsman of Missouri who had come to the city to lead a life of carousal and shame—from the mulatto element that was consorting with all the above mentioned elements in more or less familiar contact. In

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short, these renting people were a mixture of the vicious element of southern civilization and the booming elements of northern civilization, neither of which knew proper license in morals or business.

The population of the city was made up of freak loan companies, mad real estate boomers, licentious cow-boys and the female consorts of these elements and their attachees. As a freak condition we designate the construction of these three flat buildings at Tenth Street and Virginia Avenue in a town where land is plenty and there is no necessity for congested population. Flat-buildings and residences may be a good means of rental in New York city where factory operatives are compelled to huddle together as nearly as possible to their work in cigar factories, etc., in order to save street car fare and in order to fester and become beset with sores of vicious social conditions. These flat residences will do for women who live off the visits of licentious men of Wall Street and the stock jobbing element. They will do in congested New York for that element of people who have been educated to the vicious tendencies of life as taught in the Latin quarter of Paris, in the slums of London, Rome, Berlin and Vienna, but flat-buildings are not for Americans who are descended from the Pilgrim forefathers, from William Penns or from Southern chivalry.

What necessity is there for people to congregate, one floor above another and live where babies can only put their faces against one front window and see only brutality in the street before them and breathe no air of purity or respectability? What conditions of social

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life exist to permit of such an existence in such a vile atmosphere of air and immorality? Why do these people want to congregate in these vile dens of sickness, vice and crime? Why do they escape from the pure air of the country to huddle in this cess-pool of iniquity? Presumably to earn a living, if not by their hands and the sweat of their brow, then by gambling and prostitution in all its vile forms.

The most elegant flat-buildings and the most elegant apartment houses in the most aristocratic portions of the largest cities, are simply the abiding places of the harlot, of divorcees and of society leeches and gamblers. Respectable people do not live in flats so soon as they learn the nature of the social conditions that exist therein. A few deluded traveling men place their wives in a flat-residence to learn sooner or later that she, the wife, meets and receives other men during the husband's absence. She probably would not have consented to move into a flat-residence had she not desired the opportunity of clandestine association of evil-doers.

All co-operative schemes on the flat-residence plan, fail largely because of the vile immorality they inculcate and make possible. All manufacturers' flat-residence schemes to accommodate operatives fail for like reasons and because of dissensions of families so closely associated in dwelling places. Flat-residences remove children and adults from the soil, from contact with nature, purity and life itself. Flat-residences are not a necessity but are products of modern commercialism in its vilest form. They are erected and constructed

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by men who want to sell ground rents for the wages of sin and debauchery, by men who desire to live off fictitious ground values and off the commissions they receive from the illicit co-habitation of their renters. Flat-residences are occupied by effete society people, those who live in the suburbs of so-called society and by adventuresses and their consorts.

We advocate community life, but communities of family residences with sufficient grounds for cultivation and employment, affording all possible opportunities for fresh air, contact with nature and freedom from vicious contamination of artificial vice.

Because of the above conditions, after ownership of one year and one-half in December, 1890, these twenty-four flat-residences were exchanged for Texas land, which transaction and the results and teachings thereof, will be described in another chapter.

It would seem that it is about time to correct the conditions detailed in flat-residence life above—about time to correct it by co-operative brotherhood communities which will take the masses of people away from over crowded cities and will enable them to place themselves under rational Mental Science teachings of health and happiness.

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CHAPTER IV.

TEXAS LAND, CATTLE AND COTTON COMPANY.

Purcell, Indian Territory, January 23, 1901.

IN DECEMBER, 1890, when all Texas was awakened to the possibilities of her future, when cotton was nine and one-half to ten cents per pound, when the reaction had set in after the fearful depression caused by the collapse of the several land and cattle companies scattered over the plains and even among the cotton lands that were settled by emigrants from the South before and after the civil war, when mortgage loan companies were placing their eastern capital upon ranches and farms and city suburban lots, then the parties who had passed through the experiences of the Kansas Mineral, Salt and Boom Company and the Kansas City Flat-Residence Company traded or exchanged their twenty-four flat-residences in Kansas City for 1,609 acres in one parallelogram near Mexia, Texas; 958 acres in the heavy black lands near Waxahachie, Texas, and 1,280 acres wild lands on the frontier and on the banks of the Rio Grande. The lands were all mortgaged to the Dallas Mortgage Company, or the Equitable Mortgage Company, both we believe now defunct. The parties who owned these lands were Dallas bankers and ranch owners. Their bank was one of the largest in Dallas. It also is now defunct. The Kansas City flats which they acquired were taken under a foreclosure and the man who first signed the mortgage for $30,000, on the Kansas City

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flats is also defunct. One of the parties who exchanged Texas lands above for Kansas City flats is also defunct and financially all parties connected with all the exchanges from central Kansas to Kansas City and to Texas, as well as the parties who exchanged with them in each instance, are defunct. The original central Kansas parties are still living and one of the original Texas parties, but, as stated before, the rest are all defunct physically and those who still exist are defunct financially.

Their history is that of all people who endeavor to become rich by unusual boom conditions or by ordinary development conditions of the natural resources of the country.

Permanent riches are acquired under our system of civilization by the man who operates and owns the bank, the faro bank, the express company, the railroad or street car company, the government bonds or the man who controls the meat and flour output. Riches are acquired by a rake-off from the necessities of the poor, or by an extraordinary invention a monopoly of which is given by the government as a premium, or by control of the natural oil output, or by an occasional discovery of a gold mine, or by ownership of central city office-buildings and by owners of Clark Street dives.

But to return to the Texas ranches. This 1,609 acres was in part heavily timbered with walnut, pecan, elm, oak and cedar. The Navasota river runs through one corner on a bed of clear white limestone. Perhaps two-thirds of the 1,609 acres was rolling prairie

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of the very richest land imaginable. One of the Kansas parties who had been a cattle man in Oregon and Texas, then a county treasurer and farmer in Kansas, a merchant and a Kansas City flat renter, moved onto this 1,609 acres and began its cultivation with the aid of resident blacks. His annual interest payment to the mortgage company was about $700. Another of the original Kansas parties paid this interest out of his earnings as a traveling man for two years and furnished horses, etc., with which to work the farm.

Cotton began falling from nine and one-half cents per pound in 1890. It fell to three and one-half cents per pound in 1895 and the manager could not pay the interest and the mortgage company foreclosed and the party moved away after renting the place one year, proposing to give $500 cash rent for 1,609 acres and by so doing lost most of his horses, etc.

The 958 acres near Waxahachie were sold for $3,000, for the equity and this $3,000 went to partially reimburse the traveling party for his expenditure of about $5,640, out of his personal earnings as a traveling man.

The 1,280 acres on the frontier were never seen nor looked after; they were merely accepted, nominally, in the trade to cause the Texas parties to believe that these whole 3,845 acres were regarded as valuable, hence were accepted, all for the twenty-four flat-residences in Kansas City.

It should be noted that the original central Kansas parties in these two exchanges, did not, in either case, take the Kansas City or the Texas property under

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agreement to pay the mortgages, but merely accepted the properties subject to encumbrances. Of course all the parties who signed the original mortgages on all the different properties went broke—failed financially as they always do in large mortgages on lands, buildings, railroads or any other undertaking. In each and every case in large undertakings the mortgage company making the loan becomes final owner of the property. It did so in Kansas, California, Texas, in Wichita, Denver, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Dallas. It does so in every case, in large undertakings. There is this difference, however, in the history of the past ten years, from 1890 to 1900, in almost every instance the mortgage loan companies went to the wall and of course the second mortgage loaners went first. And before the second mortgage loaners, went first of all the equity owner or actual purchaser of the property for use, rental or occupation. And yet you cannot teach the people to refuse to give mortgages. It is so enticing. It may be the means of making them rich, powerful, full of dollars and greed and enable them to cope with the man who has been grinding them to death at the local bank and it may enable them to place their children where they can browbeat with dollars the children of other lesser wealth or of those of poverty and of blacks.

Texas cattle companies, Wyoming sheep and cattle companies, and Kansas and Montana sheep and cattle companies are organized on grand scales by sprigs of Eastern, Southern or European civilization--which support houses in the country on the ranch and resorts in

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the city in polite society. Both are resorts of vice and debauchery. Of course a reaction comes and all of them go broke—fail utterly to meet their obligations with Cheyenne and other banks and the banks go broke and the president and cashier blow their brains out with a gun.

Yet when one advocates co-operative brotherhood associations like that at Burley Washington he is denominated a freak, an impracticable theorist, a fool. When one advocates Mental Science teachings of health and happiness in connection with co-operative associations he is denominated a weak-minded bundle of misplaced nerves, a hypnotist, a clairvoyant, a divine healer or a thought vibrationist. The people who make these criticisms are steeped in secret vice, in abnormal greed and in hypocrisy of man-made religion.

In 1896 we made a trip from Fort Worth to El-Paso, Texas, in company with a colonel who was a veteran of the Mexican, the Civil and the more recent frontier Indian wars. He had been a Texas cattle ranchman in the palmy days and gave us some data upon the subject about as follows:

In southern and western Texas the cattle ranches which cost the cattlemen from twenty-five cents to $1 per acre are now non-supporting, from a standpoint of payment of taxes, in many instances. In 1871 cattle were purchased in southern and southwestern Texas from $4 to $9 per head. This price gradually increased until the hard winters of the North began in 1879, when the price advanced to as high as $16 per head for driving and shipping cattle. About this time

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cattle men began to fail because of losses from severe winters, and because the sale on Texas cattle decreased, arising from a growing supply and demand for graded cattle. At the present day, the cattle business of Texas is of the past. The land that was once herding land is now too arid for successful agriculture, and presents the picture of an immense battlefield, partially recovered to civil life by an occasional new house and a dwarfed garden patch. The whole field as far as the eye can reach in this thin, mirage atmosphere, is strewn with decaying bones of laggards in the great annual cattle drives and roundsup.

The rise and fall of the Roman Empire was hardly less extensive in its wealth, in its carnage and in its annihilation than has been the rise and fall of the cattle business in Texas and the Southwest.

At Big Springs, after leaving Paradise Valley, the colonel points out to us the place just north of Big Springs, where in 1871, Milliken, Allison and himself rounded up their cattle, making a combined herd of about ten thousand with over one hundred cowboys in attendance. Immediately they had gone into camp in early evening, there appeared about two hundred Indians, who being met in parley, contended that some of their horses were among those of the cattle men, and at the same time began to start a cattle stampede. In the terrible battle that ensued eight cowboys gave up their lives, and the Indians were completely routed.

The colonel's tale of Indian deviltry and cowboy bravery failed to cause enthusiastic interest. We had been for several hours gasping for breath under the

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scorching application of a dry, hot Texas wind—a wind that parches the lips, dries up the mucous of the eyes and nostrils, dessicates the feverish skin and causes a sickly feeling to come over one, to which seasickness is a pleasure.

And this is the land which is offered for sale in princely blocks of several thousand acres each by land promoters. How a man with a comfortable central Illinois farm, where crop failures are unknown, where rain is abundant, where there is a beautiful and healthful change of seasons, and all the comforts of education and civilization, can so far forget his duty to his wife and children as to consider an exchange of his farm for these arid or semi-arid lands of the great West or Southwest, is beyond our ken. No amount of celestial, storm-producing bombardment, no amount of building of rain reservoirs, no amount of artesian wells and wind-mills will ever neutralize the effects of these hot winds, be they in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska or the Dakotas.

A period of bountiful rainfall like that which came to Kansas from 1876 to 1886, and developed a period of agricultural prosperity for which the history of the world has no parallel, furnishes perhaps sufficient promotion wind to excite the cupidity of those longing after princely agricultural independence. Such cupidity cannot be excited by the lethargy that has overcome the inhabitants of that region since the crop failures of 1887 and 1888, and the period of scanty rainfall since those dates of devastation.

Contrast this condition of cattle men's arid land

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opulence and its decline with that of the small irrigation lands of the Mexicans about El Paso, to which we next came.

The second morning, an irrigated oasis along the banks of the Rio Grande delights our eyes for an hour before approaching El Paso. Sombreroed Mexicans are harvesting rich fields of alfalfa hay, and hauling it in fine loads on what the colonel calls the boulevard, to El Paso. Senoras and senoritas, clad in high colors, are peering out from adobe houses or languidly resting in the shade of semi-tropic fruit trees. Herds of goats are browsing in the grama grass of the unirrigated lands, the peaceful burro is being ridden by from one to three dwarf children, there is that strange commingling of Spanish-Indian, commonly called "Greaser," with the renegade colored population from the South and East, streaked here and there with an element of early German and Jewish traders, and largely led and dominated by him who was formerly a cattle man, a railroad contractor, or a Mexican trader. He has perhaps at one time kept a saloon, a gambling house and a dance house; he may now be a banker, a mine owner or a merchant.

We witnessed the free-for-all race which opened Oklahoma in April, 1889. It was a scramble of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, as well as the unemployed of other states, to secure lands of the Indian and drive him further on and off the earth. The Missouri, Arkansas and Texas "cracker" families of the "poor white trash" were often even inferior to the black families that made the race and very often in-

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ferior to many of the Indians who were being supplanted and driven off, and yet because they were white, because they could pull their gun, because they could browbeat blacks, drink whiskey, dip snuff and stand upon their faded honor, sir, they were permitted to go their ruthless way and establish another ignorant civilization on the confines of cotton-growing, Indian-extermination and purgatory.

We recently rode in a belated night train from Mangum, Greer county, Oklahoma, through Granite, Mountain View and Anadarko to Chickasha, on the border of the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservations, which are to be opened up for settlement by whites during the summer of 1901. We were forced to listen to the boisterous political jobbery talk of Department of Interior attaches, to Fort Sill military renegades, to Anadarko Indian-school jobbers, to professional land grabbers and bursted town-site boomers, to frontier boom-town-literature, to stories of the vile traffic in Indian women and to the vicious conditions of the wards of the United States government—made so by frontier besotted whites both in and out of government employment. We were compelled to listen until we were sick, nauseated, chemicalized.

These Indians are encamped in tents in the brush near the Indian agency at Anadarko. They are fed in part by rations issued by the government and in part by traffic in sexuality with whites and blacks. The method of treatment by pioneer whites and government attaches for several generations attended with compulsory removal from reservation to reservation

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has finally sapped all the native heroism of character of the redman. It has reduced his Hiawatha purity to the level of London slums and Parisian dives, to Roman vice and Mohammedan bestiality. It is not especially the cowboy who is responsible for this. It is the early government agent, the low, indolent regular army deserter and the vile commissary and post trader thieves as well as the outlaw, gambler and the dead-shot free-booter.

We were accosted by a man of fifty. He had been born of respectable parentage in Lexington, Kentucky. Had been among the Kiowas for over thirty years; was formerly chief of the Indian police force; was considered frisky with his gun; had a queer habit of taking a gun in one hand and a bottle in another and enforcing sociability over the bottle. He married, as he related, a beautiful young squaw; took her out of Indian camp life—a woman who cannot read or write, and yet she makes a noble wife. She remains at home and looks after her seven children and sees that they practice upon the piano and keep themselves neat. Her white husband still takes sprees, but keeps the main eye upon the government allotment to his people, as he calls the Indians. He, his wife, and their seven children, constitute the family of nine, each of whom receives and has allotted to him or her one hundred and sixty acres of land. Theirs is all in one body, being fine farming land seven miles west from Chickasha and 1,440 acres in all, with good buildings upon it. This squaw-man says the missionaries are responsible for much of the woes of the Indian and that if he lost

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his wife and was to choose another he would choose her from among the uneducated full-blood Kiowas in preference to the educated half-breeds of the government and mission schools. Yet he says four of his own half-breed children are now attending the Presbyterian mission schools.

An editor who occupies for the Indian Territory much the same position that W. C. Brann once occupied with the Iconoclast in Waco, Texas, says that the Indian has absolutely no knowledge of the great spirit, the great father or anything but the vulgar, dirty, indolent idea, and never had. Yet he acknowledges that the full-blood Indian wife of this squaw-man is the man's superior from a moral and social standpoint, notwithstanding he came from a highly civilized Kentucky family. She has credit with merchants. He does not. A minister who has had charges for five years in different parts of the Indian Territory says that in all his experience with the Indians he has not known one case of illegitimate offspring among full-blood Indians. In other words it is the degenerate whites and blacks that produce illegitimacy and destroy virtue among innocent Indian girls. Indians are more pure than whites as a people.

It seems to us that the native redman or woman is just as amenable to a civilization of purity, morality and integrity of character as is the white man and that the failures to accomplish results are because of the malformed civilization of the whites who have contaminated the Indians ever since the discovery of America by Spanish, English and French.

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One needs but read the history of the ruin of Aztec civilization by the greed and debauchery of Spanish cavalier Catholicism and note the condition of the Indian of Old Mexico to-day to see the result of that vicious civilization of greed and lust that was thrust upon the Aztec. One needs but study the history of the Greaser of New Mexico and Arizona; one needs but notice the Indian schools and their mixed white blood students and note the tendency to licentiousness of the white blood among them; one needs but go among Indians to see how and why they have been largely exterminated by our great (?) good (?) pure (?) arrogant Caucasian civilization of greed and lust. The cohabitation of whites and Indians in the brush about Anadarko to-day is no worse than is the illegitimate cohabitation of society devotees, church members, typewritists, department store attaches, so-called professional nurses and people generally in all large cities and is not as productive of degeneracy on the whole. In cities it reaches to all avenues of family and domestic life and seems in its growing condition to be fast having no limit.

Cities are worse dens of vice than is the free air of the country. Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Celtic and Hebrew mixtures of city vice, poverty and crime yields greater per capita than that of the Indians of whom we say so little good and from whom the avaricious whites have taken both land, health and virtue.

To satisfy Texas cattle men who have been leasing cattle ranges from the Indians, the government set apart 480,000 acres for the common benefit of these

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Indians in the Kiowa and Comanche reservations, in addition to the 480,000 acres allotted or set apart in 160 acres to each Indian. The first 480,000 acres is to be kept in one body and leased by the government to cattle men for the benefit of the Indians. The cattle men and a Chicago and Pacific railroad company are apparently seeing to it that their 480,000 acres is of the very best land in the reservation and that it lies adjacent to the railroad. Of course there is no jobbery in all this by anybody, not even by the United States government officials. Oh! No! Politics are too pure!

Westerners may continue to assert that there is no good Indian but a dead one; may allege that they are indolent, unclean and void of virtue, yet their own itinerant railroad camp families from Ireland, Italy, Bohemia and from Missouri are more unclean, more void of virtue and more bestial.

We have walked through the streets of London and Edinburg and seen more vice and degradation than is to be encountered in any Indian camp. There is more traffic in lust in the cities of Paris, Vienna and Rome and in the cities of New York, Chicago and San Francisco per capita than in any Indian camp, and it is of a lower character in cities. In cities it seems to partake of the gross degeneracy of the Oscar Wilde type and it permeates all business, social, denominational and educational avenues. Any observant person may see it as he runs. He encounters it on every turn in his chase for dollars to which city life is almost wholly abandoned. Yet people flock to the cities to become rich and powerful, presumably where they may best

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hide their secret lust or diversion in the pursuit of greed.

We know of no more appropriate place in which to mention these things than in connection with cattle ranching and the contact of these opulent people with young Indians and in the visits of cattle and sheep men to cities and frontier towns.

Concerning the practical education of Indians along the lines of our present methods of life and bread-producing capacity, it seems to us that the evidences of their handiwork, under primitive conditions, are such as to indicate their great development if made under the proper environment. If we study the production of Navajo blankets, Moqui baskets, Pueblo pottery and the bead work, we have every evidence of native mechanical skill. We must take into consideration that for centuries the Indians have been compelled to resort to the chase as a means of support, by reason of depredations of mirauding whites and other primitive tribes. When we do this it is easy to understand the inherited tendencies of the war and chase spirit and the ideals that are bred into the youthful braves. It is easy to understand how a boy may be educated at Carlisle and assume our dress and when he returns to camp life he dons the blanket and the adornment of feathers. It may originate in part because of a growing knowledge of the utter insincerity of our customs and habits of greed in which he cannot be schooled in one or two generations. It takes time to teach an aboriginal that there is equity in our courts of justice, so-called, and that there is purity in our politics and holi-

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ness in our missionary efforts. He is not so constructed, as a primitive man, as to be enabled to accept knowledge except as literal. Our civilization is not literal; our conversation and speech are evasive—not true. In social matters we evade speaking of the facts. We seldom refer to religion and politics in society. We seldom say what we mean at any social function. We do one thing and explain it away upon some ethical grounds of artificial reasoning. Hence the Indian considers our civilization largely that of hypocrisy and his conclusions are inherently correct. We outrage his idea of simple truth and justice just as we are outraging the simple truth and justice idea of the Kanaka of the Sandwich Islands, just as we outrage the simple truth and justice idea of the child, who is compelled to unlearn every idea of purity and integrity of childhood understanding if we would make of him a success in our modern civilization of greed and lust.

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CHAPTER V.

ARIZONA OSTRICH AND ALFALFA IRRIGATION RANCH COMPANY.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, January 20, 1901.

MY DEAR ALUMNUS: We are in receipt of your recent letter stating that you have sold out your ostrich farm interests to the trust to an advantage to yourself. We had hoped to visit you once more and note a possible development for yourself in this ostrich farming undertaking, but it has apparently gone the way of all modern undertakings and is now operated by a trust to control the output and the price—just as the diamond output has been controlled in Africa and about every staple product has been controlled in America. It is greatly to be regretted that a trust was not established early enough to control the Shorthorn breeders' product before the business went to pieces some years ago and swamped everyone engaged in the business upon the high pressure plan as they were in Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky and elsewhere. Indeed it is to be regretted, perhaps, that a trust was not formed to control the sheep industry that went to pieces following closely upon the collapse of the high-bred cattle business.

Most of our agricultural college graduates seem to have gotten caught either with depreciation of fine stock or with law, theology or medicine. Some were pinched in "booms" on Puget Sound, some in Alabama and a goodly portion in Kansas and California.

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Some never developed beyond school teachers, clerks and day laborers, but some got as far as the penitentiary. We have met them about everywhere in the United States save in the pulpit. We believe this is the only avenue of life not attempted by our alma mater. They have taken on a school of medicine in Chicago and a school of pharmacy there that was a financial failure. However, we will attempt to cover agricultural education in another chapter and confine ourselves to the subject at hand at present.

That scheme we undertook several years ago to dam the mouth of the mountain canyon and store up water to be sold to farmers with which to irrigate their alfalfa fields for hog ranches and their orchards for semitropic fruits, failed of development because of the fear of capital to invest in those schemes after the stagnant experience of the Salt River Valley irrigation investment for a quarter of a century and it more directly failed to materialize because of the millions that have been buried in similar schemes in southern California, Utah, Colorado and elsewhere. It was a good scheme provided we had gotten onto it a year sooner, before capital became panicky and defeated us in our handsome commission.

Our college friends who left the state university a quarter of a century ago with us to go out and revolutionize the ignorance of agriculture have all succumbed to the prevailing Americanism of scheming to become rich. They have tried positions under the secretary of agriculture at Washington and have graduated from that to lobbyists and from that to western ranching.

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They have gone in every direction and in every avocation and they are largely still floundering. Those who have pursued agriculture are bitter against political, professional and city business life with its saloon politics and brass band patriotism for everything but the stable development of the agricultural masses. But the politician and the professional hornblower have not been a greater success so far as we are able to behold. We note your remarks that Arizona can grow anything that one requires as food or raiment and that it is likewise a present popular place for expiration of consumptives. We are now told that they are carried out of the principal hotel, in large Chinese clothes baskets so as to make no interference with the levity of the guests who are still coughing and that they are carried out at the rate of from two to six per day. The expressage, shroudage and cooperage on this industry ought to yield considerable income to your isolated locality.

You say that your prices are not affected by outside markets—not even by the Chicago Board of Trade. Would not this be an ideal locality in which to organize and develop a co-operative brotherhood community upon the Ghent and Guise, Flanders, plan, or upon the Burley Washington plan? You are now out of business. Take this matter up and confer a benefaction upon humanity; organize your people; cement them together by a common ownership and complete aggregation of all their individual capital; develop such agriculture, horticulture, manufactures and business as your community needs may require. Let all

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profits go to the common public fund that insures a home for each man, woman and child and eliminates all fakery of advertising and false conditions of insurance and fear of alms-house. Attach to your organization an ideal college of Mental Science to control mental development, health conditions and the moral atmosphere. It will then not be many years until we may build that dam across the mouth of the canyon and with the storage of water irrigate the level plains below and increase our community wealth and power to assist some other organizing community to stand upon its feet and so on until we have the entire United States in line with our rational means of self-development, with our humanitarian ideas of justice, peace and equity.

What nobler work can you undertake? What grander opportunity may you have to distinguish your rational talents and become fully developed in your individual self by becoming the means of developing others?

We understand that some of your politicians are now proposing to colonize one hundred thousand Chinese in your territory. You better tell them to colonize the Negroes who have, for so long a time, been up alongside of the whites that they have absorbed some degree of advanced civilization, and will leave their improvements in the United States and not transfer them and their profits to Asia, thus impoverishing you, as will the Chinese who come here solely to secure some of your extravagant droppings, and cart them off to their Chinese heaven in Cathay, where the

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perfumes of opium transpose them to celestial spheres.

We hear that the Indians of eastern Indian Territory are endeavoring to sell out their lands and improvements to the aggressive whites who have been living off the Indians' annuities from the government, and who are absorbing their lands by becoming squaw-men. These Indians propose to colonize in your sister territory of New Mexico, and assimilate with the Pueblos, Navajos, Moquis, Apaches and others. It would be a grand idea if these combined Indians could, and would, be allowed to resurrect the ancient civilization of the Aztecs of Lew Wallace's "Fair God." It would be superb if they could so combine with other southern California and New Mexico Indians and the Yaqui Indians of Old Mexico, and of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" fame, and rehabilitate the degree of civilization that was massacred by the detestable Spanish invaders of four centuries agone.

If we now had this Aztec civilization intact as an object lesson before us, we might learn something from it, and might see how the Aztec and Cliff-dwellers' ruins of Colorado and New Mexico were possibly a more progressive form of civilization than that of ancient Arabia or Egypt. We bid the Yaqui Indians of Old Mexico goodspeed in their efforts to throw off the yoke of insolent Spanish Catholicism that has for four centuries grown fat off the descendents of Aztecs who became the beasts of burden, carrying ore from deep down in the mines up to the ravenous maws of cavalier Spaniards, and carrying this ore in raw-hide buckets on their backs, suspended from raw-hide straps

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across their foreheads, to benumb the last remnant of intelligence and freedom possessed by the Indians, just as our commercialism is now benumbing and dazing the kind, good Kanaka of the Sandwich Island, with Caucasian and Asiatic leprosy, syphilis, whiskey and greed.

You better colonize the blacks, whom you can control by Mental Science or metaphysical thought, as well as by territorial police and political machinations, instead of attempting to colonize Chinese, whose civilization is so ancient, and is so thoroughly in and in bred and inherited that even our Christian missionaries cannot make any appreciable inroads upon their ideas of fatality, sensuality and brutality. "The heathen Chinese is peculiar." If you have never read "The Barbarian" (which you may find in the Tennyson-Neeley series, of November, 1898,) we recommend it to you. You better not import him to an alarming extent. His frugality, cunning and industry will wipe out your fool extravagance, and leave you without a place to sleep, and with nothing to eat, in a generation or two of your rapidly declining longevity, caused largely by sexual indulgence; caused by dependence upon so-called scientific medical advice; caused by your puerile ideas of the influence of change of climate upon so-called health; caused by the fool-killing "blue-sky" hunters who listen to the railroad advertising matter, and immigrate to your capital city, to be carried out of the principal hotel in large Chinese clothes baskets, and from there to the undertaker's shop, and from there to be shipped at double express rates, back to the home of

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their childhood for interment. What a lovely rake-off the railroad makes from his "blue-sky" advertisement. It gets high-priced passage one way, and two prices for return in a closed box, lifeless.

We have investigated your postage stamp parody scheme to sell your mine to poverty by having it accumulate enough stamps as premiums on the purchase of the necessities of life to enable it to own a share of stock in your mine, which we have no doubt is a good one, and will become a profitable one. But we advise you to insert a clause in your by-laws, and in the stock certificate you finally issue to the poverty owner, enabling him to keep from being crowded out of ownership by arrogant capital, that always crowds out the small investor, the prospector, the pioneer, the original discoverer and owner.

Yesterday a man, a civil engineer by education, and a cold storage beef and pork manufacturer by occupation, explained to us how he had developed one of these plants in southern Kansas, until the profits were twenty-seven per cent per annum upon one-half million dollars of capitalization, and that within the past three months the whole accumulation of years was rendered helpless and innocuous and practically bankrupt by the power of one of the large packing concerns of Chicago and Kansas City, which set up small plants all around the southern Kansas plant, and dictated rates to the transportation railroad companies, and thus "froze out" and rendered lifeless the half million dollars accumulation of about one hundred people in the southern Kansas town.

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This is the history of all commercialism, and especially the history of crude oil commercialism in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Kansas, Colorado and Texas. We hope the Texas Legislature will be cute enough to condemn all oil lands, and let them be the property of the state, and thus "down" the octopus that is endeavoring to grab the oil regions wherever new fields of petroleum are discovered in the United States, and has already grabbed about all of it up to date, and controls the price and the output, and dictates to the transportation companies, and makes its own freight rates, and crowds off the earth, every hard oil inventor and lubricating discoverer who does not give his ideas away to the octopus that has the cinch upon the output and upon the consumption of oils, kerosene, gasoline, and all the by-products of crude oil.

We have written little about hogs, ostriches, alfalfa and irrigation because under the present conditions they do not seem to be of much value to the masses in your wonderful climatic resources. But given all these conditions of life, health, climate, prolific soil if watered, how can you refuse to make it the paradise it may be made through development of a center of co-operative brotherhood of men?

In order to more specifically set forth what we intend to convey as a standard of intellectual and moral development, we quote our letter of November 28, 1900, to Freedom, a Mental Science weekly published at Seabreeze, Florida, by Helen Wilmans.

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OUR CREED.

The fact that any church or individual should write a creed or attempt to define and circumscribe its or his belief, is conclusive evidence that such church or individual is not sure and positive of the attitude of mind assumed.

This is as true of Catholics or Protestants as it is of Buddhists and Mohammedans. It is as true of agnostics or deists, as it is of Christian Scientists or Mental Scientists. It is as true of allopaths or homeopaths as it is of osteopaths or Weltermerists. It is as true of Agassiz and Humboldt as of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Knowledge is relative, not absolute, and truth is all pervading, but not mathematical.

Religion is a belief in some form of good. The Christian religion is a belief in the divinity of Christ as the personification and embodiment of all good.

Actual and effective prayer is the attainment of a psychic or subjective condition of mind through supplication of supposed deity. Christ was perhaps the most powerful psychic, probably because he believed in his own divinity. Religious conversion is the attainment of a psychic condition through religious or evangelical psychics.

The religion of the Negroes as well as much of their plantation music is psychic, however great its crudeness may be manifested when mingled with the objective things of daily life.

The genius of Shakespeare and the phenomena of Blind Tom are psychic manifestations as truly as are spiritualistic manifestations or as Christian Science healings are made under psychic conditions.

The "inner light" of the Quakers is a psychic condition attained without a belief in the divinity of Christ, but with a profound belief in justice, equity and fraternal love without sensuality, greed, war and carnage.

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Dowieism is an aggressive example of imitation of the psychic power of Christ with a presumptuous or hypocritical attempt at explanation of the phenomena by means of his early Scotch religious training. Its author employs virulent speech to assist his hypnotic and semi-religious psychic powers. His very intolerance of secret societies, Protestant and Catholic churches, stimulants, oysters and swine flesh is probably an attempt to maintain a successful psychic condition, through fighting his own inherent weakness for the flesh pots of Egypt and America.

The sickly psychic condition acquired by chronic spiritualists, forever dwelling with departed consumptives and failing to cultivate a good digestion and a clear conscience, in another misapplication of psychic powers.

The sexual powers are a great source of degeneracy of higher psychic powers. It seems to be but a short flight from the divine passion of conjugal love to the detestable practive of free-love devotees.

Science is systematized knowledge. It should follow that Christian Science is systematized knowledge of Christ. It really is an application of the same healing power that was employed by Christ, a psychic power evolved by a belief in his own divinity.

This power or condition has been attained in lesser degree by the occultism of India and the Orient; by the wierd dances and the medicine men of the American Indians; by the spiritualist, clairvoyant and the mind-reader; by the hypnotist and mesmerist, by Dowieites and divine healers.

It is not a divine power, unless divinity be the attribute of inherent life power, but its effectiveness is often intensified by a psychic condition produced by a belief in omnipotent divinity.

Mental Science is an application of this psychic power, based upon a belief in an evolutionary origin

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of our present mundane condition. It is an application of the natural science of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, evolved through matter and mind to the ideal.

It is an evolutionary belief in our own innate divinity. Disease is an acquired inherited or cultivated morbid belief in sin, sickness and death. The Christian idea of sin is one of the baneful forms of disease, the materialistic practice of medicine is another form of morbid disease. Secret remedies of charletans cultivate morbidity of disease as their stock in trade.

Ubiquity of life is the natural condition of man. The ideal is the true state of happiness. It is attained by cultivation of the nobler desires and of the individual inherent life powers, and employs some form of the psychic or subjective condition in this cultivation or development.

Youth often rebels against the ideal, because it desires to indulge in material inclinations of inheritance. Instead of dwelling upon the idea of goodness and greatness, it often prefers to indulge in excitements, stimulants or sexual excesses. When youth has expended much of its vital energies in excesses it begins to philosophize upon the possibilities of the ideal as a true source of happiness.

Politics is a game of society or social organizations of individuals, played for stakes of power and pelf. It is always debasing and seldom develops greatness in statesmanship or philanthropy.

Socialism is an attempt at the obliteration of strife in commerce, of the aggrandizement of great individual wealth and of the usurpation of power. It seeks the common brotherhood of man and the common ownership of all things, and the annihilation of crime, insanity and all the fungoid growths of individual power, ownership and its base exercises. Anarchy is an attempt at blood-thirsty revenge for real and fancied wrongs.

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Civilization is the degree of evolutionary development in social, mental, moral, and physical conditions.

Anglo-Saxon civilization would seem to be more of an exterminator than a civilizer. Note the American Indian, the Hindoo and the Mexican helf-breed. What Anglo-Saxon civilization has done for these people it may in like manner do for the Porto Rican, the Hawaiian and the Filipino, viz: make them serfs to our capital, our commerce and our inventions—or annihilate them.

The greatest safeguard against usurpation of power and wealth is our common school system of education. With all its faults of cramming of precedents, of feudal and common law practices, it develops enough intelligence to cause rebellion against serfdom.

The way to free Cuba is to educate its teachers, then educate its children just as the United States has educated the children of European emigrants and made them patriotic lovers of the Declaration of Independence.

The way to cure the trusts is to let them evolve and demonstrate the economy of concentration. Let this extend to the municipal ownership of all utilities and finally to common ownership of all things, except perhaps, personal wearing apparel.

The true source of development is that of the individual development—but this development need not be confined to the acquisition of brutal wealth and coarse power.

Anglo-Saxon and Catholic missionary work is the forerunner of licentiousness, bloodshed and usurpation of imperial power. It begets the serfdom and prostitution of the so-called uncivilized. It multiplies their diseases and their woes.

While we have advanced our material and sanitary conditions of cleanliness beyond that of the Celestial, we

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have developed a baseness of brutality and greed that is put to shame by oriental industry and civilization. The fanaticism of our religions has developed warriors, and the greed of our civilization has developed conquerors.

But the basest of all is the avocation of that class which lives, as money scavengers, off the downfall of innocence, virtue and honor, and which are the wreckers of commercial and business integrity, and yet they have a religion of their own and it is neither Protestant, Catholic nor Mohammedan.

We are compelled to administer the Philippines to preserve them from destruction of each other, and to protect them from being overcome by some less civilized Anglo-Saxon people, and to keep abreast of the present organizing spirit of leading nations, and to keep ourselves from being swept up by the power of one or more of these nations.

So far as nations are concerned, it is still a question of the survival of the fittest; and so far as individuals are concerned in the United States, it is still a question of the survival of the fittest in mental and physical power. Therefore, for the time being we remain allied to the party that freed the Negro and established our present material prosperity. We shall watch closely the commercialism of the Hebrew, the schemes of the Yankee and the wiles of the Hibernian, and endeavor to follow the thrift of the English, Scotch and German-American.

The Catholic religion of the Latin races holds some of the masses in check and avoids some crime, while it incites other crimes. It is developing a spirit of power of property ownership and political voting that have a deadly menace for our republican institutions. While the different Protestant faiths are absorbed in protesting the truth of their own beliefs,

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their power as Protestants is being usurped by insidious increase of Catholic influence.

Probably the most conspicuous example of psychic manifestations in the daily affairs of men is that employed by the "Inner Light" of the Quakers or Friends, and the only true civilization of the aborigines was that inaugurated by the good people of William Penn's power of thought and deed. Yet the influence of these people has been curtailed by the greed of the English and Scotch Protestants, by the cunning of the Irish and Latin Catholics and by the licentiousness of all imperial civilization finding an asylum on the soil of the North American Indian.

Our Quaker youth has been dazed by the power and greed of his neighbor and has fallen to the latter's level in most instances.

The fanaticism of Christian Science often leads not only to the idea that one can live without marriage, but that he can live without dining. The inevitable result of this phase of psychic insanity is death, and whatever follows its premature occurrence.

The Mental Scientist proposes as yet to keep at least one foot on earth, and to be tethered to it by the laboratory of the stomach and by the affections of offspring. It proposes to be guided by the reason of understanding, by the demonstrations of Mental Science and by the healings and teachings of its most powerful advocates.

Perhaps the most pitiable specimen of our boasted civilization is the one who brazenly or fearingly adheres to the catechism of his fathers, or to the wail of illness of his mothers, and refuses to be taught and healed by Mental Science. He doubts not the power of physic, but he doubts his own senses when he sees healing without physic. He doubts not the operations of laws to govern fakes, swindles and imposi-

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tions; and yet he blindly swallows the greatest fake of them all—modern medical advice.

However it is a matter of evolution and evolutionary development even with these dependent, timid or arrogant minds.

We halted for years between Quakerism and Presbyterianism; between Mental Science and religion; between medical advice and Eddyism; but we landed on the rock of Mental Science healings and teachings, or we believe we have so landed; and this answers all practical purposes in the pursuit of health and happiness; and we expect others now hopeless, despondent, ill and full of doubt and fear to do the same so soon as the leaven shall have worked in their minds and prejudices.

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CHAPTER VI.

ALASKAN GOLD BRICK AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

San Francisco, Cal., December 3, 1900.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Portland, Oregon: I am in receipt of your letter of last May addressed to a Seattle daily and refused on account of the subsidizing of the Puget Sound dailies by the transportation companies plying between that harbor and Alaskan points.

You state that you and your friend purchased first-class tickets to Nome from Seattle for $100 each. You refer to the statutory provisions of the United States government governing navigation respecting immigrants, article 143, wherein the space allowed for berths shall be twenty-four inches wide, six inches from the deck and two feet six inches between the top berth and the deck: also that six berths shall be permitted to a room and that a partition shall be provided for divisions, etc. Also article 144 covering light and privies. You allege that none of these conditions were observed in the ship of the company that sold you the first-class tickets; that the ship was doing an illegal and illegitimate business from the sale of the tickets to the arrangement of the cabins and the privies. You give the names and data to verify your statements and yet the leading daily refuses to publish your communication when it has already published a statement to the effect that it has inspected the ship

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in question and found it in splendid and perfect condition from hold to hurricane deck.

You show that strange men and women were assigned to the same stateroom and one poor woman was crying because she was assigned to a stateroom with five men in it. You show the vile character of the meals and the utter incompetency of the service. You call attention to the possible ravages of a contagious disease should it break out.

You state that this ship is owned and operated by a transcontinental railroad company and that it was obtaining passage money under false pretenses. That the vessel had but fifteen first staterooms with accommodations for thirty passengers and that the staterooms constructed were so small that but one person could dress or undress at a time in one of them, that twelve persons were assigned to each of these staterooms.

In all these statements and accusations has it occurred to you that the whole transportation scheme from all parts of the United States to Alaskan points is a "gold brick" proposition, pure and simple? To begin with it is "gold brick" hunters who are faked by gaundy steamship and transportation company advertisements to try their luck in the riches of weird Alaska. These advertisements and the tales the transportation companies have inspired, have set the entire country agog, worse than Spanish-American war patriotism manufactured in the minds of politicians and worse than the tales of the Philippine wealth and Asiatic harlotry written about by yellow journal

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correspondents to sell the sheet to vice in cities and fools in the country at a penny a copy.

We know an honorable young man of thirty who took his brother and spent eleven months and eleven hundred dollars in the Klondyke and worked and dug and prospected and lost all his pack horses and food and the brother was brought home by a transportation company free of charge for signing a written statement that he had brought out with him as his season's diggings $90,000, or some such amount. Most any man who did not return on the government steamship Lawton at the expense of the United States can tell you the same story and verify it. Cape Nome is controlled in most all its placer and mineral claims by agents of transportation companies and the actual individual gold seeker has no possible chance of securing a claim unless he wanders off into a desert wilderness alone and passes on to eternity in an avalanche of snow and insanity in an eternal weirdness of Arctic night. Do not you, my friend, understand that the whole proposition is one of the dance halls, gambling tables, of whores, hold-ups, faro and the six-shooter? That the transportation companies are simply the procuresses for the establishments that operate an eternal night in one vast delirium of tremors, high betting, vile liquors and beastly excesses; that these companies are simply after the railroad and sea ride rake-off at the price of virtue, vice and life of the victims; that not one per cent of the victims come out with wealth, health or pocketbook; that most of the ill health reported is caused by the diseases of vile

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women and men who go there to ply trades that may not be operated in cities where there is police protection. That innocent young men are wrecked for life by contact with this disease of sex, purse and mind? The government was recommended to furnish return transportation gratis for over 600 on the steamship Lawton to escape the death loss of approaching winter. One of these returned to Seattle by the government of United States was beating his way eastward on the railroad train as a hobo. The mulatto brakeman or porter undertook to get him off the train and both were dragged under the wheels and killed. We saw the accident.

Railroad companies secure business in much the same way that Alaskan steamship companies secure theirs. Recently a broker took us into a railway company's office and we signed for 3,000 miles of transportation. We paid the "scalper" $20 for what we used and had the benefit of the mileage rate. He then sells the remaining mileage at a small profit to some one else who is obliged to travel in our name and be browbeaten by the conductor into statements that his name is so and so, he bought the mileage book at such an office and on such a date, representing us in each case. If he does not make a good imitation signature and tell a sure story the conductor confiscates the book and the traveler is "out." Railroad companies who make great efforts to legislate the "scalper" out of existence supply him with mileage books and excursion tickets to sell to compete with other roads in the securing of business. It is largely upon these conditions

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that the "scalper" has been enabled to exist and does exist to-day.

The suburban train conductor collects his tickets by a bluff and a look of distrust at the traveler. If the latter flinches under this browbeating the conductor himself demands full fare, which is from one to three times the regular commutation fare. He frequently insults the passengers who have had their tickets punched and occasionally he proposes to throw a passenger off the train, as he recently did in our case because we happened to be seated in the place of a man who had just left the train. He demanded pay for what he said we had already ridden, asserting we had boarded the train at Auburn Park, whereas we had boarded it at Eggleston and offered our ticket from Eggleston to the city. After we reported him, and at the suggestion of the division agent, he proposed to apologize. At the time he gave the insult we told him to apologize then and there before the people who supposed we were beating our way, but he refused. He was cute enough not to make good his threat to put us off the train so that we would be barred from action for damages against a Chicago and Pacific railroad company. Such bluffers are supported in their insulting work by the officials of the road who maintain their position by a similar bluff at everybody and everything. There is no absolute rate of cost of freight or passenger traffic. It is all a matter of cute manipulation just like the prices of merchandise in wreckage department stores, in cut-rate pharmacies, in lawyers' fees, in collection charges by

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banks, in interest rates, in loan agency commissions and rakes-off, in gaming houses, in Board of Trade commission deals, in charity distribution, in missionary allotments, in pulpit apportionment of salaries, in doctor bills, in everything.

Every business house has its similar schemes and endeavors to hide them from all but the most trusted employees and swears him to secrecy or discharge. About the only case of freedom from deception in business is the case of the operation of the postoffice department under government ownership, and the freedom from deception does not extend to the politics practiced by the higher officials.

The railroad company has the effrontery to assert that the man who signs our name to the balance of mileage issued to the broker in our name is committing forgery in the eyes of the law and with this bluff the conductor confiscates the mileage which his company has sold to the broker knowing how it is to be used. This company never commits forgery when it secures the voting of bonds in every town, township and county along its proposed line and places a permanent debt upon the unborn infants of the community. It did not commit forgery when it juggled with the officers of the government for a land grant. It did not commit forgery when it watered its stock and froze out all small stockholders by manipulation of the market or by throwing the company into the hands of a receiver. Oh! No!

We know some consistently honest Christians. One who began life near a half a century ago as a

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lawyer in order to fight a railroad company which had defrauded him out of his father's estate by the usual jugglery of such corporations. He gave up the fight and went west and endeavored to earn an honest livelihood by drawing legal documents, deed, contracts, etc. He finally was obliged to give even this clerical branch of business up, because there was not enough in it to pay office rent. We do not now know what his means of support are unless it be from the contributions from a daughter who is a missionary in China or from his son who is a teacher of Greek. He does not consider how the wealth which sent his daughter to China as a missionary was accumulated nor how the wealth that pays his son's salary was gotten. Because of these conditions of legalized deception in every avenue of life the young man fails in business. He is denominated non-conservative and unsafe and becomes a degenerate to meet the conditions.

In order to be successful in any business undertaking one must possess all the elements of a criminal, but he must cover them up with the hypocrisy of religion or the sycophancy of the Hebrew. The successful business man is a splendid product of modern civilization. He is a refined robber, a shrewd confidence man, and a polite bunco-steerer. He is a politician, a lawyer, a preacher, a physician, a banker or a store-keeper or insurance agent.

Hence, my friend, your Cape Nome experience is only one of the exaggerated forms of all our system of transacting business. All undertakings concerning Nome are a little ranker and more odious and des-

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perate because less under surveillance and less cut and dried than in older communities. These transportation companies are playing the game a little more boldly, and working it a little more flagrantly than do the patent medicine men, the city real estate men, the politician, and the professional man. There can be no absolute purity of character under such a civilization of fakery and greed.

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CHAPTER VII.

Arkansas Zinc, Lead and By-Product Company.

Chicago, December 27, 1900.

In April, 1899, eight men engaged in the ordinary small avocations of city life, organized a company to locate mineral claims in Marion and Baxter counties, Arkansas, prospect them, do assessment work required by the government, finally proposing to develop zinc and lead mines, operate them, develop transportation for ore outlet, institute by-product manufactories of zinc and lead paints, metals and chemicals. In short, this company was organized by hardware men, druggists, jewelers, telegraphers, grocers and traveling men of small capital for the purpose of securing titles to government lands in the fabulously rich zinc and lead mineral deposits of Baxter county, Arkansas. It was organized for the purpose of acquiring great riches from out the mineral wealth of a country that had been hidden from the progressive world—buried in the decadent civilization of frontier, post-bellum conditions of Arkansas.

This company proposed, eventually, not only to develop mines and transportation facilities, but they also proposed to develop home manufactories of by-products and let the dawn of modern civilization shed its refulgent glory over a "Rip Van Winkle" state of primitive, southern mountaineering.

This company has located and made government filings upon some two thousand six hundred acres of

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land; have completed their assessments according to law and now are prospecting the claims.

All these first government rights which result in absolute ownership have required but small capital up to this stage, which was merely anticipatory of what capital would perform when the untold wealth of this region was properly before its attention.

This small company effected these first poprietary rights to protect themselves against the formidable investment of enormous capital that was sure to follow.

Here is a beautiful mountain country within a few hours ride of our great centers of modern civilization —a country that has more possibilities in mineral wealth and its by-product industries than the Klondyke. It has unrivaled salubrity of climate and is fast becoming the home of the sheep raiser, the Angora goat producer and the fruit farmer. It has the delicious atmosphere of the mountain resort at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. It has the lovely home possibilities of foot hill, pastoral life and the charming valley riches of horticultural life. But above all, it has the mineral wealth—the clean, cold, metallic luster of exclusive riches—the stuff that controls kings, queens, governments, religions, philosophies and the rabble. All these vast possibilities have been hidden under a civilization that is a mixture of Opie Reed's "Daughters of the Prophets" and of his "Emmett Bonlore"— hidden by frontier poverty of civil war unfortunates and by rendezvous of the road agent of the Jesse James sort of mountaineers, moonshiners and exterminators.

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The development of Marion and Baxter counties' mineral wealth has its chapter of pathos. Many have heard of one who lost millions in the conflict with Standard Oil wealth, and was crowded out of the pipe-lines and other oil undertakings. He came to the Pigeon country of Baxter county, Arkansas, in 1884, in the interest of the Standard Oil Company. After he parted company with them he began locating lands near by in Marion county, where the Morning Star mine began to make such a wonderful showing. He became a permanent resident and depended entirely upon the rise in mineral value of deeded lands which he had acquired. He now owns over 4,000 acres of deeded mineral land and he may yet recover his fortunes that melted away in the fierce competitive battle with oil capital.

The actual, practical mining development operations of this country began with two brothers who came from southeastern Kansas mineral regions.

The Morning Star mine has forty ton crushers and jigs operated by steam; has over 700 tons of zinc ore on the dump ready for market and awaiting transportation at Buffalo City, Batesville and at the mines. This mine is in operation only about one-third of the time solely on account of want of transportation facilities. They have already marketed over 7,000 tons. These mines show zinc carbonate and the sulphide of zinc-ruby jack, black jack, and rosin jack. The one predominant feature of this entire region after its enormous wealth is the fact of the accessiblity of the ore. The mines that have so far been developed are

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practically quarries in the hill side. Ore may be put upon the dump at one-fourth the cost of the present conditions of mining in the Joplin, Missouri, district. Indeed it is a notorious fact that capital interested in the Joplin districts have sent so-called expert agents into the Arkansas district for the express purpose of adverse reports to "kill" the development of these districts. These men have from time to time appeared in Baxter and Marion counties; have heralded the fact that they were sent out by New York capitalists to inspect the region as experts and have raced over the country to tell this fact and then have reported to their principals that the region was valueless and have thus served the purpose for which they were sent as hirelings of capital, just as the hirelings of the metropolitan press serve the purposes of the Hebrew department stores and all railroad and other combinations of capital and greed. A few of the leaders of the old southern pioneer settlers understand these conditions and encourage them because they fear the ultimate rapacity of capital. They fear their ancestral acres will become the home of the dance hall, the gambling den, the commercial offal that follows mines and mining as disease follows greed in every land, in every missionary effort, in every condition of modern civilization.

The county seat of Baxter county is Mountain Home. It is eleven hundred feet above sea level; is thirty years old and is fifty miles from a railroad. It is the center of a region of untold mineral wealth and yet it is a place of primitive poverty—surrounded by dense ignorance that needs only the light of our public

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school system and the reverberation of our locomotive engine whistle to cause it to blossom into life, riches and progress.

The natives raise cattle and hogs and grow peas for their own food and that of the stock. They have few horses and the stock usually runs loose winter and summer. The chief articles of food are lean stock, greens and hoe-cake. The country abounds in fine granite, whetstones, tripoli and iron ore by the train load, and yet none of it is put upon the market.

One Chicago man has been in that region a year and one half. He has been obliged to turn his attention from mines to transportation. He has organized a steamboat company. A boat leaves daily from Buffalo City for St. Louis laden with ore shipments. Up to April, 1900, there was only one steamboat on White river and that could only run in winter and spring. Most of its cargo was cotton because it furnished more ready cash and gave employment to a people who had had cotton cultivation handed down to them for generations and could not comprehend mining outputs.

The government has made appropriations for putting in five locks—one each year on White river.

The United States government has cleared Buffalo river from Winnerva to mouth of Rush creek. These improvements are encouraged by native congressmen and by local leaders because they give employment to blacks and poor whites who leave their money with merchants—money that is brought there by the government from the centers of wealth and its taxation,

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and they encourage government improvements because the development is local and not that of private capital with its exterminating greed. What better evidence can we have of the necessity of government ownership of all things? These people tacitly understand this in their attempt to encourage government improvements and in their attempt to keep out aggressive northern capital and yet these same southern people in their individual-plantation-paternal-landlord authority revile government and common ownership of property. They fear equality of blacks. They fear their haughty authority of the southern-plantation-colonel-inheritance will be insulted. They fear common ownership of property more than they fear northern commercialism and annihilating greed of rapacious capital, and they fear it all because of their pig-headed ideas of bombastic chivalry, because of inherited ideas of antebellum slavery and because of ignorant conditions of poor white mountaineers who are relics of moonshine whiskey, outlawry and race extermination proclivities.

Prior to 1895 nothing had been found of importance in Baxter and Marion counties except the Morning Star mine. Now we find the Dodge City district mines, the Buffalo district mines and the Rush Creek district mines in Marion county and the Pigeon Creek district and Lead Hill district mines in Baxter county. Hundreds of tons of zinc ore are cleaned and ready for shipment. The Tomahawk mine in Searcy county has copper ready for shipment and everything is practically at a standstill awaiting the development of railroad and other transportation facilities.

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In 1892, the three railroad companies which might have entered this region pooled their issues and decided, in the interests of local railroad and Joplin mines capital, to remain out of the Arkansas district, and so it has gone. The agents of capital have reported against the wealth of northern Arkansas. The railroads early decided to keep out, but now one of them has had a handsome mineral exhibit in two large cities booming the southern tier of counties in Missouri, for agriculture, while they are slipping into the Arkansas mineral belt from the west apparently unobserved by competition. The Iron Mountain Railroad was extended to an enormous manganese mine sixty miles southeast of Mountain Home some fifteen years since. The extension was from Batesville, Missouri, to the manganese mine. It seems to have been the policy of these railroads to cause the country to develop in advance of their road extension and thus create a clamor for the road that would give it financial assistance in construction. Capital is as cautious as it is greedy. Had these roads gone into Marion and Baxter counties, Arkansas, ten years ago, when they knew that this mineral wealth existed, they would now have one of the best paying regions that their roads penetrate. The cotton shipments of river bottoms, the cattle shipments of Texas, the grain shipments of Indian Territory, are as nothing when compared with these possible ore shipments.

Products of zinc have not been on the general market over fifty years and now, perhaps, it is the most common metal seen in every day life if we except iron.

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It is in sheet zinc, galvanized iron, zinc oxide paints, zinc carbonate paints; it is in zinc sulphates (antiseptic washes), zinc phosphide (aphrodesiac), zinc valerianate used in nerve remedies; it is in zinc pigments, in zinc; quinine and iron pills, in zinc acetate (similar to sugar of lead), in zinc carbonate and it is a very extensively required in electric batteries.

The products of lead have been in use two thousand years B. C., and they are in greater use to-day than ever, even in proportion to the population. They are in sheet lead, lead pipes, lead carbonate (white lead of commerce-paint) litharge (red lead of paints and for assaying), acetate of lead (sugar of lead), fancy pigments and astringents. It is in peuter, brittania, solder, Babbett metal. It is used for balls, bullets and seals.

Zinc and lead are put to more uses, and more beneficial uses, than gold and silver, and, as utilities of man are more valuable than gold and silver. When property is owned in common and competitive greed is abolished, zinc and lead will have greater intrinsic value than gold and silver now have.

By all odds northern Arkansas is the immediate place for the small investor, the man who locates a claim, the sheep grower, the Angora goat raiser, the fruit grower and the mine developer. People who anticipate making a move in life should go there now, ahead of large capital and should make their filings and prove up and refuse to be routed by impudent capital, just as the long-haired southerner refuses to be routed when he sits with a gun across his lap upon the rock overlooking his claim.

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In this northern Arkansas zinc and lead mining belt, there is none of that disagreeable combination of minerals that has injured so many of the silver mine discoveries of Colorado and that necessitated the new process of separating zinc from silver as in the plant in Canon City, Colorado.

In Baxter and Marion counties we have zinc and lead and very little or no other admixture of impracticable silver ore. Silver ore in combination with zinc is as impracticable as is iron in combination with silver ore in Old Mexico.

Any one interested in this matter and who lives in the vicinity may call upon Mr. H. O. McClure, (Hardware), Auburn Park, or upon Mr. A. L. McVay (Druggist) Chicago Heights. Both these gentlemen have been over the ground and are conversant with the conditions existing in Baxter and Marion counties, as detailed in part in above foregoing pages of this letter. These gentlemen have no other than a common interest in the development of this region and from a standpoint of biased investments either in mines or transportation facilities have no one to serve.

Northern Arkansas as well as southern Missouri furnishes ideal sites for co-operative brotherhoods upon the Burley Washington plan. Here are ideal regions for agriculture, horticulture, stockraising, mining and manufactures and all within easily available markets for all surplus not required for development of home community interests. We would be exceedingly glad to see some earnest, honest souls start such a community and would be glad to be one of the

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number. If the matter were undertaken at once we could bring the originators to Baxter county lands that might be obtained at almost nominal government prices. Who will begin the colony? Let them be among those who desire ideal Mental Science teaching and understanding.

We quote below a convenient compilation from works on mineralogy by Wm. H. Johnson.

LEAD AND ZINC ORE—THE METALS, THEIR COMPOUNDS.

LEAD.

Lead (commercial) is a soft bluish grey, opaque, malleable metal. It crystallizes in octahedral or dodecahedral forms, but is rarely found crystallized, more usually in thin plates, small globules or in dentritic forms. Its hardness is 1.5, its specific gravity 11.37. It fuses at 330 degrees C. Emits a vapor at red heat and votalizes at white heat.

The metal is nearly absolutely pure, but contains generally small quantities of silver, antimony, copper and iron, often zinc, nickel and bismuth. These impurities are associated with commercial lead and affect their use in the arts. Lead and its compounds are poisonous.

ITS NATURAL COMPOUNDS.

Lead is rarely found pure in nature. It combines with a great number of metals, but only those combinations in which the lead predominates in sufficient quantities as to justify mining will be noticed. Native lead very rare, only found in the United States among rocks of volcanic origin, such as Colorado, Idaho and Montana; none in Missouri.

Galenite, or galena, lead sulphide. Lead grey color, opaque with bright metallic luster. Gravity 7.4;

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hardness 2.5; it melts at red heat and volatilizes at white heat.

It crystallizes in the common form of a cube or cube-octahedron. A perfect cubic cleavage. It is a compound of lead 86.6 parts and 13.4 parts sulphur. It has always some silver and occasionally zinc, copper, antimony, bismuth and sometimes gold.

It decomposes by strong nitric acid. It is found in imperfect cubes, frequently clustering in masses of great size, free in the clay or attached to the rock. It occurs in sheets and seams, filling crack and fissure in the rock; often in granular condition disseminated through the rock and again as the matrix cementing broken rock and chert.

It is formed by solution, by the action of solvents and redeposited at lower levels.

Cerussite. Lead carbonate; white lead ore; dry bone.

It ranges in color from white to black. Sometimes tinged blue or green. Luster adamantine to vitreous. Specific gravity, 6.46; hardness 3. Very brittle. It crystallizes in tubular, prismatic and pyramidal forms. Distinct cleavages. It is composed of lead oxide 16.5 parts, and carbon dioxides 83.5 parts, containing 77.5 parts of pure lead. It is soluble in dilute nitric acid. Cerussite is generally found massive, earthly and compact in rounded shapes. It is often granular also stalactitic and coating galena.

Angelesite. Sulphate of lead, lead vitrol. It is white, pale yellow, green or blue, with adamantine or vitreous luster, transparent to opaque. Specific gravity, 6.12; hardness 2.75; concoidal fracture. It crystallizes prismatic, sometimes tubular, also pyramidical.

Its compounds are sulphur trioxide 26.4 parts; lead oxide 73.6 parts, and contains 68.3 parts lead.

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It is slightly soluble in nitric acid, but not soluble in nitrate of ammonia. It is found in crystals, stalactite, also massive, granular and compact, in modular form surrounding a nucleus of galena, in consecutive layers.

Pyromphite. Phosphate of lead; green lead ore. It varies in color from green to yellow brown and sometimes white. The streak is white translucent. Special gravity, 6.7; hardness, 3.5. It crystallizes in the hexagonal system, in prismatic forms. It is composed of lead, lead phosphate 89.7 parts and lead chloride 10.3 parts, containing 76.3 of lead.

Besides the above there are a score of other lead compounds, including the arsenates, antimonates, oxides, silicates, etc., but which are found so sparingly as to be of little value to the prospector and miner.

ZINC.

Native zinc. Is rarely found in nature, but invariably in combination with a great number of metals. Only the leading of commercial compounds will be mentioned.

Spalerite. Zinc spalerite, blende, jack, rosin jack, black jack, speckled garnet, ruby and radiated blende.

When pure spalerite, which is commonly called jack, is colorless but is more often found yellow, brown or black, often green, blue, grey or bright red. It is transparent to translucent, resinous to adamantine luster; brittle; concoidal fracture; streak brown to white. Hardness 3.5 to 4, specific gravity 3.9 to 4.1. It will not fuse, but volatilizes at high temperature. Spalerite crystallizes in dodecahedral forms, the crystals frequently and highly complex and distorted.

The composition of spalerite is 33 parts sulphur and 67 parts zinc. It often contains as impurities iron, copper and manganese, sometimes silver. To impurities are due the various shades of color.

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It is dissolved slowly by hydrochloric and sulphuric acids. Spalerite occurs in imperfect crystals, isolated or in clusters imbedded in clay, broken rock, chert or other matrix, disseminated in rock, attached to sides of caves or stalactitic. It is often massive and cleavable, granular, coarse to fine and compact; sometimes fibrous, radiated in scales and botryoidal. In nature this mineral is formed by solution of the sulphate through the agency of some organic solvent. Perhaps by volatilization and recondensation.

Calamine. Zinc silicate. The color when pure is white; it is also yellowish to brown and sometimes bluish. It is transparent to translucent, with vitreous and adamantine luster. Cleavage with certain faces perfect, others less so. Fracture uneaven; hardness, 4.5 and 5; with special gravity 3.40 to 3.50; streak white; almost infusible.

It crystallizes in hemimorphic and highly modified forms. Crystals often tubular, also prismatic and often in leaf-like form.

Calamine is 25 parts silica, 67.5 parts zinc oxide, and 7.5 parts water, containing 54 1-2 zinc.

It gelatinizes with acids and is decomposed by acetic acid with gelatinization. Also by carbonic acid forming carbonate. It is soluble in strong solution of caustic potash.

Calamine occurs mammillary, botryoidal, stalactitic, fibrous, massive and granular. It is formed in leaf-like crystals, attached to linings of cavities and in masses imbedded in clay. It is formed by the decomposition of spalerite through the reaction of carbonate of zinc and some soluble alkaline silicate.

Smithsonite. Zinc carbonate. Smithsonite is normally white, but often grey, yellowish or brown, even green or blue. The variety Turkey Fat is bright yellow. Luster, vitreous, but less brilliant than calamine.

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It is translucent and has a white streak. Is brittle; fracture uneaven; hardness 5; special gravity, 4.3 to 4.45. It crystallizes in the rhombohedral system, though rarely in perfect form.

Pure Smithsonite is composed of carbon dioxide 35.2 parts, zinc protoxide 64.8 parts, containing 52.03 per cent zinc.

It frequently contains impurities, and is often immediately mixed with silicate, spalerite and sometimes clay. It is readily soluble in hydrochloric and other acids with effervescence, also in potash.

Smithsonite usually occurs in reniform or botryoidal masses, also stalactite, pseudomorphous and incrustations; granular, cellular and earthly, closely resembling the forms of calamine.

It is formed in nature by the action of carbonated waters upon spalerite and calamine.

Hydrozincite, hydrocarbonate of zinc, zinc bloom, marionite. Its color is white, grey or yellowish, usually earthly with dull luster. Streak is shining; hardness 2 to 2.5; specific gravity, 3.58 to 3.8. It is amorphous; contains carbon dioxide 13.6 parts, zinc oxide 75.3 parts and water 11.1 parts, equivalent to 60.47 per cent metallic zinc. It is readily soluble in hydrochloric acid and other acids with effervescence. It occurs earthly, massive and fibrous, in concentric crusts and stalactites, modular, concretionary, botryoidal and pisolitic. It is a decomposition product of spalarite, Smithsonite or calamine.

Zincite occurs in foliated or lamellar masses, or granular and in coarse particles.

Zincite is an original product of nature and does not result from the decomposition of other ores. It is soluble in acids with effervescence.

Willemite. Anhydrous silicate of zinc. When pure willemite is of a white or greenish color, but is

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colored from impurities to various shades of grey, brown, yellow or red. The streak is white. It is of the resinous luster and transparent to opaque. The fracture is uneaven and brittle; hardness 5.5, and specific gravity 3.89 to 4.18. It crystallizes in rhombohedral forms, commonly in hexagonal prisms, either long and slender or short and stout. It is composed of silicate 27 parts and zinc oxide 73 parts, containing 58.62 per cent metallic zinc. It is decomposed by hydrochloric acid with the separation of gelatinous silica.

In nature this ore is found in crystals, also massive in grains and fibrous. It is a redeposit of the other ores through the action of soluble silicates.

There are a number of minor compounds of zinc that will only interest the student, such as sulphates, aluminates, arsenates, etc., etc.

THE ORE DEPOSITS—DISTRIBUTION OF LEAD AND ZINC IN NATURE.

It has been definitely ascertained by careful chemical analysis that both lead and zinc is found to be widely distributed in nature. At least sixty per cent of all the rock has been found to contain minute particles of both these metals. They are found more or less associated with all the minerals and have been detected in minute quantities in both fresh and salt water. They are present in plant and animal life, even in corn, beans, eggs, and in beef and human liver.

Both these ores are found under all conditions and thus we may infer that nature is one vast storehouse of lead and zinc.

FORMING OF THE DEPOSIT.

That zinc and lead is universally present in nature, is an interesting study to the scientist. The pros-

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pector and the miner is concerned only with the concentrated minerals, which we term the ore deposit and which are of sufficient quantities to pay for working.

The mode of formation is practically one of two ways: first, by simple deposition from solution generally in crevices, open fissures, cavities or depressions; and second, by chemical alterations or replacements of solids. All theories based on sublimation and condensations from heated vapors and solidification from a fused condition, or by volcanic action, must be discarded as chemically and physically impossible in the Missouri-Arkansas district.

The geology of the Missouri-Arkansas district distinctly shows that the stratified rocks of this region are directly or indirectly water formation. That this section was alternately submerged during long periods when the rocks were either formed as draft and bars or as sediment on the bottom of the ocean bed. That at other periods the rocks were elevated above the water level and deeply eroded by surface waters. This alternate building up, wearing away and redepositing must be considered by the prospector. It is in the redeposits that he is likely to find the ore in concentrated conditions. The country rock charged with more or less metallic zinc, being dissolved by solvent waters, percolated into any available crevice, cavity or depression where the minerals were deposited by chemical precipitations or by change of temperature. Solvent water charged with mineral will carry it in solution until the metal comes in contact with some other element for which it has a greater attraction. Uniting, the two are deposited as crystals. Thus a soluble water charged with zinc, on coming in contact with sulphur in solution under the proper conditions crystallizes and becomes spalerite. Highly carbonated waters combining with zinc in solution crystallize as

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Smithsonite, and so down the line. And as one crystal of mineral has a natural attraction for another the process continues indefinitely under the same conditions until the cavity or depression is filled. Even then conditions being favorable, the deposit continues and overflows, thus perhaps filling a succession of cavities or crevices and connecting each with the other.

REPLACEMENTS OF SOLIDS.

Solutions carrying zinc or lead often act as solvents upon the limestones through which they percolate. Thus the solution takes up lime and deposits the metallic substance. This may continue for long periods until the lime rocks have changed to mineral bearing rocks.

Often a slight fracture in a rock strata, caused by giving way of the strata beneath, or uneven pressure above, gives entrance to the solvent waters which in time completely alters the original nature of the rock.

FORMS OF DEPOSIT.

The forms of deposit are usually irregular, conforming to the cavity, depression or condition under which they are formed.

Sheet deposits are those which fill two narrow spaces between two solid walls. They may be vertical or horizontal and are usually termed veins or lodes, and fill fissures or crevices.

A lenticular deposit is one thicker in the middle than at either end. A crevice broadening and narrowing at the ends may be the receptacle for such a deposit.

A pipe deposit is one filling a pipe or chimney in the rock. It is generally an accumulation of ore filling a verticle opening leading from the surface to some outlet below, formed by the drainage.

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Massive deposits may be of unlimited dimension or merely pockets. They are simply bodies of ore having no well defined shape. These may be either large deposits or free ore mixed with clay, chert and broken rock, filling a cavary, cavity or depression or stratified deposits of disseminated ores.

THE STRUCTURE OF ORE.

By this is meant the arrangement and shape of the component parts. The banded structure is the arrangement of the different minerals in separate parallel bands or sheets. This structure is not common.

The conglomerated or brecciated structure is where the ore body consists of a mass of fragments of any size, firmly cemented or loosly held together. The fragments may be of broken rock, chert or any material. The matrix, quartz, clay, sand, calcite or the ore itself. This structure may be found in any of the forms mentioned, but more likely in the massive.

The granular structure is a firm or incoherent aggregation of grains of pure or grains of ore and rock and other materials. It is common to the stratified bodies but is found in other forms.

The dense structure is that condition in which the rock and minerals form one homogeneous mass and is not readily separated into fragments, grains or crystals.

The crystal structure is applied to the deposit made up of interlocking crystals of the same or a combination of various minerals. It is not common and hard to distinguish from the granular.

THE NATURE OF ASSOCIATED SUBSTANCES.

The country rock constitutes part of many ore bodies of most all classes. Where the ore impregnates the rock or fills cavities in it, of whatever modes or shapes, it is likely to contain fragments of the country rock.

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ASSOCIATED MINERALS.

The most common minerals associated with lead and zinc are calcite, dolomite, barite, and pyrite. Quartz is rare, but quartzite is frequent. It is well to be familiar with these associated minerals, as the presence of them are strong indications of mineral deposit.

The nature of the enclosing rocks are of great importance to the prospector. While lead and zinc ores occur both in massive, crystalline and clastic rocks, in limestones, sands and clay, by far the greater number and commercially greater deposits are found associated with limestones.

THE AGE OF THE ENCLOSING ROCKS.

Deposits of lead and zinc are found in rocks of all ages. Those of the most importance are found in the paleozoic and mesozoic rocks. The series containing the largest and most noted deposits are the silurian, lower carboniferous and triassic.

THE CAMBRIAN OR SILURIAN ROCKS.

The greatest deposits of the leading lead and zinc producing states of the union are found in these rocks; such are Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri and Nevada. The cambrian or silurian rocks underlie the entire mineral belt of southwestern Missouri, but are overlayed in Jasper, Newton, Barry, Lawrence and Green counties by the lower subcarboniferous. They make their appearance in Stone and Taney counties and extend as the country rock in southeast Missouri and Arkansas.

The subcarboniferous rocks are the prevailing rocks of southwestern Missouri. Triassic rocks are not found in Missouri and Arkansas.

GEOLOGY, STRATIGRAPHIC GEOLOGY.

Briefly outlined, the rocks of the Kansas-Missouri-Arkansas district range from the lower silurian of Ar-

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kansas to the shales of the carboniferous in Missouri, and the coal of the carboniferous in Kansas.

The silurian rocks are characterized by the alternate stratas of close textured limestones, cherts, sandstones and shales. The limestones contain a large per cent of magnesia. They are often very fine grained, but coarse granular or crystalline are abundant; also porous and pitted. Their color is light or dark grey; with freshly fractured pale yellowish. They do not burn in lime successfully.

The cherts are less abundant than the limestones, but being comparatively indestructable are apt to accumulate wherever a receptacle is offered. They occur in beds from a few inches to five or six feet in thickness. They occur in lenticular layers; also in modular or irregular shapes. They are hard, glassy and fracture easily and are frequently found mixed with the lime stratas.

Stratas of lime and chert mixed and interlocked are frequently found and often contain ore.

Sandstones of the lower silurian occur in stratas of a foot to fifty feet in thickness. They are usually soft; often white and nearly pure silica. They may be in thin stratas or thick deposits, white red, yellow, black or green in color.

The shales are thinly bedded. Drab, blue or greenish. The conglomerates are not stratified, but are likely to be found anywhere; generally making an ancient river bed, wash or drift. There is scarcely any fossils in these series.

The subcarboniferous overlays the silurian. The contact is indicated by a strata of sandstone which varies from a few inches to many feet in thickness. This strata may be found anywhere in the district at an elevation of about 1,000 to 1,200 feet above sea level.

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The rocks of this series are as follows: The limestones predominate; they are white to grey; closely crystalline beds; containing abundant crynoid stems and other fossils. They are rarely magnesium and burn readily in lime. These fossil limestones are called the Burlington limestones.

The shales are drab or bluish, frequently calcareous, and most abundant near the base of the series.

The sandstones are found also in the lowest formations. They are reddish, friable, with characteristic fucoid markings.

The cherts are either in lenticular or in nodules mixed with lime stratas. They are white or biuish, breaking into a hundred fragments with a blow of a hammer. The chert of this series is more fossiliferous than of the silurian, often containing casts of crynoid stems. They frequently show a twisted, gnarled and highly conglomerated feature.

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BOOK IV.

MENTAL SCIENCE AND CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOODS.

CHAPTER I.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATIONS AND METHODS.

Chicago, December 29, 1900.

IN ALL THESE statements concerning religions, we want it understood that we are not in any sense attacking the religion of Christ as we understand it. We deem our mental science or metaphysical thought in perfect harmony with the religious teachings of Christ both as to His spiritual conditions and as to His health-healing conditions. We affirm that the religion of greed of present civilization is not the religion of Christ. We affirm that the religion of society, churches, schools, colleges and politics of the present state of civilization of wars, competitive commerce and traffic in sexuality is not the religion of Christ. We affirm that these malformations of civilization are largely the outgrowth of the very Hebrew civilization that crucified Christ. Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest, most divine psychic of mental science or metaphysical thought the world has ever produced; but He was surrounded by ignorance and error. He clothed His thoughts in language as nearly as possible to suit the environment and degraded understanding of his

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listeners. His disciples did the same in more imperfect degree, and all biblical history is an attempt to put psychic or metaphysical thought before the world according to the conditions of the ignorance and erroneous convictions of the world to receive it.

It is because we develop naturally along lines of mental and physical environment that we have developed in so many directions, and in numerous more or less one-sided directions. The state of morals, conscience and regeneration was so pregnant in the thought atmosphere antedating the birth of Christ that every mother of spiritual thought hoped to bring forth a redeemer, and Mary, wife of Joseph, accomplished what her psychic thought demanded.

Subjective or psychic thought is the power that develops the world. It is the essence of all civilization. Had man been complete from the beginning, we would have had no conflict of religions, no wars, no insanity, no disease, no death. Man is evolved from the lower orders of life. After he leaves the animal existence he develops conscience, abstract reasoning, causation, truth, divinity.

We do not think without a mind; mind does not operate upon the objective plane of thought without a brain. If one is deficient in a brain, he is deficient in the corresponding mental powers. Clara Barton has great will-power and great benevolence, hence she attracts unusual attention. Women have evolved through ages of poetry, painting and song, a senseless vanity to attract men. It is her only means of satisfaction and support. She could have comforts,

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peace and bread better by developing her conscious beauty, and thus attracting the virile force and bread-winning capacity of man, than she could by remaining his Indian slave, and later his Mohammedan concubine. Idiocy is a product of civilization, because it is an abnormal condition of sex brutality or excesses. Insanity is largely the result of sex brutality or excesses.

Abnormal development of religious fanaticism at the expense of other normal conditions of thought is a great source of insanity. Abnormal development of greed at the expense of normal conditions of honor, virtue and purity, produce malformation of thought ending in conflict of wealth and poverty, trusts and labor unions, and finally in wars of commerce which become wars of nations and pollute our flag.

If thought can be so concentrated as to cause a Mohammedan-Turkish soldier to lay down his life in war, under conviction that he goes at once to heaven, notwithstanding he has always violated every idea of purity all his life: If thought may be so concentrated as to be perpetuated as an inheritance, as in the case of all religions (once a Catholic always a Catholic): If thought can be so concentrated as to cause people to childishly believe in the infallibility of the Pope, and in the absolute chastity of overwined and overdined priests: If thought can be so concentrated as to cause Christians to believe in the immaculate conception when all scientific knowledge seems to show such an instance to be impossible: If thought can be so concentrated as to make one denomination of the Christian religion go to war with another denomination of the

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Christian religion, and yet each be morally convinced that it is absolutely right, and is waging war in a holy cause: If thought may be so concentrated as to cause it to make conscience in one person and devil in another: If thought can be so concentrated as to make a Protestant mother believe her prayers will save, for heaven, an infidel impious son who is a modern scientific physician, when she thinks she knows that all such men, not her son, go direct to hell, to seethe and burn during all eternity: If, I say, all these things can be produced by thought concentration, then in the name of a very small atom of common sense, why do you permit your colossal ignorance to doubt the efficiency of thought concentration to heal all malformations of thought and correct them when detected? In other words, why do you assert that pills will cure, and thought concentration will not cure, especially when you have the evidence of countless numbers who have been cured by metaphysical or psychic thought, viz: by Mental Science, so-called. (We deplore the name. Most names mean something. Christian Science and Mental Science as names, mean almost nothing.)

Just pause one moment and consider what thought concentration has accomplished that you know of, from the small knowledge you have had hammered into your unwilling brain as a pupil or even as an adult. Have we a single condition in or about us that thought has not produced?—Has not materialized? In this sense we can even materialize spirits, even if the body has decayed and rotted in the earth for a half century or more.

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It seems to us that people who cannot comprehend this fact of the thought product of the entire visible and intellectual world, and even of the spiritual world, we say it seems to us that such people have a more dense ignorance and superstition, a more profound devil or knowledge of error, than the Hindoo mother who throws her babe to the crocodiles in the river Ganges, to satisfy the wrath of God.

Why cannot you religious people stop to think that the Mormon who lives with a half dozen or more wives is often your superior from your own standard of devotion and honor, and that he actually is sincere in his belief that he is doing his God and your God a great service by so conducting his physical existence?

And yet when you know this—when you know that malformation of thought has produced all ideas of greed until the latter is inherited; has produced all idiocy, insanity, disease, vice, crime and unhappiness, you actually hold up your hands in horror if Dowie says he heals a person by prayer. The same thing is wrong with Dowie that is wrong with you. He thinks he is thinking, he thinks he is a special representative of a personal deity. He thinks he accomplishes results by direct answer of prayer to a personal God, or at least he says he thinks so.

Cannot you understand that mesmerism, hypnotism, clairvoyance, mind-reading, divine healing, faith healing, communion in prayer, Christian Science and Mental Science or metaphysical healing are all thought concentration in different external forms, and all heal to a certain degree? Certainly the degree is minimum

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in the various forms except in those of Mental Science or metaphysical healing when its rationalism reaches the maximum of evolutionary attainment.

Cannot you understand that Mental Science is the most rational explanation of the phenomena that has ever been propounded to man? If you cannot comprehend this fact, then you must have in your own household the most colossal example of ignorance—the devil—error, that it has been possible to create by the weak thought power of your malformed ancestry.

Why do you continue to make a ridiculous spectacle of your ignorance by asserting that Christian Science and Mental Science do not heal all forms of disease far more effectively than do the poultices, plasters and dope of science? Why do you put yourself in the same class with the ignorance of superstition of all ages, and especially of your own age and country of which you boast so much, of which you boast as being first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of your fellow countrymen, and yet you cannot even understand what was meant by the casting out of devils. You cannot even understand that by devil was meant ignorance—error—the same ignorance and error with which you are filled to overflowing when you take pills or continually whine about the weather and feebly think it makes you sick. People live, think, like they read the morning paper—in a perfunctory way and mostly as a sensational thought sedative. Few people who read the daily paper think when they read. They only think they are thinking, and mostly they go to sleep while they think they are thinking, and they even

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dream they are thinking. This is the way most people read the bible.

Can you not comprehend that sin, so-called, is only another form of ignorance? A wise person does not sin, and a wise person does not make a sniveling repentance of his sin or ignorance. This is why metaphysicians say there is no sin; there is no evil; there is no sickness; there is no death. This is why they say all is good; all is beauty; all is love; all is happiness; all is truth. They say these things because in reality they are true, naturally. All malformations of thought are man-created, man-produced, man-made, hence not real, true, permanent and lasting. Disease is man-created, and hence not an attribute of man as such. If his mind-power, his thought world, had never heard of disease, his body would never have projected that thought, and he would never have been sick.

It seems clear to us that what is called the climax of our Caucasian civilization is largely the result of greed and lust. These two conditions have been held in abeyance to a limited degree, by the several religious conditions and by liberal psychic thought of Greeks, Romans, Germans, English and other modern schools of thought that have produced our philosophies, science, poetry and art. But the preponderance of so-called civilization is in favor of greed and lust, and to-day these two elements are dictating the character of our philosophy, religion, science, art, education and development, or they are dictating the degree of retrogradation as the case may be, in different parts of the earth, with more or less civilized or uncivilized

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peoples. Those who have affirmed for goodness, purity and justice in the abstract are succumbing to the power and malformed force of greed and lust. It will require all the combined heroic, ideal power of religion and of psychic truth to overcome the growing strength of greed and lust.

If the latter win, we may become as Egyptians, Greeks or Romans in their fall. If we may perpetuate the essential elements of the civilization of the Pilgrim forefathers, the Society of Friends and the accumulated ideal of the psychic thought of both the past and present centuries, we will succeed. If not we may fall to the level of the present civilization of Cathay, Egypt, Palestine and of the Aztec.

Following is a copy of the Mental Science School of Philosophy or New Thought:

First—We declare that the true starting point of all reform is the individual. Given a society of individuals of correct standard, legislation will be inherently correct and government correspondingly good.

Second—We maintain that the race is as yet in the infancy of its development, and destined to evolve infinitely higher standards.

Third—We declare that everything is primarily mental, presenting different manifestations of one universal intelligence, of which man is the highest expression known to us. The proper study of mankind is man. An understanding of himself, his relation to the sum of all intelligence and a comprehension of natural laws, as seen from the mental or positive pole is the open sesame to rapid progress, happiness and power.

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Fourth—We maintain that a noble egotism is the foundation of strength and just action and, therefore, champion the cause of self-reliance.

Fifth—We affirm the unity of the race, the brotherhood of man, and maintain that "to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" is the true relationship of individuals and nations.

Sixth—We proclaim the doctrine of optimism as expressed in the qualities of love, hope and courage, declaring hate, worry and fear to be arch enemies of happiness and success.

Seventh—We teach the power of concentration of thought, the potency of desire, and its correlation to the thing desired.

Eighth—The attainment of happiness is the sole object and purpose of all life. We recognize material wealth as an essential to mental growth, and Mental Science points the way to the control of material objects through mental forces.

Ninth—We assert our absolute independence of creeds and accept for our motto liberty of thought and freedom to investigate, welcoming truth from whatever source it may appear.

Tenth—Life is too short and progress tremendously hindered by its brevity. From the standpoint of mental as well as material wealth, the individual, under present conditions, dies just as he is best fitted to live. Recognizing the universal desire of the race to prolong life, we believe this desire to be the prophecy of its fulfillment, and that by a study of the laws of life man may acquire the power to prolong it indefinitely. Study and investigation tending towards the establishment of definite results in this direction is, therefore, the great and principal object of this association.

Following is a copy of a digest of "Realization," by John Stewart, L.L.M.:

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We will find the elements to be considered of great interest as well as the knowledge of them of importance in the effective application of our efforts. A general summary of these (particular consideration of which will be otherwise given) is as follows:

(1) The facts and philosophy of subliminal consciousness: the new conception of the psychic nature of man; the fundamental characteristics of the subliminal self and their potency in life expression and unfoldment.

(2) The psychic genesis of the normal or personal consciousness.

(3) The interaction between the two spheres of self. (a) The emergence of the subliminal into the normal consciousness, affecting life expression. (b) The powerful influence of the normal thought and life upon the subliminal states. (c) The synchronizing of the highest normal with the wisest subliminal to effect the highest unfoldment.

(4) The supernormal in faculty and state of consciousness.

(5) The fundamental law of life-expression.

(6) The mind's power over its own functions and those, so-called, of the physical organism, whose activities are habitually manifested as constant repose to environment, but may be consciously directed.

(7) The power of the conscious mind over the subtle life forces, variously termed "psychic," "odic," etc.

(8) Cosmic and universal life forces and the possible relations thereto.

(9) Reciprocal relations between mind-activity and organic condition: the identification of all functions as mental; the regulation of psychologic states, from those of the ego to those of the cell, as the basis of health and law of cure.

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(10) The power of ego to regulate its own states, and that of the mind to control its incitation, through the conscious exercise of which brain-cell construction may be effected for the dominant functioning in normal life of the correlated states of consciousness, which have also thereby become incorporated as character elements in the subliminal self.

(11) The choice of environmental stimuli and mental ideals to which consciousness shall respond.

Concentration, in the broadest sense, is a method of controlling, directing, inhabiting, or originating conscious mentation to specific ends, viz.:

First—That conscious mental activity shall become orderly, systematic, economic, and rational, both as to the purely mental expressions and those which originate and are inseparable from physical actions.

Second—That the conscious will shall become synchronous with cosmic truth and with the unfolding higher purpose, and shall bring the conscious mentation under its control, harmonizing it with these permanent factors above named.

Third—That the power thus acquired may be used in controlling, directing, inhabiting, or originating thought for the purpose of changing states of normal consciousness at will: for the eradication of undesirable states, habits, disposition or character, and the introduction of desirable ones and the building of brain-structure for their functioning.

Fourth—That mentation shall become true expression.

Fifth—That the control and direction of the subtle life forces may be attained and the art of directing, localizing, or concentrating them may be practiced for the re-establishment and maintenance of health.

Sixth—That the power of efficient projection of thought for beneficient ends may be acquired.

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Seventh—That there may be selection in the character of dominant impressions, ideas and concepts, and the ability to transfer them to the subliminal consciousness, thereby determining for the higher ends the nature of those characteristics which life experience shall stamp upon the memory of and make part of the subliminal consciousness.

Eighth—That one may create conditions under which conscious rapport with universal life forces is possible.

Ninth—That the best conditions may be created for the easy emergence of subliminal consciousness and faculties from the subliminal sphere and their blending with the normal self.

Tenth—That supernormal states of consciousness may be realized.

There are certain psychologic laws which underlie these practices and their results, and in harmony with which we will find our experience. These as I conceive them, may be tentatively stated thus:

(1) Consciousness is the fundamental fact of knowledge which, with all experience, is based upon it or some change in its state.

(2) Mind is a specialized state of consciousness relating to a particular environment or to concepts arising from the knowledge of it.

(3) That which the mind holds in thought, contemplation, or concentration conditions the mind which, for the time being, is the expression of consciousness.

(4) Concentration eliminates from the mind all but the contemplated conception or idea, and merges the emergent consciousness into that alone, which, for the time, becomes the state of the soul.

(5) Every mental state or activity is accompanied by physiological changes in cell structure, and con-

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centration builds up a brain-structure through which the special functioning of thought or consciousness correlated with it recurs with ever-increasing ease and perfection.

(6) With every expression of a state there is a tendency to repeat it; and conversely, with every suppression of such expression there is a tendency to infrequency.

(7) Every image or thought held in consciousness tends to become externalized in action or condition.

(8) The soul grows into the states held in dominant contemplation, and they become permanent by the law of use.

(9) By reason of the continual interaction between the two spheres of consciousness (the normal and the subliminal), the plasticity, responsiveness and retentiveness of the subliminal mind, concentration powerfully effects the subliminal states.

(10) The subliminal states emerge with the greatest facility when the elements which give the dominant characteristic to the normal consciousness are minimized.

From the above we might define the elaborations of John Stewart, L.L.M., as those of the Herbert Spencer of the Philosophy of Mental Science.

These "Declaration of Principles of Helen Wilmans" and "Realization through Concentration of Conscious Thought of John Stewart, L.L.M." with-expressions that have preceded in "The Modern Occult" and other chapters of this work, may be sufficient to convey to any reasoning mind the scope of Mental Science teachings and foretell its grand realizations. With this present effort we are undertaking the attraction of the attention of the prejudiced, the indif-

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ferent, the despondent, the victim of fear, poverty and ignorance. And we are proposing to enlarge the scope of practical organization and usefulness of Mental Science teachings by first eliminating the greatest obstacle in the path of our Mental Science realization, namely, competitive production and individual property ownership.

Suppose that by colonizing efforts like those at Seabreeze, Florida, and Seattle, Washington, Helen Wilmans and M. F. Knox and their associates succeed in building up a colony which shall consist of people following the ordinary competitive avocations of life in adjacent cities, farms and factories, which they will accomplish. Then suppose that this idea spreads to other localities and all over the land, which in time it may, and suppose that its adherents realize health and wealth and happiness, there still remains an element of commercial competition that creates strife, dissension and bitterness. It is already apparent in the organization of Mental Science temples. People who are rooted in individual ownership of properties do not seem to want to concede that any one colony shall assume absolute control as did Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science movement that is expressed in so many beautiful edifices and places of worship in all our principal cities. Again these colony methods of Seabreeze and Seattle practically leave out the masses which cannot purchase homes of their own in the colony and become members and beneficiaries of Mental Science schools and society. They seem to leave out the very element that needs most immediate relief and atten-

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tion. Therefore, let us incorporate colonies of co-operative brotherhood and common ownership of property under Mental Science teachings of the individual and get into the fold the masses who most of all need the economic results of the combination of small capital to make an aggregation of large capital with which to establish institutions for labor to produce necessities for body as well as for mind in the abstract.

In visiting Mental Science associations, we fail to see any of those hardy sons of toil—the strong, honest producers of food, clothing and machinery. We see all sorts of intellectual people who have always lived off the margin of profit their scheming gained off the sons of toil.

In Christian Science churches we see none but those who live by their wits and a few dependent servants. We do not see the great middle producing classes.

The grand ultimate of Mental Science should be to eliminate all middle or under classes.

Our plea is for organization that will get the masses into line with us and benefit them. We think we do not especially need help in our present positive frame of mind. We can acquire all we need through our superior mentality, but we must acquire on the physical plane by necessitating that a laborer, somewhere along the line of production, shall labor more hours each day than is necessary for his best physical condition and for his best mental opportunities.

During the past four weeks we have visited the Mental Science temples of Seattle, Portland, San

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Francisco and Los Angeles. We have not had opportunity to visit our own home Mental Science temple in Chicago. Previous to seeing Mr. Knox in Seattle, we have never knowingly met a Mental Scientist, except we heard Mr. Burgman lecture once during the past winter in Chicago. We had read much of their literature and had been successfully treated by Helen Wilmans.

In 1884 we met Mrs. Eddy and was treated by Dr. H. E. Stone, to whom Mrs. Eddy recommended us. We then relapsed into private sanitariums, etc., because we could not assimilate Mrs. Eddy's logic although we recognized the fact of Christian Science healing, and healing successfully. We suppose we have become a "positive" since we began with Helen Wilmans some two years ago, and now we are going to positively state our opinion about organization.

We advocate organization and thorough organization, local and national, and we advocate it energetically as a ready means of materialization of our Mental Science thought. Any Mental Scientist has a perfect, individual right to adhere to individualization and draw the mantle of individuality about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams in a subjective state of personal happiness. But the question arises in our minds, have we as members of the human family any duties to perform to that portion of humanity which is in the slough of despond, in the apathy of death realization, in the hypnotic state of commercialism, or in the psychologized state of religious fanaticism. It seems to us that if we will succeed fully, we must instill the

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understanding of our exalted condition of thought into the mind of ignorance and poverty. How shall we do this?

Shall we do it by writing books and saying, we are not practitioners, but philosophers? Shall we do it by practical healing which is temporal, or by teaching the subject until it becomes a permanent condition of healing, and the person becomes a true Mental Scientist? Or shall we silently contemplate our own position as philosophers, and witness the masses floundering in error, while we consort with exclusive individuality?

Because ninety per cent of all business men fail financially; because ninety per cent of all professional men fail practically; because the majority of marriages are failures from a standpoint of love, happiness or morals; because socialism has failed; because anarchy has failed; because nihilism has failed; because wealth has failed; because civilization has failed—is all this any reason for the failure of Bellamyism, or of Mental Science association? The history of all failures is that of want of organization of individual co-operation between the parties interested. Their ideals were too low; their hearts too false, and their appetites too gross. Mental Science must be above selfish greed, jealous power and petty bickering for honor. No one has a patent right upon ideas and no Mental Scientist has any right to dictate policies to others unless such policies appeal to profound reason and true development. The Mental Scientist who advocates organization is the last one to dictate unreasonably. He is

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too broad gauged to feel that he is being dictated to. It is the one who fears organization and its powers and prefers exclusive, haughty individuality, that manifests the weakness, as it seems to us.

Read "Organized Thrift" in July, 1900, Cosmopolitan, by Vance Thompson, and then tell us co-operative brotherhoods upon a financial basis are impracticable, if you will. They are the only method of practicability for the masses. Co-operative brotherhoods have failed because of inordinate greed, religious fanaticism, youthful rebellion against stupid dress and because of individual dictatorship and because of foolish impracticability of one-idead dreamers, but they have never failed because of co-operation. They failed because of individual malformation, which could be avoided if Mental Science was the central thought. Review the history of Economical Society of Pennsylvania, Brook Farm, Free Love societies, Shaker communities, French colonies, Topolobamco, Tennessee communities, etc. Not one failed because of organization and co-operation. They failed either from individual greed, religious fanaticism or moral degeneracy.

We maintain that as Mental Scientists, we owe a debt to humanity and that we must pay it by teaching humanity how to live. We must reach the masses in earnest, and to do this, we must get at their physical wants. We must relieve them from fear of poverty, by establishing a community of financial interests, and common property ownership. We must establish this condition as a permanent one, and make it everlasting

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by Mental Science teaching. By this method we accomplish permanent results. We eliminate the idea of fear of poverty, and are not compelled to overcome it in each individual. We eliminate the greed of individual wealth and do not have throat-cutting competition to overcome for each individual. We eliminate vicious society and superfluous parasites, such as advertising, insurance, commercial reporting, etc. We then have man under conditions of freedom. He is then in a position to absorb and assimilate ideal mental science conditions. He has let go none of his rights but has added to his wealth and freedom from poverty.

Therefore, we say, organize. Organize upon a financial basis. Organize now, this season, this winter, and keep organizing. We have just listened three evenings to Prof. M. F. Knox, in his lectures in Los Angeles. These lectures are of the very greatest and most vital importance to man, woman and child. They teach life, wealth, success, health, happiness, and yet he did not have an audience, at his pay lecture, of fifty people in a town of over 100,000 people. Jenness Miller had a grand audience on social platitudes; she said some smart things. When interrogated by a man, she retorted that her dress or any other woman's dress was not conspicuous on the street, unless the party wearing it made a bid for attention. In this she struck the keynote of why women parade the street, viz., to bid for attention.

Why did not Professor Knox have large audiences at his pay lecture? Some say it is because the doctors are opposed to Mental Science. Some because drug-

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gists are opposed to mental treatment in the absence of drugs. Some because the church is opposed to mental therapeutics, etc. Is it possible that commercialism has grown to such individual, jealous greed that it opposes truth? Is it possible that natural science physicians have grown to such bigoted idolatry, as to suppose allopathy is the ultimatum of understanding? Is it possible that religious thought has become so dense in its ignorance that it may not be set aflame with the phosphorescent light of reason? If you mean these are the conditions that exist, then, it is about time we became the aggressors.

We go shopping and come home not with what we want, but with what the salesman forced upon us. We travel and see as the official tells us. We bank as the banker tells us. We live as the doctors, preachers and politicians tell us. We are the dupe of a few smart classes, who are getting the principal rake-off. We are the victims of fakirs on every corner. It is about time for us to go out and eliminate the fakir. It is about time for us to materialize something for our cause. If we want to materialize some firewood, we procure an axe and materialize the stovewood by the cord. If we want to materialize wealth we go out and sell people something they do not want, or do not know whether they want it or not. We never go out and sell people things they are running after us for. Mental Scientists are too modest for the commercial world. Los Angeles is full of wealthy resorters, who are paying thousands of dollars for "blue sky" and medical advice, and yet not one of them came to listen

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to Mr. Knox. Possibly they had been faked too often and preferred to be faked upon established lines of law, medicine and theology, to throwing their money into the thought world, when they could not see the hole where the nickel went into the slot machine. People are fools and machines and sheep, in financial, social, and religious matters to a great extent. They are followers of fashion in dress, manners, customs, thoughts and acts. Hence we must get out and sell them our ideas. We must sell them something they do not know whether they want or not, and we must sell it at a good, round price—large enough to enlist their attention and understanding.

Mr. Knox should have for his effort each day not less than $25. He should have all the comforts the best hotels, etc., can give him. He should not be annoyed with advance agent's work. He does the teaching work admirably. He is one of the best teachers we ever listened to. He is a college-bred man, an editor, an organizer, a teacher and a splendid Mental Scientist. He employs every avenue of learning to illustrate and clinch his thought. He uses the grandest quotations of the bible, and accumulated learning of ancient and modern philosophies, as well as of modern science in all its applications. He attracts one mind by pictorial illustrations, another by geological information, another by biblical thought, and so on, through the entire realm of the genius of thought, goodness, beauty and truth.

We recommend the local temples in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland to get up and go out, and

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materialize some wealth—some wherewithal to pay for advertising and hall rent and secure an audience in advance, among people of means, and among people of labor, as well as among weary wagglers of inactivity. If this cause of Mental Science is worth your and my attention and is what we claim for it, it is worth the attention of others, and they should pay for it the same as they pay for land, medical advice, church pews and theatricals. We Mental Scientists are too modest. We should materialize wealth under our present competitive commercial conditions just as we materialize stovewood with an axe, or land values with lies, or rabbitries, orange groves, race courses, church buildings. Those who oppose organization might well see the influence accumulated Catholic wealth has. If it only belonged to the people instead of the church what a grand thing it would be. Look at the influence the Christian Science temple buildings are exerting. If those temples only belonged to the people in common instead of the narrow-minded church idea, what a nucleus they would be. If we are wrong in a combination of perfect Bellamyism and pure Mental Science organization, tell us so please. If you are wrong, acknowledge it please. We want to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number, and we want to do it now before there are more wars, pestilence and horrors. Suppose we were to conduct the Burley, Washington, Co-operative Brotherhood under Mental Science teachings, or suppose those successful co-operative communities in Flanders that now, after twenty-five years, own a whole city in common—

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a city of 25,000 people, who own shops, and homes and all in common, suppose, I say, that they had been taught Mental Science, how long would it be before Mental Science would control the world, and vanish ignorance, crime and poverty?

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CHAPTER II.

BURLEY, WASHINGTON, CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD.

Chicago, December 31, 1900.

HAVING several times referred to this undertaking, we quote below a letter from one of its secretaries and later we quote a statement of the principles and workings of the institution under the title of economic security. To our mode of thinking there is one essential lacking in this undertaking and that is supplied by the teachings of Mental Science. Some idealists' goal is necessary in every undertaking of the individual, the community or the nation. Without the idea of liberty, fraternity and equality the French Republic could not have endured so long as it has. Without the idea of freedom for which our ancestors fought and gained in 1776 the government of the United States would have been an early degenerating farce. Without the ideal Christian religion certain periods of our development would never have culminated in the grandeur they have reached. Without the ideal of truth, science would never have established the theory of evolution and shown the utter childishness of man-made religion. Without the grandest achievement of all—the realistic idealism of Mental Science—we could scarce have understood that all disease is man-created and man-inherited from man-created fear, degradation, greed and debauchery.

Hence Brother Jones, we suggest that your schools

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be supplied with Mental Science teachers both for the young and the old.

We are aware that economic societies are succeeding in other lands and have been for years. But their establishment is among a people whose ideals are derived from a few strong ideals and they are living by sufferance much the same as the Swiss Republic exists. It is this sense of co-operative security that we do not so much require in free America that holds them so securely together in Flanders—at Ghent and Guise. We quote from an article by Vance Thompson, a description of one of the most remarkable of these economic, co-operative, humanitarian societies. This article is under the title of "Organized Thrift," in the Cosmopolitan for July, 1900. We wish we could quote it entire. Here again it is the ideal that controls all. They have largely eliminated by co-operative insurance against want, poverty and individual failure, the very element of fear and incapacity that causes these disasters to men. If they could by Mental Science teachings go a step farther and eliminate their idea of disease, sickness and death they would then have no necessity for their drug stores except as curios of chemistry, etc. In mental development there is no limit to possibilities of positive development. In Christian religion and purely humanitarian efforts, the limit is death. There is no limit to Mental Science.

LETTER FROM W. E. JONES, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Dear Friend: If you have not already joined the co-operative brotherhood, I want to advise you to study the plan and possibilities of the association carefully,

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and join this grand and worthy cause without delay. We have a lot of noble people that have taken hold of the work in earnest, and are devoting their time, money and energies to the upbuilding of it, which means it will be put in successful operation in every state and community within a reasonable length of time. I, myself, have given it a very close and careful study, and believe I understand it thoroughly. I have visited Burley, Washington, the first industrial settlement of the association, where I studied the practical application of the principles, and must say the plan is practical, scientific and does justice to all. The first settlement was started over two years ago, without capital and just a few members, and to-day they have accumulated over $30,000 worth of property, over and above their obligations, besides that portion which has been distributed to the members to consume or store up individually, as they see fit. The object of the association is to secure the lands and natural resources of all kinds, and build homes, factories, industries, etc., including transportation in each state and community, and guarantee each member a home and a position in the industries, in the line they are best adapted, and for their services they get the benefit of what labor produces, no more, no less. No one receives anything unless they work, or render valuable service, except all disabled are provided for. All wealth produced is distributed to those that produce it, except that portion or per cent which it is decided for from time to time to be retained in the association for expansion, or building new industries, etc. The plan of distributing the products of labor to those that produce it, is in my judgment one of the best possible that could be adopted. The plan is this: For every day's service rendered by the individual, the association issues to them a day's credit check. This day's labor is the

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unit, and for convenience is divided into 100 parts, called minims. Some people may call this day minims or day's labor check, a dollar (it does not make much difference what you call it) but in reality and practice it has no relation to the dollar. It may be worth only twenty-five cents, or it may be worth $10. It is worth just what labor produces, no more and no less. Now for an illustration: Any given article that requires a day's labor to produce of course costs the association 100 minims, and all those that have rendered services and received a day's credit check for same can buy from the association this or any other article costing that amount of labor, for each 100 minims, thus receiving all labor produces, without paying a tribute to any other party, as rents, interest or profits.

Now if the association desires to retain a certain ten, fifteen or twenty-five per cent of all labor for expansion, or building up new industries, homes, etc., the association just adds the desired per cent to the actual cost of the article, thereby retaining this per cent of labor within the association, where all members receive all benefits accruing from same. Now of course the association could retain the desired per cent on special lines of commodities which are considered luxuries, and the necessaries of life be distributed at cost, if considered best to do so. But this will probably never be done, as it is not in harmony with the spirit of the movement, and as no one has more credit checks than he has earned, he has the right to consume them in such articles as he desires, without having to furnish a larger per cent of his labor to the expansion fund than others do.

In selling to the outside world, through stores or factories, the association aims to make a profit, and when this profit is sufficient to meet the required demand for expansion and other necessities, there will

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be no necessity to retain any part of the labor of members, so they would then have all their labor for personal use.

You see the plan is absolutely just, and gives no one an opportunity to get rich off the labor of others, but each one that works has the benefit of what labor produces. Now you readily see for the rapid growth of the movement we must all take hold of it at once, and either pay up the required amount in full at once and become active workers in the industries or pay the entrance fee of five dollars and first month's dues, one dollar, and remain an outside member—paying your payments in one dollar per month dues, or as much more as you like until the required amount is paid in full ($125), which guarantees you thereafter a position in the industries if you wish it while you are able, and you will be provided for when totally disabled, or in case of your death your family and children receive the same benefit.

The money you pay in becomes a good investment and brings you good results for yourself and family for all time. In fact, I know of no institution where you can invest this amount and get the benefit of real value as is possible in this. I trust you will be able to grasp the full importance of the movement, and take hold of the work yourself in earnest at once.

If there are any other points that you would like to understand better, I will take pleasure in explaining the same.

Be sure and join us at once.

Yours for progress,

W. E. JONES,
Secretary Temple No. 8.

I enclose some literature. Please read and place where it will do the most good. W. E. J.

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ECONOMIC SECURITY

HOMES AND PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT FURNISHED BY MEANS OF A SYSTEM OF CO-OPERATIVE LABOR.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD.

Statement of its Plans, Purposes and Results.

The objects and purposes of the Co-operative Brotherhood are to organize persons for co-operative production of wealth; to secure the equitable distribution thereof among those producing it, thereby dispensing with the wage system within the organization; to provide for the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution by persons so organized, and to make it possible for them to recognize in a practical way, the brotherhood of humanity.

HOW ORGANIZED.

In order to secure the collective ownership of the lands and means of production all the stock of the corporation, except one share for each director, has been conveyed to a board of twelve trustees, who are forbidden to sell, convey, or in any manner incumber it, but must hold it for the benefit of all present and future members.

Elections for trustees are held on the first Monday in December of each year, at which time three trustees are elected, by the entire membership of the organization, to take the place of those whose terms of office expire on the first Monday in January following. The term of office in each case is four years.

The trustees are required to "cause such regulations to be made and such by-laws to be adopted that no dividend shall ever be declared or paid on any stock of said company; that all the fixed capital shall, as rapidly as it shall be created, be considered a partial payment

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of the capital stock of said corporation; that all the products of its industries, other than the fixed capital, shall be used in supplying the wants and providing for the comfort, education and well being of those engaged in such industries, and for providing employment and a home for persons that may be entitled thereto under the by-laws; provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent creating a fund to provide for contingencies and liabilities; that provisions shall be made for the maintenance of the young, the aged, the sick and the infirm who may have been admitted to any colony or settlement established by said corporation; that all the wealth produced in said industries shall be produced co-operatively, and when distributed shall be distributed equitably among those producing it, without discrimination as to sex, thereby dispensing with the wage system; that no rules or regulations shall ever be adopted establishing any system of religion or standard of belief."

BUSINESS—HOW MANAGED.

On the first Monday in January of each year the trustees are required to elect a board of twelve directors, who have charge of the business affairs of the corporation for the ensuing year. On the first Monday in January, 1901, and annually thereafter, the persons who are engaged as co-operators in the industries of the company will present to the trustees the names of sixteen persons suitable to serve as directors, and at least eight of the directors elected for the ensuing year shall be persons whose names appear on such lists. This makes it possible for those who are actually engaged in the industries of the company and who consequently know better than those at a distance what is needed, to control at least two-thirds of the board.

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MEMBERSHIP.

The members are divided into two classes, resident members or co-operators, who are actively engaged in the industries of the company, and non-resident members, who are co-operating with the resident members by the payment of monthly dues of one dollar each, thus furnishing the necessary working capital to purchase tools and machinery, build factories and workshops, and expand the industries of the company for their own future benefit.

A non-resident membership may be secured, providing the applicant is acceptable to the board of directors, by subscribing to the by-laws and paying the entrance fee of five dollars and the first month's dues.

The dues of non-resident members are one dollar per month, payable on the first day of each month. If they remain unpaid after the fifteenth day of the month for which they are payable they are considered delinquent, and while so delinquent no member can vote on any question nor is he eligible to any of the benefits under the by-laws. A member remaining delinquent for more than six months forfeits his membership, but the board of directors may reinstate him, when the facts warrant it, at any time within six months thereafter, upon payment of all dues to date of reinstatement.

BENEFITS TO MEMBERS.

The Co-operative Brotherhood will give more protection and security to its non-resident members than any life or accident insurance company can possibly give to its holders.

Every non-resident member who pays dues for ten years, amounting to $120, is entitled to be admitted as a co-operator at any time thereafter, together with

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such dependants as were named in his application and accepted by the board of directors.

Should a non-resident member with a good standing and after at least twelve months' dues have been paid, be permanently disabled either by sickness or accident, he is entitled to become a resident member, together with his dependants above specified. Or should he die under similar circumstances his dependants will in like manner be received as resident members.

In all such cases the persons so admitted will be entitled to the same benefits and subject to the same regulation as to service as other resident members.

As often as the resident members can be increased with advantage, and the means are available for such purposes, the directors are required to select from the non-resident membership such person or persons as to them shall seem most suitable for the service then required.

In calling members under this regulation preference will be given to those who have been longest members, other things being equal.

Some members would be glad to be assured of a

HOME AND EMPLOYMENT

at an earlier period than ten years, and would be willing to pay a sum that would enable the company to supply them with both without in any way doing an injustice to the members who pay but one dollar per month. With such members the company will make special contracts to admit them at the end of one year upon the payment of $300, or such member may be admitted at once on payment of such greater sum as may be agreed upon as equitable.

It can readily be seen, therefore, that the Co-operative Brotherhood is operating on more practical

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and humanitarian lines than any fraternal society heretofore organized.

RESIDENT MEMBERS.

No dues are required from resident members. Before becoming a co-operator each must sign a contract in which he or she agrees to accept such assignment of service as may be made under the rules and faithfully perform the service required.

So long as the co-operator observes the conditions of this contract a home and employment are assured, and the by-laws expressly provide that "ample provision shall be made for the maintenance of the young, the aged, the sick and the infirm, so that no one shall suffer by reason of inability to perform service."

In case any co-operator fails or refuses to observe the terms and conditions of the contract he or she may be suspended or expelled, but before any such suspension or expulsion can be made permanent the facts must be determined by a board of arbitration consisting of nine members, who are elected annually by the resident members. The decision of this board, when based on the unanimous vote of all its members, shall be final and binding. When not unanimous an appeal may be taken by the party aggrieved to a board of review consisting of five members, as provided in the by-laws. At least four members of the board of review must concur in order to reverse the findings of the board below.

The company does not undertake to interfere in any manner with the domestic arrangements of the families. Each family may regulate its domestic affairs as fully as can be done anywhere.

The company is expressly prohibited from adopting

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any rules or regulations establishing any system of religion or standard of belief.

FUNDS—HOW UTILIZED.

All funds of the company are used in establishing and extending its co-operative industries, building homes for its members and furnishing them with employment.

There are no salaried officers to eat up the resources of the company.

The officers and directors receive no other or greater compensation than other co-operators.

The secretary and treasurer are required to give good and sufficient bonds with a responsible surety company as guarantor.

The auditor handles no money, but keeps a constant check on both the secretary and treasurer. A printed statement of all moneys received and disbursed is sent to all members at least once a month.

WEALTH—HOW DISTRIBUTED.

The wealth produced in the company's industries is distributed as follows:

1. Provision is made for the maintenance of the young, the aged, the sick and the infirm, so that no one will suffer by reason of inability to perform service.

2. A percentage will be set aside to provide for contingencies, liabilities and for the expansion of the company's industries and the building of homes.

3. The balance of the wealth created is distributed, without discrimination to sex, among those engaged in the service of the company, on the basis of the days employed.

THE COMPANY'S POLICY.

The policy of the Co-operative Brotherhood is constant and indefinite expansion.

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The organization is national, even international in scope, and already has members in twenty-six states in the union and all of the Canadian provinces. Our cause is not that of a few hundred, or a few thousand —it is the cause of all humanity.

The economics of co-operation have been put in practice by the leaders of the trusts for the benefit of a few stockholders and dividend receivers, and have resulted in the creation of fabulous fortunes for a few. The economic principle is correct. It has proved its superiority to competition by annihilating and displacing the latter whenever the two have come in conflict. It is the policy of the Co-operative Brotherhood to utilize this superior economic principle, and put it in practice for the benefit of all its members. The organization may well be termed a people's trust.

ITS POSSIBILITIES.

Some may think that in guaranteeing to each member a home and employment for so small an amount of money that the company is undertaking too much, and so it would be if the members were working separately and alone. In that case $120 would be entirely too little to render a home and employment secure for each family.

But by working co-operatively and on sound business principles that sum is ample. The difference between the waste of the competitive system and the economy of co-operation is the difference between poverty and luxury.

Put the tools of industry into the hands of the people and they will not only supply all physical wants, but create a substantial surplus. This surplus can hardly be less than one dollar per day for each worker, or $1,000 per day for each 1,000—about $313,000 per annum. It will be readily seen that each 1,000 members, at the expiration of ten years, when they may be-

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come co-operators as a matter of right, will have paid in $120,000, and that the company will have had it an average of five years. If that amount is judiciously invested and used in connection with co-operative labor, there can be no doubt that it will furnish a fund that will amply equip the thousand members with tools of production, and their own labor will supply food, clothing and shelter.

Let us see about those that may come in as a result of accident death.

The average number of deaths each year in the United States is twelve and one-third per 1,000 inhabitants. It therefore follows that if we exercise ordinary foresight and secure a membership of average physical soundness, we will have no more than say thirteen families out of each 1,000 thrown on us yearly by reason of death of members. Those totally and permanently disabled by sickness or accident will be less than seven per 1,000. This would make but twenty families per 1,000 that we might be required to provide for annually. But as each member of all these families is subject to the same regulations as to service as other co-operators, they will on an average sustain themselves by their own labor.

This is conclusively proven by the records of the poor farms of the country. In many instances the entire expenses, including salaries of superintendents and assistants, are paid out of the proceeds of the farm. All work on these farms is done by paupers who are as a rule old men and women or cripples. How much easier would they sustain themselves under our system, with no high salaries to pay superintendents and assistants, and besides with us they would not be paupers.

The Modern Woodmen of America was organized in 1883. They now have a membership of more than

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thirty thousand, and have paid to beneficiaries nearly $11,000,000. Suppose this vast sum had been used in building factories and workshops equipped with modern machinery, and in furnishing homes and employment to its beneficiaries while living. It is not too much to say that the society to-day would have more than $300,000,000 of wealth and occupy a commanding position in the industries of the world. This is estimating its wealth at but $1,000 per family, whereas the average wealth of the country amounts to more than $5,000 per family.

Had the enormous sums that have been paid to the beneficiaries of fraternal organizations in the United States during the past five years been used as we shall use our funds, in establishing productive industries and building homes for the people, there can be no doubt that the toilers of to-day would be in absolute possession of the industries of America.

RESULTS ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED.

Although the company has been organized but two years, the results already accomplished are exceedingly encouraging, and fully demonstrate the power of co-operative labor.

Beginning without a member and without a dollar in money, the company had a total of 1,220 members on October 1, 1900, and assets of $33,912 on June 30. Its first industrial settlement is located at its own town of Burley, at the head of Henderson bay, on the west side of Puget Sound, only fourteen miles from Tacoma and eighteen from Seattle, Washington. The land comprises 300 acres of first-class alder bottom located on both sides of Burley creek, a fine stream of water from which ample power can be developed for manufacturing purposes. Good judges say the land is one of the finest agricultural tracts in the state. It con-

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tains an abundance of the finest cedar and alder timber, but only a limited amount of fir.

A first-class saw and shingle mill, costing over $5,000, are in operation. The former is used mainly to manufacture such lumber as the company itself needs in its building operations. A planer is part of the outfit, and both rough and dressed lumber are turned out as needed.

The shingle mill is already a source of considerable revenue to the company; besides turning out what shingles are needed in the local building operations; a considerable portion of the output is disposed of in the Tacoma market.

About sixty acres of land has been slashed, and about thirty acres have been planted on the company's ground this year.

Twenty neat and substantial dwelling houses have already been built for the individual use of families, and others are being built as rapidly as resources permit and needs demand. Besides these individual dwellings the company has a large hotel building, schoolhouse, barn, blacksmith shop, cigar factory, laundry and other necessary buildings. The live stock consists of eight horses, ten cows, besides numerous young cattle, pigs and fowls as well as a colony of Belgian hares and eight hives of bees.

A printing plant costing upwards of $1,000 has been installed, and is used for the publication of the official paper as well as all kinds of job printing. This plant is on a self-supporting basis and entirely paid for.

The company's land was purchased on a contract price of $6,000 in round numbers. On this sum $3,400 has already been paid and the balance is being paid at the rate of $200 per month, as it becomes due, with no interests or deferred payments.

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The land debt is the only obligation the company has on its fixed capital.

OFFICIAL PAPER.

The Brotherhood's official paper is The Co-operator. It is an eight-page weekly paper, published at Burley, and contains interesting news concerning the movement, as well as educational matter pertaining to the science of co-operative industry. The subscription price is only fifty cents a year, and every person who is interested in the question of co-operation should be a subscriber. For further particulars address,

THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD,
Burley, Washington.

Or apply to the following:

J. B. Clark, organizer for northern California, 325 Parrot building San Francisco; W. E. Jones, organizer for the state of Oregon, 291 Adler street, Portland, Oregon; J. H. Copeland, organizer for state of Illinois, suite 700, 325 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois; Dr. J. A. Hamilton, organizer of the state of Nevada, Reno, Nevada; W. C. Bowman, organizer for southern California, South Los Angeles, California; A. E. Downe, organizer for the state of Minnesota, care Y. M. C. A., St. Paul, Minnesota; J. S. Ingalls, Tacoma, Washington; L. B. Simons, Gig Harbor, Washington; C. O. Barnes, Puyallup, Washington.

We quote following from "Organized Thrift," by Vance Thompson, from July, 1900, Cosmopolitan:

"Early in the fifties M. Godin had a little factory in Guise where he made stoves and cooking utensils. He resolved to associate his working men in the enterprise. By 1859 the project had begun to take form, and at his own cost he erected a home for the laborers. As the business grew he erected others, until to-day 2,000 working associates

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of the business with their families live in the familistere. In 1880 the business was made over to a company. The value of the shops and buildings which M. Godin turned over was 4,600,000 francs. For himself he reserved 230,000 francs a year, which he called 'the wage of capital.' It was interest at five per cent.

"The second charge was the cost of running the shops, the wages of the employees, the expenses of the communal school, and care for the sick and young — for all children from birth to the age of fourteen are brought up without costing the parents a penny. All these expenses paid, the profits were distributed pro rata between the wage earners and the capital. Thus for instance when the 'wage of capital' was 230,000 francs a year, and the wage of labor 600,000, about one-third of the profit went to M. Godin and two-thirds to the workingmen. In place, however, of distributing the surplus each year to the workers, the sum due each man was given him in shares, so that little by little he became a proprietor. To-day after twenty years, the entire capital has been repaid to M. Godin's heirs, with the exception of a few thousand francs and the workingmen are the proprietors of the shops and the 'Family House'; are their own masters and choose by election their chiefs and directors. They own, as a society, their grocer-shops, butcher-shops, furniture shops and dry goods-shops. They purchase of themselves and share the profits.

"M. Jules Huret has drawn a picture of the familistere with its stately communal homes, its schools, its parks thick with fruit trees, its fishing ponds and shaded walks, its great hall where the wise men lecture and the young folks dance—a charming picture.

"The great question of our day is the relation of capital and labor. I do not say that M. Godin found

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the final solution, but at least, his experiment is a step in advance, a lesson the thinking man may not safely neglect. The familistere of Guise is a compromise; it respects capital and wishes merely to temper its effects by transforming capitalistic property into social property. In a word it preserves the state, the family and all the existing conditions against which the stormier socialists, like Guesde and Jean Jaures, are up in arms. To the man of temperate habits of thought the far-seeing man who recognizes the eternal fact that every advance is a compromise, it would seem that M. Godin's method may not be lightly disregarded.

"Midway between the practical socialism of Guise and the political socialism of Norrebro one may place the socialism that has given birth to the 'Vooruit' ('Forward') of Ghent in Flanders. The society is only twenty years old and yet it cares for 25,000 people. It has made a city within a city. It might best be described as a workingmen's republic, in which labor and capital are but one, in which all those who work are proprietors, in which there is no conflict because no interests clash. There are stately palaces, factories, banks, cafes, shops, all of them the property of the proletariat, of weavers who earn eighty cents a day, or wool carders who gain less. Should you go among these men as I have done, you would find that they are not without ideals, political and social. Now and then it may be, over their evening pipes, they look out across the misty Flemish plains and dream platonic dreams of an ideal state; but they are practical men.

"For the moment they have preferred a real, material and satisfactory present, to a chimerical future. They have exchanged militant socialism for bread at two cents a pound, an old age pension of ten cents a day and an allowance for illness of forty cents a day."

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CHAPTER III.

Business Partnership.

South McAlester, Indian Territory, January 27, 1901.

My Dear Partner: Since starting out September 20, on our last long trip as a traveling man, we have written these foregoing letters at odd moments on the train, evenings at our room in the hotels and mornings before our regular work began. We shall publish them in book form hoping to accomplish two objects. First, to arrest the attention of some deluded or sickened mortal who has run the whole gamut of ordinary life as we have done and endeavor to show him that there is only one true method of living and developing and that is along the lines laid down by our leading Mental Science teachers; second, we hope to lasso a few of the rampant steers that are running amuck in the commercial and business world and show them that their career is sure to close with disaster and that the only remedy is Bellamyism. The only way is to abolish wealth as such and individual wealth accumulation, own everything in common and live in equality, liberty and fraternity; annihilate throat-cutting competition and with it crime, vice, poverty and degradation.

You will remember when we exchanged all our belongings in Kansas, in June, 1889, for those mortgaged Kansas City flat buildings, that the party who took our stock of merchandise and agreed to take our homes and our stone store buildings, also agreed to pay the balance

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of $7,000 we then owed to the bank. But he failed and paid only $3,000 to bank and took deed in escrow to our home. Then real estate went down and down and finally in 1894 to ten per cent of its first cost. In the meantime, the equity in our stone store building went for $500. It had cost us $4,500 and during the 1887 boom we were offered $7,500 for it. But this $500 only paid interest on debt to bank. Then your home went for about twenty per cent of its cost. Long before this, in December, 1890, we traded the Kansas City twenty-four flat residences off for the 958 acres near Waxahachie and the 1,609 acres near Mexia, Texas, and the 1,280 on the Rio Grande because you found the flats could not be rented in "busted" Kansas City for enough to pay interest on mortgage loans, and you moved onto the beautiful farm of 1,609 acres. But cotton began to go down from ten cents per pound in 1890 and finally reached three and one-half cents per pound and you could not pay the interest on the loan and the farms were lost and with them about all the security the bank had on our debt to them. Your home in Kansas had gone about as our stone store building went, to pay interest. Besides all this sacrifice of over $50,000 worth of property to pay a debt of $7,000, we had furnished from our earnings as a traveling man, since we quit the store in June, 1889, some $5,640 in cash with which to pay interest, expense of trades, abstracts and purchase of stock from Illinois with which to start you out on 1,609 acres at farming. However, it is all gone into a rat hole and we still owe some $6,000 to this bank. Interest at ten to twelve per cent

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per annum doubles up the debt every ten years or less. Yet, this was a debt of honor. This bank helped us out of the clutches of another bank which had caused us six months suspension in business, from August, 1888, to February, 1889, following the general stampede of total crop failures of 1887 and 1888 and the consequent inability on our part to collect some $30,000 standing out on our books against good wheat farmers and others, many of whom left in the night to save their teams with which to support their families.

There is little consolation in the knowledge that every other person in business at that time in that town has lost all of his original capital and that many of them are hopeless bankrupts and that the bank cashier who insulted our integrity by proposing to give each of us $2,000 in cash and let us skip out and he take our $40,000 worth of merchandise in exchange for the $6,000 cash and the $9,000 debt we owed that bank at that time in August, 1888, has since died; his bank has become insolvent and all concerned are wrecked.

It is a curious condition that one finds upon a visit to the scenes of our efforts after twelve years of absence. Every old resident is glad to see you and welcomes you to their homes with much cordiality, but they do not once mention their indebtedness to you. Some of them still owe us for their family groceries, some for their wives' dresses, some for their wedding suits. Some we have seen in Portland, Oregon, in Kansas City, in Chicago and in Providence, Rhode Island, and in more or less prosperity, but they never once refer to their indebtedness to us. They seem to

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assume that it is outlawed and that they do not now owe it. Such is the product of our civilization of greed and the avoidance of honesty unless under compulsion of loss of their property. Its education is that of the degenerate in morals and justice.

You will remember that at the time of our impending trouble, we advised you to give your children, who were then all minors, a note and mortgage on your ranch to secure them against loss of their mother's estate. You gave this note at our suggestion just before S. P. & R.'s suspension, in August, 1888. Later when you were on the Texas 1,609 acres we advised you to have your children secure a probate court adjustment of their interest and out of the final wreck you thus saved some $2,500 from the equities nominally belonging to your children. After you leased 1,609 acres for 1896 for $500 for one year after the foreclosure of the Dallas Mortgage Company and you could not even pay this $500 annual rental from the cotton crop which had fallen in value to three and one-half cents per pound, you then bought 284 acres of this 1,609 acres and after living upon this 284 acres for two years and not being enabled to make a living you compromised the sale and left Texas for South McAlester, Indian Territory. We are glad to know that your two sons are proving so loyal to you and that they are now doing so well and that you saved over $1,000 with which to establish a home where you now are.

After all, you came out of the S. P. & R. business better than did we who lost all our original investment besides over $2,640 in cash out of our earnings as a

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traveling man, whereas you saved some $2,500 out of all your Kansas properties.

We had advised our junior partner to save his Kansas farm by deeding to his wife's parents, which he did. But complications arose of a personal nature and the land was deeded to our junior partner's father, who died and the farm again came to the junior partner by inheritance. We believe it was attached by the bank in the courts, at least one wheat crop was attached and lost to him, being taken by the bank. Of course his investment of $5,000 in our firm was very small as compared with yours and ours, but it was nevertheless, perhaps, more of a loss to him because of his inability to recuperate.

The inability of people to recuperate after a business loss is the most pitiable condition imposed by modern civilization of greed and individual property ownership. Few possess the force of character to reassert themselves after having been knocked down and robbed of their years of petty accumulation.

We trust that when the remainder of Indian Territory is made a part of Oklahoma and the real influx of permanent white settlers comes on in the great rush, that you will be enabled along with your sons, to make filings upon some valuable government property and recoup some of your former losses and provide a competency for your old age. In our judgment you are now in a position to reap the benefits of the early actual permanent settlement of the Indian lands by whites and may reap the benefit of such advanced civilization of the power of Anglo-Saxon money and property in-

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terests that develop off the loss to the Indian who was the original primitive owner of the country.

Should you not care to spend the remaining days of your life in the uncertain civilization and the overwarm climate of Indian Territory, and should we be enabled to demonstrate that small Michigan fruit farming is a competent means of support, then let us hope that you will come to live beside us, and our children will come near us and we will go out and sit in the shade of the chestnut tree and smoke and talk it all over, and you will tell us how you used to buy and sell horses in British Columbia and on the Puget Sound and in Oregon before the days of railroads and how you came in the sixties with your partner down to Texas with $50,000 in gold in your saddle bags and purchased a herd of Texas cattle; how you divided them up and brought your half up to Little Arkansas river in Rice county, Kansas; how the winter of 1872 in its severity took them all and you were left with an undeveloped ranch only; then how you began Kansas farming and married and finally became county commissioner and appointed the writer county superintendent of schools and how you later became county treasurer when our friend who now owns the business for which we are traveling was prosecuting attorney, and finally, how you bought out our business partner and the firm became S. & P. and later S., P. & R.; how the business grew from the sales of $30,000 per year in 1882 to over $100,000 per year in 1887; how we helped to build the Masonic temple, the salt plants, the new railroads and generally boom the town of 1,100

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people in August, 1886, to over 5,000 in February 1887; and how our friend built the opera house and his $20,000 residence that afterwards sold for $2,000. and First National Bank president his $10,000 hor that afterwards sold for $1,000 and my $5,000 home that afterwards could have been bought for $600; how all the new houses in town site additions were taken down in sections and moved to other towns or sold to farmers for less than the lumber cost in the first instance; how the chief banker during the palmy days is now on a hog ranch off the railroad in the backwoods of Missouri, probably to keep from going insane for want of occupation and means of support for his family.

Speaking of these commercial disasters, do you know that the young man who once herded your cattie on Little river and was afterwards prosecuting attorney when you were county treasurer and I county superintendent of schools, when the writer was admitted to the practice of law after reading under him in his office, has finally come out on top in the most persistent commercial fight we ever understood. You knew that from his practice as a lawyer and from his addition to the town site and from his two terms as state senator he accumulated some $50,000 in cash and came to Kansas City and finally to Chicago and established a merchants' union credit company, being a co-operative association of guaranteed attorneys for handling commercial collections and litigation. Well, his partner was a dreamer and the co-operative business did not work, hence he switched off to publishing a direc-

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tory and was attacked in courts by a competitor which had copied all its ideas from the oldest directory of the United States, established in 1845. This nearly finished our friend financially. However, we came to Chicago when you took charge of the Kansas City flats and tried our hand at soliciting advertising in this new directory publication. We succeeded after many bitter disappointments and many cold stare dismissals from metropolitan city bankers. Then our friend found some other men to assist in soliciting advertising contracts. Then he began to develop the directory as a medium of establishing a direct communication between the merchant, manufacturer, etc., on the one hand and one or more bankers and attorneys in the town where the debtor is located on the other hand, and thus do away with the interloping, fake, par-point system of collections inaugurated by metropolitan city bankers to make a fictitious showing of deposits and false volume of business, and to do away with the importunities of all the horde of fake collection agencies, claim forwarders and commercial reporting blackmailers. In fact, we began to make a fight against the whole commercial field to revolutionize the whole commercial collection business and cut out the "suckers" who were making directories and securing large advertising contracts on false statements as to circulation and false assertions as to the use of their works by business houses and claim forwarders. We began to cut out all the horde of backsliding lawyers who, failing as lawyers, degenerated into fake collection agencies and "hold-up" reporting agencies. We led a merry war

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and a fine commercial fight. Our chief competitor had been wont in the early days to secure much of his business by feeing some of the agents of the business concerns with presents of diamonds and cases of champagne. We had all this to meet and overcome by purely business statements of actual circulation and competent compilation. We have fought the whole field and the undertaking has succeeded and now we are going to quit traveling and live with our wife and children on that little fruit farm, and when you are there and we are smoking and the younger children are romping and shouting at play, throwing the green walnuts at the squirrels, and we are free and out of debt and away from the maddening city and in peace, quiet and contentment, you will put that quid of tobacco on the other side and ask us if we have a copy of that special city council meeting circular which was distributed on the night of April, 1889, and which elected our friend mayor when our term as president of the city council and of the board of trade had expired, and whose authorship was so much in doubt that our friend offered to wager a thousand on the street that we did not write it, because we would have become so angered before we were half-way through it we could not finish it. He had known us when handling the pay rolls, commissary supplies, the railroad camps and the Paddies, Dagoes, Negroes, Tenderfeet and "Rustlers" in New Mexico in 1880 and 1881, when Chief Robinson was superintending the extension of the Santa Fe railroad to its junction with the Southern Pacific at Deming, New Mexico. He had seen our college dignity boil at

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a captious tenderfoot who disputed his account and had seen our Quaker indignation seethe at cattle thief butchers, who supplied our camp with a carcass of beef daily. Here is the circular:

SPECIAL CITY COUNCIL MEETING.

April, 1889.

Council rooms half-hour before the special session:

(Mayor Jumpingjack:) "Boys, do you see that hat? Attorney General Bradford wore one just like it. Do you see that shirt? Governor Humphrey made his successful campaign in one just like it! Do you see them pants? The Wichita capitalist wears some just like them! Do you see them gloves? I bought them down at Topeka at a bargain, where they sell things cheap, and where me and the consul to Odessa, and the chairman of the republican county central committee (that elected our most worthy and gracious representative) went to defeat Sterling's scheme to build a new county, and make themselves county seat! By the way, this chairman is a great chairman. He don't know anything about my spirits in the other world but he is great on Poland-Chinas and other hogs here and on politics and business. He can give advice to every business man in this community. He knows just what everybody is doing and how they do it, and is ever ready to advise with them. His office hours are from 5 A. M. to 12 midnight, at Bank of Lyons, city council rooms, court house, or any grocery store. He would be my candidate as my successor if he did not live just outside the city limits. He can feel everybody's political pulse, he can! Do you see them passes for me and my family to Topeka to see the legislature and get acquainted with them? You can't guess how I got them. It was not for being corresponding

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secretary of the Board of Trade this time. It was because I wasn't elected to the legislature. It is a part of my share of the campaign fund to elect a representative who is a rustler, who is moral, who is slick, who is a temperance man, who is my partner in business, who is crafty, who knows how to control votes by stroking the abdomens of the grangers and causing them to believe that they are under great moral, religious and financial obligations to him as candidate for representative. (It is not necessary here to inquire into his vote pledged to the interests of the G. A. R.) But here they come, boys: This meeting will now come to order to transact some business (and aside, to give the old council h-ll)."

(First councilman:) "I am under appointment as council (consul) to Odessy in Rooshy, but I want to say right here, before I go, that I am in favor of every man having free speech. I know all about the mechanical and explosive powers of natural gas and all about the chemistry and alchemy, and the manufacture of salt and the castor oil bean. I have traveled all over Europe, as special envoy for the McCormick Harvester Company and have talked with some great people. I am a practical man, but for the benefit of this busted town I will hide my good judgment under a bushel, and I will sacrifice my good sense and permit the people to vote aid to a salt plant. But I am in favor of the editor of the Republican for next mayor. We want someone who will not be among the d——d outfit that stole the postoffice and tried to steal the depot. We want some man who is temperance and W. C. T. U."

(Second councilman:) "We want some man who can feel the women on that subject. Can the republican do that? te! he! But say, I got the city ninety cents on the dollar for those refunding bonds, and paid the

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city's debts, and now I want to see a council elected that will slap every outfit in the face that wants to come here and put in an industry and get aid (unless they give us their banking business and some non-assessable, non-get-at-able stock in their concern). I am not yet weaned from the city pap and the public teat and cradle precepts of our late bank president and financial adviser, —the present incumbent—for Rice county at Topeka."

(Third councilman:) "Why did you councilmen, who are forever berating the old council in order to cover up your own acts, not take the ninety-five per cent offer for the refunding bonds? Why did you not permit another person to put in a bid when he mentioned that he thought he could get the city twenty-five to fifty per cent discount on the city script. previous to refunding and payment, at fifty to seventy-five cents on the dollar? Tell us who pocketed the five to ten per cent discount on the refunding bond and the twenty-five to fifty per cent discount on the city script. Tell us who is getting the benefit of the electric light contract against the city. Tell us what revenue has this city, which furnishes free temperance water. Why does this city government not enforce the water rent ordinances, and the payment of the occupation tax, instead of periodically refunding the city's indebtedness and transmitting a continually greater burden to posterity (for such as have posterity) and instead of howling about busted booms?"

(First councilman:) "I am for free speech. The old council was one of the most extravagant in the history of the world. I do not know of any in Rooshy that was worse. Now, Mr. City Attorney, what do you think about the coming election?"

(City attorney:) "I am brother-in-law to the Bank of Lyons, I am. I am an oracle, I am. Tickle me on this inside vest pocket and I am at your service, I am."

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(Mayor Jumpingjack:) "Brethren, shall we canvass the vote for salt bonds?" (Chorus of voices.) "No, d—n 'em. Let's down 'em."

(Mayor Jumpingjack:) "What does the police judge say? Does he not say that if bonds are voted an injunction will be filed against their issue and payment and a question put upon their validity? Then in this case the salt company will not file bond and accept city bonds, and there is therefore no necessity for canvassing the vote."

(Second councilman:) "Te! he! The women voters won't say anything about that, will they? They don't care whether we have salt plants or not, just so we have temperance, do they? Te! he!"

(Mayor Jumpingjack:) "Brethren, I will withdraw my proposition to sell the city water works until Tom Butler has gone away to negotiate for another railroad contract. He might want to put in a bid for the waterworks and I would then lose my commissions."

(Second councilman:) "Te! he!"

(Fourth councilman:) "Brethren, whereas, it has just been at this late hour ascertained that Thomas Butler has left town to look after his new railroad contract, and whereas, the city waterworks cost the city annually a large sum for labor, coal and interest, therefore be it resolved, that we instruct out most worthy mayor to apply to our most gracious representative for railroad transportation (he, the representative being a part and parcel of the political machine that is operated by the railroads of the state) for himself, the mayor and his family, to Beloit, Kansas, and there to negotiate with those people for the sale of our abortive waterworks system, at fifty cents on the dollar of first cost (this being the nominal sum mentioned in the contract). The mayor will exercise his acute judgmen;

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and if possible get second mortgage bonds, secured by the system, said bonds to be payable in fifteen years from date of sale and to bear a convenient rate of interest and the mayor (with his family) will contract with the said company, for and on behalf of the city and agree to pay to said company the sum of $3,000 per annum for the use of water for the extinguishing of fires of whatsoever nature. As an inducement to the said Beloit company to make purchase and contract, the mayor (with his family) will agree for this city to give said company full and complete control of the streets and alleys, and privilege to prepare their own water rent ordinance."

(Mayor Jumpingjack:) "Most worthy brethren and wise councilmen, you have heard the resolution, you will therefore vote for the resolution, but as a matter of form, I will instruct you to amend by ordering that all expenses for me and my family for this trip be paid in advance."

(Third councilman leaves in disgust.)

(First councilman:) "Whereas, our city calaboose is small, out of sight, and insufficient to hold the wayward and inebriated, be it therefore resolved, that we build a new calaboose in the city park; resolved that the new calaboose be built out of the materials of the old one; resolved that the old one be used until the new one is built by the city marshal and minister to Rooshy."

(Mayor Jumpingjack:) "Brethren, these two resolutions are laws, and this council now stands adjourned, until the police judge gets such further political information as will suit our necessities."

(A citizen, who is in occasional attendance upon the council sessions:) "Mayor and councilmen of the city: Before you leave this room I propose to defend my good fellow-citizens against your gibes and railleries. I came not here to talk; I came to listen to

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your snarls, your venom, your flagrant jobs and schemes. I am a citizen of this town; I took an active part in the late lamented boom. I assisted in the discovery of our salt beds and the acquisition of our railroads. I built some fine buildings, which have stood idle until we (the d—d outfit) stole the postoffice. I am here to stay, subject to crop failures and the gibes of such financial wiseacres as compose this body, subject to the itchings of a society of whose backside you are the unsluffed scabs! Now, go to your several homes. From your jealous hearts and venemous loins breed no more dissension. Let the women vote take care of itself. Build up a future character for industry and attention to your own business, both financially, morally and religiously. When you are publicly called to a position as servant of the people, accept if you deem yourself modestly capable and do not distort your figure into an illy plaited snapper to the whip of some financial or political job."

(Police judge:) "If the city marshal is not too drunk he will put the last speaker into our calaboose, unless he can give good bonds for my costs."

Crowd disperses.

We will quote our business statements to show our traducers that we never were insolvent at any time during our suspension from August, 1888, to February, 1889, which suspension was enforced by the gluttony, rapacity and deviltry of that bank cashier. And that we only became insolvent after eleven years of continued financial depression all over the country and by a final depreciation of real estate from 100 per cent in 1888 to ten per cent in 1900, and a depreciation in cotton from ten cents per pound in 1890 to three and one-half cents in 1894.

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STATEMENT.

When R. came into the firm with S. & P., January 2, 1888, with $5,000 cash capital stock, S., P. & R. then had:

Merchandise in stock....	$40,721.88	
Accounts and notes due S. P. & R.....	13,757.64	
Real estate mostly in Rice county, Kansas, and owned by S. & P..	42,550.00	
Assets		$97,029.52
S. P. & R. owed:		
Accounts and notes for merchandise	$26,202.51	
First National Bank.....	7,721.32	
First mortgage loans on above real estate.....	10,500.00	
Liabilities		$44,423.83
S., P. & R. net worth January 2, 1888.....		$52,605.69

June 4, 1889, when S., P. & R. traded for the Arnold flats in Kansas City, they had:

Merchandise—Invoice ..	$23,773.13	
Accounts and notes due S., P. & R. about.....	11,000.00	
Real estate of S. & P. above	42,550.00	
Assets		$77,323.13

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S., P. & R. owed for:

Merchandise, etc.....	$ 7,000.00	
Exchange Bank.....	7,000.00	
S. or P. mortgage loans, above	10,500.00	
Liabilities		$24,500.00
S., P. & R. net worth June 4, 1889.....		$52,823.13

Statement of January 2, 1888, showed S., P. & R.'s net worth over and above all liabilities over $52,600. August, 1888, when suspension was enforced, their net worth was fully $52,600 if no estimate was made of reduction in real estate values on account of total crop failures in 1887 and 1888, and on this date they had fully $40,000 of merchandise, over $14,000 accounts and notes due them; owned real estate valued at $42,500 or assets of over $96,500 and their liabilities were not over $44,500. They resumed business in their own name in February, 1889, after paying off:

First National Bank.....	$9,000.00	
J. H. W. and K., N. & F..	9,000.00	
Bonuses, usurious interest and unusual expenses ..	5,000.00	
Other merchandise debts over	5,000.00	
Total		$28,000.00

That is, they paid off, of ante-suspension debts, $28,000 besides doing business for six months for cash, and paying cash for almost everything; and when they

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traded off everything but P. ranch, in June, 1889, their net worth, above all liabilities, was still over $52,800—if no estimate was made of reduction of real estate values, or of accounts and notes due them (on account of crop failures of 1887 and 1888). They had, June 4, 1889, four months after resumption:

Merchandise	$23,750.00
Real estate of S. & P., above	42,550.00
Accounts and notes due them about	11,000.00

and owed:

Bank and merchandise	13,900.00
S. & P. mortgage loans above	10,500.00
And were still worth over	$52,000.00

During the six months' suspension, they had paid off over $28,000 of ante-suspension debts, besides bonuses and expenses, and none of the real estate had changed hands. It still, during all this time, remained either in the name of P. or S., or in the name of S. & P., and was not attached by creditors. No suits or judgments were made or started against this firm. In other words, S., P. & R. were at no time insolvent, and did, at no time, attempt to defraud anybody. They had at previous times owed the First National Bank as much as $15,000 at one time, and on their plain, unsecured notes. They had previously owed J. H. W. & Co. in accounts or in accounts and notes as much as $15,000 and had paid it off in the due course of business, and after collections following harvests or live stock sales.

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What, then, was the cause of S., P. & R.'s suspension from August, 1888, to February, 1889? Primarily it was simply due to the stampede of a young cashier who had gotten control of the First National Bank (now defunct). This man had caught the 1887 boom fever, and invested all he had in bank and in sight, in high-priced corner lots and town site additions. Some of the bank stock was held in Illinois by his friends before whom he wished to appear as a Napoleon of finance. He is now dead—probably worried to death because of his final total financial failure later on.

He came to our firm and said that some of his Illinois friends and stockholders were expected out soon and he wanted to make a good showing at the bank, and asked if we would not give him a chattel mortgage to show as security on $9,000 owing the bank by S., P. & R., that he would not place it upon record at all. We suppose now, from words here and there, that he really wanted to secure some cash on the re-discounts of our paper and cover up some crooked work wherein a disregard for the national banking laws was involved. We suppose the opportunity of wrecking S., P. & R. occurred to him later on, as his mind evolved the possibilities of his own desperate position. It should be remembered that S. & P. were largely instrumental in starting the Central State Bank out of which the First National grew; that P. was a director in the First National, and that we were on the best of confidential and business relations with all the First National directors and officers, hence the chattel was finally given as above. Of course this giving of a

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chattel mortgage, even as a favor, to a close business friend, under every promise that it should not go on record, was a miserable mistake of S., P. & R. But it must be remembered that the amount was relatively small, and no doubt was entertained that it would not be paid off in a very short time; hence could not be used by the cashier as a means of wrecking S., P. & R. But he was a wrecker, a robber, and a moral black-leg, as has been demonstrated by all his financial transactions, and by all his domestic life. He started in to wreck S., P. & R. quite as he did wreck others doing business in the same town. He offered S. & P. $2,000 cash each after he had gotten matters to a climax, if they would turn over to him the $40,000 of merchandise and skip out. He was driven from the store by S., who spat in his face, and who afterwards told him of his moral degeneracy and later told these facts to his stockholders in Boston and other places, in order to let them know what manner of man was managing the affairs of a bank of which they were stockholders. The facts are not related for the first time, now that he is dead, but because his influence is still doing S., P. & R. a business and moral injury. His bank liquidated. It was more than bankrupt, and finally without capital, surplus or profits, notwithstanding its stockholders had been obliged to advance large sums to hold it up and together.

About this time, the second total crop failure had begun and S., P. & R. were obliged to carry over for the second year large accounts of customers who had always been good pay. Their stock of merchandise

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had not been sold off as expected, because two crop failures had rendered purchase by farmers almost impossible. They wrote their two largest creditors, J. H. W. & Co., whom they owed about $5,000, and K., N. & F., whom they owed about $4,000. They made a frank statement, and asked these firms to carry them over until autumn, as was the custom of good houses doing business at that time with reputable retailers. They expected this favor, just as others got it, and are getting it now, even in more generally disastrous times. As a matter of fact had these houses done as expected and requested, they would have enabled S., P. & R. to pay off all small claims, would have had a future sure outlet with S., P. & R. for their goods in that county, would have succeeded better themselves, and would have enabled S., P. & R. to succeed. But they answered only by sending out a credit man, who represented both houses. This man did not come directly to us but first came to the cashier, by whom he was coached, biased and poisoned against us. He had told this august credit man that he held a first chattel mortgage on S., P. & R.'s stock, but that if J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. desired, he would hold for them a second chattel on S., P. & R.'s stock and would protect them and collect their money for a consideration. This credit man then came to us, and we told him precisely how we were situated. He suggested taking a second mortgage for $9,000 to cover both J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. claims, giving S., P. & R. some considerable extension of time (this extension was probably given to make a show of sin-

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cerity), and he would place it with the First National Bank to be held by them under the same conditions that the bank was holding their notes and security. Still all would have gone well and S., P. & R. would have met their notes and certainly could have met them and paid them off but the cashier was not satisfied. He wanted the whole thing. He set afloat disquieting rumors. He used, clandestinely, the contemptible mercantile agency reporters. His statements and those he inspired caused J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. to send out a Pecksniffian attorney-in-fact and a professional Hebrew merchandise wrecker. The attorney came to the bank. The cashier then told S., P. & R. he would be compelled to file for record his chattel mortgage security; then the attorney filed his chattel mortgage also. They said they would have to put the gentleman from Jerusalem in charge of the business, etc.

S., P. & R. bunched all their other merchandise indebtedness together, amounting to about $10,000; gave three notes of about $3,500 each to A. S. Thompson as trustee; secured them by a third chattel mortgage on merchandise stock and placed it on record. They placed Thompson in charge of the business and told the attorney-in-fact and the gentleman from Jerusalem that they could return home, and that Mr. Thompson would take care of their interests. Up to this time, and until after this, S., P. & R. had not even employed an attorney. On the morning that the word was given that their $18,000 of first and second chattel mortgages had been filed for record, and when we immediately gave the third chattel mortgage to secure all

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other creditors for merchandise purchased, and to stand off the attorney-in-fact and the professional Hebrew, we also assigned our book accounts and notes for the payment of some private debts. It will be noted that after resumption, S., P. & R. still had about $11,000 worth of these accounts and notes, and not over $3,000 had been collected during the suspension period; that after S., P. & R. traded out of Kansas the residue of their $11,000 accounts was assigned to pay the residue of all claims then outstanding against S., P. & R., and were turned over to Exchange Bank for collection and disbursement of proceeds to residue creditors.

Mr. Thompson was not a personal friend of S., P. & R. He had been a strong competitor, but he was an honorable man, and the others were anything but honorable in their methods, acts and appearances. The local attorneys for J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. threatened to drag S., P. & R. into the United States courts at Topeka. They seemed to exhaust every means to force, drive or frighten S., P. & R. into immediate cash payment at whatever cost. It was then not long before we were advised that the First National Bank owned the J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. claims or notes. The bank then notified us that we must do business in its president's name and not in that of A. S. Thompson, trustee, for the third mortgage creditors. The bank then told us that the stock must be sold at sheriff's sale to satisfy its claims and unpaid balances of the original $18,000 which included those of J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F., which the bank had purchased (and, as we learned later, purchased at a con-

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siderable discount). The stock was accordingly sold by the sheriff after due notice by posters and was bought in by the bank president. We then continued business in his name. It was not long after this that he came to us, at the suggestion of the cashier, and demanded that S., P. & R. give him a note for $1,000 for the privilege of doing business in his name, notwithstanding his bank had caused us all the disaster and was at that time, and had been before, receiving from twelve to fifteen per cent interest on all loans, and had purchased our J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. paper at a handsome discount, and notwithstanding other detestable manipulations and dishonest deals on the part of its cashier. S., P. & R. kept on buying goods in the president's name—paying cash for them, selling the goods for cash and lying awake nights wondering when the end would come and their families be without means of support.

This sale of stock to First National Bank president cut off any value of third mortgage creditors' claims, and rendered their $10,000 claims against S., P. & R. worthless, unless it could be gotten out of their real estate, which stood there under first mortgage loan as before stated. In order to avoid more loss and disaster S. came to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, told each third mortgage creditor the exact condition of things, and they agreed, in writing, to give S., F. & R. thirty days in which to raise thirty-three and one-third per cent of their claims and get their release in full. Strange as it may seem, those third mortgage creditors are now the best friends S., P. & R. have.

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We believe it is because the first and second mortgage creditors were outwitted in their attempts to wreck S., P. & R. and their failure to secure extravagant salvage out of the wreck. Upon S.'s return a loan of $7,000 from the Exchange Bank was concluded with the understanding that this $7,000 would cancel all the unpaid balance of indebtedness to the First National Bank and would secure release in full of all third mortgage creditors, and upon condition that S., P. & R. secure a bill of sale of stock from the president of First National Bank and then give Exchange Bank chattel mortgage security on this re-purchased stock, a second mortgage on S. home, P. home, S. & P. stone store building, and upon P. ranch.

We went to the bank president with the cash to pay off all debts to his bank, J. H. W. & Co. and K., N. & F. and bonus notes, usurious interest, steals and everything. President said there was no hurry, etc. He was soon convinced that there was need of haste. He received his cash, gave a bill of sale of the merchandise back to S., P. & R., who secured Exchange Bank as aforesaid. The conclusion supposed here to be reached is, that S., P. & R. at no time attempted or endeavored to defraud anybody, and that they have not at any time defrauded anybody out of one cent, either as individuals or as partners, before suspension nor since resumption, before they came to Kansas, after they were there or since they have left there, have they, or either of them, defrauded any person or persons out of any sum or sums. They did not even attempt to get behind fortifications until the battle of annihilation

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had begun; then they quickly saw their danger; did all they could to protect all concerned and beat back the most aggressive and treacherous of the enemy. It was nothing but this desperate fight that saved them for resumption and kept the cashier or second mortgage creditors from pocketing their wreckage-salvage and from swelling up.

It was now the spring of 1889, S., P. & R. had been through six months of suspension, six months of humiliation, six months of sleepless nights, six months of consternation, fight, insult, encounter, desperation. Their families were in terror for fear of bloodshed at any moment, and there certainly would have been bloodshed had the cashier not been a physical coward, and had the president not been as fair as he could be under the cashier's influence. The cashier passed out of sight as a bookkeeper in a relative's bank on a salary of $40 per month, having been discarded by his wife. The president still had, a few months ago, what was left of the bank—a creaking sign, valueless securities, and the government's permission for liquidation, and was doing business at the old stand, as a state bank, with a capital of $5,000 instead of $50,000 of which the First National at one time boasted. But we started to say it was the spring of 1889; the crops were promising for the first time since the harvest of 1896; the fields were green, not black. The wheat fields were bending beneath a heavy head of grain, and the cornfields were grand in their promises, but S., P. & R. were chattel mortgaged; were second mortgaged; had had their business credit wrecked during the fight for

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the past year. The handwriting was on the wall. S. & P. went to Kansas City; found some mortgaged flat-buildings; traded for them; gave their merchandise, homes and store buildings for the mortgaged flats, then owned by W. W. Arnold. Arnold assumed payment of S., P. & R. debts of $7,000 to Exchange Bank, agreeing to pay $3,000 and take deed in escrow to S.'s home; pay $2,000 and take deed in escrow to P.'s home; and pay $2,000 and take deed in escrow to S. & P.'s stone store building, all three of which properties were still under a first mortgage loan of about $2,000 each. Arnold paid $3,000 on this $7,000 debt to Exchange Bank and took deed to S.'s home. He, however, refused, later on, to pay any more, hence did not take deeds to the other properties. This was after S. & P. had left the state and could not look after the matter, because of traveling expenses which would have of necessity been incurred. Arnold operated the store about fifteen months and sunk about $15,000 in cash in an attempt to hold S., P. & R.'s trade. He gave up the effort and has since gone all to pieces financially.

We were wondering whether after all anything we have said would be seriously considered by any intelligent traveling man, any successful business man or any prominent banker. It looks like a hopeless case indeed. People have had it bred into them from feudal times, from ante-Christ times, from the commencement of social conditions down through all the ages of time that self-preservation, self-ownership, self-acquisition of property is the correct thing. It has

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been a part of all educational and æsthetical efforts of parents, society and politics until our children see nothing but gold in the future for them, to learn after fifty years of insane effort, that poverty is all they get and to learn that they have missed all the happiness of those fifty years in vainly striving for gold, property, land, stocks, railroads, mines, steamships, etc.

There is not a statement made or an incident referred to in the foregoing letters which may not be verified and we challenge anyone whomsoever to controvert the facts as cited in these pages. There is a common maudlin sentiment among the greedy, self-property owner to the effect that all community life is a failure—from those of France to New England and Pennsylvania down to Topolobampo, etc. Such people refuse to read the recent description of the co-operative undertaking at Ghent and Guise, Flanders, by Vance Thompson in July, 1900, Cosmopolitan. They refuse to acknowledge that it is the intense greed of themselves and their neighbors that has interfered with all efforts of community life. The arguments of this jealous selfishness is parallel with that of the scientific school of medicine. It fought homeopathy until it was compelled to admit it as legal. It fought massage, osteopathy, electrical appliances just as it now is fighting Mental Science in all its phases of evolution and development. Their arguments are much the same. They call us weak-minded, weak-nerved and say it is the supremacy of mind over matter, and all such similar talk that has been slobbered over through all the battles of religion and civilization.

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The fight of allopathy against homeopathy, osteopathy and Mental Science is not only parallel with the fight of greed against poverty, community life and brotherhood of man, but it is also parallel to the fight of religions against each other. Behold the spectacle of Protestant Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Campbellites and heaven knows what all, fighting each other tooth and toe-nail. Then behold the battle between Catholicism and Protestantism, and that between Judaism and Catholicism and Protestantism and Mohammedanism and Buddhism. It is a battle royal because it is a battle of the subjective and psychic convictions of each deluded adherent. This is why the Turk put up such a good fight against the Greek. He was fighting like a Dervish for his religion. If he fell in battle he was at once transferred to his heaven. Hence Christianity has developed good warriors, good crusaders and good property accumulators.

At first Christianity plundered and took property in religion's name just as the Catholics do still. The Hindoo's property was taken in religion's name, just as the Boer's property has finally been taken in civilization's name, which is another term for the established religion. Then modern science finally fought its way in and Darwin, Spencer and others were recognized, and medicine assumed the dignity of a so-called exact science, and was legalized by state and nation and its victims are innumerable, just as body snatchers for colleges of medicine are innumerable.

Oh, this is a beastly world. Did you note at the World's Fair congress of religions how the Hindoo

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attacked our greed? Is greed the religion of Christ? Our greed has made us bed-fellow with the Jew, and the illicit cohabitor with the harlots of religion. Our science has brutalized our religion until it attempts to trephine our reason—attempts to cauterize out connubial love—attempts to commit abortion upon our ideal development. This science has created more disease than it has cured. It has established more fear and horror than it can ever atone for. The medical student has become proverbial as a criminal. And now comes our civil government with its political machinery, its feudal law of greed, its modern law of ignorance, its detestable politicians existing as such for no other purpose that petty office-holding and public pap sucking. They clamber into our sanctuaries and beg for votes, just as the city ward heeler herds the bummers in saloons to secure their votes. We now engage the services of an archbishop of the Catholic church to secure republican votes. Formerly the Catholic vote was solid democratic, just as the white vote of the south is solid democratic as opposed to the free colored man. Bryan gets the vote of the solid South, which is largely expansionist for a cotton market outlet, and is for wars. Yet he is posing as an anti-expansionist candidate, opposed to war and in favor of liberty, fraternity and equality for all colors alike.

Then comes our commercial conditions. Is it not a beautiful array of pageantry? It rivals the "Veiled Prophet" procession of St. Louis, or the Mardi Gras display of New Orleans. Our malediction in it all forever.

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It is amusing to us to see men hide behind a statement of conservatism in business. They swell up and say: "You know I am a conservative man," So far as we are enabled to judge from the conservative men we have met, the above quotation is that of ignorance, cowardice or criminal tendency and it is often a combination of all three characteristics. No man born in poverty can be consistently conservative and ever accumulate property. If conservatism means holding on to a few dollars you inherit, with a grim death grip and developing an abnormal selfish greed that grinds all with whom it comes in contact to increased poverty, then we believe in the avoidance of conservatism in our ultimate altruistic conditions when established if not here in this commercial inferno, an inferno to which Dante's Inferno is a summer resort.

The conservative man is, in general terms, the one who takes advantage of some one's necessities and purchases property or labor for less than it is worth and with this purchase is usually a plausible talk to argue the seller into satisfaction and ease the conscience of the purchaser so far as established usage or legal phraseology will permit him to call his conscienceless greed by the name of conservatism.

You will remember that when S., P. & R. had their suspension troubles, every wiseacre had his explanation and that none of them knew the actual or real cause of the trouble. One said it was overbuying; one that it was undertaking too much for their capital; one that it was because of crop failures two years in succession, and one that it was improper management—whereas it was not due primarily to any of these causes, but to

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the criminal acts of a bank cashier. The man who alleged improper management desired to appear as a wiseacre and also probably desired to cover up his own former quasi-criminal methods of acquiring property which he afterwards lost in wilder and less honorable schemes than that of merchandising in a Kansas country town—schemes that wrecked his domestic happiness and that of many with whom he came in business and social contact.

Society is purely a desperate flirtation with the sex question.

Church organization is a social combination of greed and of vacuous forms and creeds with tentative moral conditions.

Prosperity is a diversion of the minds of poverty from strikes and labor unions to wars, artificial patriotism and Pecksniffian religious ostentation.

Commercialism is the degree of piratical greed which varies in price and margin of profit according to the impudence, gusto of money power and the facilities for traffic in the sexuality of inferior races and peoples.

Colleges are largely stultifiers of genius, promoters of inflated vanity and producers of freaks of law, medicine, theology and politics.

As one more illustration of individual effort to live and accumulate upon the competitive plan, we quote the financial results of eleven years service in traveling for publications on a commission basis. This period covers eleven years from June, 1889, to January, 1901, omitting six months on the Board of Trade and in the jewelry business. The former accumulation of $52,000, net, of S., P. & R. from September, 1881, to June, 1889, were all swept away as related in

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chapters on Kansas Mineral, Salt and Boom Co., Kansas City Flat-Residence Co. and in Texas Land, Cattle and Cotton Co. The period as a newspaper man and teacher from September, 1874, to September, 1881, was a period of bare existence, just as all such work is a mere source of precarious existence to all who are not proprietors of the publication or not presidents of the educational institutions. We omit the history of winnings and losings on Board of Trade. That experience was made from inherited capital and has nothing to do with the eleven years of business effort detailed herewith.

We start, then, at fifteen years of age from the farm and after six years more in college as a student and teacher and eight years more as a newspaper man and teacher, at twenty-nine years of age, with nothing. In eight years following as a merchant, we acquire one-third of $52,000 net and lose it in the financial collapse of Kansas, Kansas City, Texas and finally that of the entire United States. And now comes the effort as a traveling man for the eleven years from thirty-seven to forty-eight years of age as a last resort for means of support for family and self:

Cash receipts for eleven years' services as a traveling man....		$47,920
Lost on S., P. & R. $5,640 less $3,000....$	2,640	
Lost on pharmacy.....	1,800	
Lost on orange grove...	3,000	
Lost on 7149 and 7151 Blank avenue.....	2,000	
Lost on importation scheme	1,700	
Losses		$11,140

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Have 7149 clear	$ 5,000	
Have 7151 equity	2,000	
Have farm clear	2,000	
Have paid life insurance .	1,250	
Savings		$10,250
Expenses for eleven years, home and personal		$26,530
		$47,920

What do you understand by this showing of earnings, expenses, losses and meager savings? It cost an effort that almost cost a life. There were no expensive habits of drink, tobacco, theatres, etc. There was absence from home eleven months during each year. There was fear of meeting expenses during the panic years. There was tremendous strain of endeavor to resuscitate S., P. & R. There was vain endeavor and repeated loss in endeavor to engage in business where home comforts and duties would be admissible and there were losses on each occasion caused by fakir bankers, renegade Catholics, Shylock Jews, robber loan companies and the vast horde of parasites that do the commercial reporting, ward politics, street car ownership, gas trust, grocer and pure food racket, not to speak of the charity workers, the society schemers, the church manipulators and the school crammers.

Is the review of this personal experience of forty-eight years of industrious effort on the bread-winning plane of any value? Does it illustrate the absolute necessity of co-operative brotherhoods, community ownership and all to be controlled by ideal Mental

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Science or metaphysical thought? Or does this personal experience teach that we have been a fool, a wrecker or a moral leper?

To our mind we have been outraged from childhood by gross immoral environment, by conscienceless greed and by rapacious vampires of civilization. Now, however, in commercial life, we go out and rob to support our family and to protect them from social debauchery and from financial gambling. We buckle on our armor as did the knight of old and slay the other man with whom we come in business contact. We are no longer slain because Mental Science thought has evolved our "ego" beyond the condition of fear, disease and death. But what becomes of those who have not reached this point of evolution? What becomes of the shop girl, the clerk, the employee, the farmer boy? What becomes of innocence, purity, goodness and truth? Our conjested cities are vast aggregations of commercialism or traffic in virtue and honor. The entire scheme of development of youth is a conflict of inborn goodness with the base race for bread at the expense of life itself.

Would that we could pronounce upon the greed of civilization the malevolent curse of destruction. Modern commercialism is the Mephistopheles of goodness. It is the demon that gloats upon the destruction of purity and happiness.

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CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE ROCKIES.

Helena, Mont., October 10, 1900.

MY DEAR WIFE: I have somewhere read one of Edward Bellamy's short stories in which he tells of the philosophy of the positivist, by having a New England student relate his experience with a French professor of unusual intellect who had been expelled from France for political reasons and his services are engaged in a sectarian college in New England. Gradually the professor unfolds to a few of the brightest of his students his philosophy of positivism and gains adherents. The professor has a daughter whom he keeps in seclusion at his home and whom he has educated in the religion of positivism. He regards ideal woman as the personification of the idea of life and typifies motherhood as the fountain head of life—life being love and love being life. As such he asks his chief follower among the students out to his home to be presented to his daughter. The student has the dress suit idea of presentation and as such appears before the daughter to be visibly shocked by the appearance of a not over handsome French girl of short stature, black hair and eyes and not over comely features and figure. She, however, is standing in an attitude of serene maidenly modesty, unconscious of self-charms and of dress suit æsthetics. She is in much the same attitude as the woman in devotional attitude in The Angelus.

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Soon the young man is overawed by her spirituality, by her consecration to ideas of love, life, motherhood and their attributes. He drops to his knees before her and kisses the hem of her garments and her outstretched hand of protestation and is dismissed and never sees her more because the professor's ideas have been divulged to the faculty of the narrow-minded New England sectarian school and he is dismissed and vanishes out of sight with his daughter.

It seems to us that the same idea of woman life and love has consciously or unconsciously been reproduced in Raphael's Sistine Madonna, in Correggio's Adoration of the Shepherds at the birth of the Child Jesus. Indeed it has been consciously or unconsciously attained in greater or less degree by all art, painting, poetry and ideal creations of the mind or soul of genius. It is the oneness of life and love of which we are a part that compels our adoration of the idea of motherhood in woman. When this idea dawns upon us in our rude objective state of sensuality as was the state of mind of the dress suit student, we collapse under the power of its true realization just as he collapsed at her feet. When our mortal sensuality is arrested by any great manifestation of life in nature we are overawed just as was the student overcome by the purity and innate spirituality of the conception of motherhood as personified in the maiden.

It is this communion in life, in all its manifestations, that renders the study of natural science so fascinating. It is in the passionate beauty of the flower, in the wholesome sweetness of the fruit, in the

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leafy foliage of the grandly developed trees. It is in the crystallization of the rocks, in the upheavals of pre-historic ages, in the countless ages of our earthly formations and development. It is in our age of molten rock, of lichens, of carboniferous trees, of reptiles, of fishes, of birds, of mammals and of man. Thus when we are brought face to face with an upheaval of the strata of the crust of the earth, when we can see and realize the consummate grandeur of it all by reason of a former volcanic upheaval which places before our view a panorama of the whole material development of the idea of life, we are overawed, we are uplifted, we are in communion with the life and love.

So it was with us in our visit to Pike's peak, the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Cheyenne canyon, Cave of the Winds and Manitou Springs, when you, the children and I were there two months ago, and so it is ever with me as I travel among the Rockies. Helen Wilmans manifests this idea in some of her writings wherein she describes the effect that the sight of a huge tree has upon her whole being and her ensuing collapse. From this conception we have viewed the canyons of the Rio Grande, the Royal Gorge, Marshall pass, Toltec canyon, Boulder and Cascade canyons, the beautiful cities of Telluride and Ouray nestled each in the lap of the snow-capped mountains way up near the limit of the growth of the fir tree.

Heaven pity the degenerate mind which regards love as a sexual attraction and lifehood as only a breeding process. The degeneracy of the sexual idea

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is largely the degeneracy of man through all ages and is largely the author of crime and brutality. It has been the one supreme attempt of religion to sanctify and purify the sexual idea of life. The baser plane of life is in the brothels of cities; the higher plane is the pure atmosphere of country life. The baser results of advance civilization are on the corn and hog producing plains of central United States and the higher results are among the mountains of New Hampshire, Vermont and among the Rockies. Who is not entranced with the grandeur of these colossal mountains, with the rushing waters of its canyon streams, with the rugged, massive rocks, the outcroppings of rich mineral, the gigantic trees that seem to stand on top of each other in terraces on the mountain-side? Who is not entranced by these sights and by the grand engineering of man which dams the waters, converts them into power to wash the gold or to irrigate the valleys below and make them blossom with beauty and plenty?

We secure copies of Jackson's wonderful photographs of the Royal Gorge and of the canyon of the Rio Grande and place them in our parlor to keep the idea of grandeur before our children and to idealize our home. It matters little whether the scene is among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico in their sun worship or among the ancient Cliff-dwellers' ruins, or in Grand Toltec canyon, in overawing Grand canyon of the Colorado river, in snow-capped Pike's peak, in the mesa plateaus of Utah and Wyoming, in Spearfish canyon of the Black Hills, among the geysers of Yel-

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lowstone park or among the Rockies of Montana, the one supreme grandeur of the omnipresent panorama of the ages of life and of ideal development are there before you for your contemplation and your adoration. We love these mountains, these canyons, these streams, next to our wife and children, as the Scot loves his lochs and hills, as the Swiss his mountains and lakes, as rational man ever loves the scenes of his nativity and life origin.

It is life-love that actuates us to deeds of goodness, kindness and greatness. It is the weak-minded attempts of mortal effort to establish a code of religious morals that causes us to revolt and causes ignorance to denominate religion a farce. For it sees only the mortal forms and creeds and their sensual perfumes, chants and secret errors. Teach the child nature out of Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and Bryant and not out of a book on physiology or with the scalpel of botany. Teach the child Hiawatha rather than the atomic theory. Teach the child "The Village Blacksmith" rather than Political Economy. Teach them industry as an occupation of the mind in healthful exercise and not as drudgery of bread-earning. Teach them wisdom for love of truth and not as a means of overcoming their neighbor in the strife after property. Teach them the idea of production for use and not for profit. Teach them the equality, fraternity and liberty of individual man and of the common brotherhood of all men.

Let them not see the sordid crime of money getting and of vice admiring. Keep them pure, ideal and

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happy. Teach them rational Mental Science rather than irrational Natural Science. Teach them ideal development rather than material development. Teach them broadly and grandly rather than narrowly and so-called scientifically or politically.

Better give them to read, Romona and The Fair God than Vanity Fair and Balzac. Better give them a volume of Darwin than of Political Economy, a volume of Payne than of Catholicism. Better teach them music than medicine. Better give them gymnastics than drudgery. Better enter them in heaven than in polite society.

Secure H. W. Dresser's volume just issued on the "Educational and the Philosophical Ideal," and read the chapter entitled "The Spiritual Ideal in Childhood." This author puts in language the ideals upon which we thought and worked both as a teacher and a parent. His ideals are superb.

But I started to write a letter from among the Rockies. When you and the children left me August 13 last in Denver to return to our home in Chicago, I took the train in the opposite direction for Central City, Colorado. It was a narrow gauge and climbed right up the canyon stream to Black Hawk, where, in order to reach Central City, the railroad uses what they call a switch back. You tack backwards and forwards in a zigzag manner up the sides of the mountain just like a boat tacks against the wind on Lake Michigan. One has the sensation of the World's Fair Ferris wheel ride both in their head and stomach. Central City is on both sides of a gulch which makes

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the winding central business street. The small dwellings are set in the mountain-side with a terrace for a dooryard without lawns or trees or vegetation of any species whatsoever on earth. It is a dreary place. The only attraction was a "Quaker" (?) concert troupe selling painless toothache cure and bloodless hemorrhage-of-the-lungs balsam. That evening we switched back down the mountain to Denver and then went to beautiful Boulder City with its state university grounds and Texas-Colorado Chautauquan resorts.

We were told in Fort Collins that that town had shipped 250,000 lambs the past year to the Chicago market at a profit of $2 each. The pyramids of crates of alfalfa honey in the farmers' co-operative store could be had there at eight cents per pound but the express to Chicago made it more than the retail price on Sixty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. We saw the irrigation fields about Horace Greeley's city with some 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre and not a defective one among them; with wheat, cabbage and alfalfa of like proportions. We were told that all the irrigation water supply was owned by an English syndicate which had bought up the South Platte and the Cache de Poudre rivers and their melting snow sources in the mountains.

We passed the Ames monument at the highest point on the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming and remembered that this monument was erected some thirty years ago when the first transcontinental railroad was completed in America uniting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. We also remembered that the

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regent of our university lectured us upon the subject, on that occasion, some thirty years ago and detained us from a base-ball game. We noted the sheep ranchmen who ordered the best of everything at the hotels and wore diamonds and rubies and supported two or more households with their wives and daughters in society in Salt Lake or Denver, entertaining other people. We came away from the bleak plains of southern Wyoming into the valley of plenty at Ogden; saw the early Mormon churches of fifty years ago and the quaint old homes with the door step on a level with the street and the gutters running full of clear, mountain water. Alongside of these English and New England houses of a half a century ago were many modern palatial residences and office buildings.

We beheld the glassy mirror of Great Salt Lake and the Mormon tabernacle and temples of Salt Lake City. We have always fancied that these Mormons, who recruit their ranks from all nations and peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin are a burly-necked race who have a secret pride in their capacity to support more than one home in the name of religion. Freaks of civilization have assumed some wonderful conditions in the name of religion. It has always seemed to us that the Mormons are of that strain of character that is attracted by sex conditions and that they pride themselves on their fecundity in a similar manner as do farmers in the stock business. It has further seemed to us that this sex idea has attracted the cupidity of Gentiles of abnormal sex characteristics and hence we have here a gregariousness or a heterogeniousness of

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sex relationship that perhaps does not exist to such an extent in any other city on this continent—not even in the city of Old Mexico, nor in the New York City flat-residence district, nor in San Francisco Chinatown. Marital relations in Salt Lake seem to be on the co-operative plan both with Mormons and Gentiles when viewed from a hotel window on either the main or side street. Ogden and Provo are on a smaller scale but none the less energetic and progressive in the matter of a variety of affinities of sex.

It is somewhat of a relief to escape this omnipresent condition of the polygamous idea and get back on the desert of western Colorado, and among the Puritan ideas of the immigrants from New England, who have made a fruit orchard and a market garden out of the region about Grand Junction. We seem to have noticed wherever agriculture and horticulture thrives the less do saloons and gambling houses thrive. 'Tis true the people are nearer the soil and more penurious and economical and do not wear precious stones and wrinkles of dissipation as do the mine-owners and their attaches in Telluride and Ouray, where the Camp Bird mine recently sold for $13,000,000, and the Irishman who sold it had graduated from a grub-staked prospector to an aristocrat who had three office boys and four clerks and stenographers to interview you before you passed up the line to his presence. He still had the map of primitive Ireland in his countenance despite American bourbon and imported champagne and all that. But we went off to Box canyon and heard the roar of its waters and

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were more entertained than in the Devil scene of Der Freischutz at Studebaker's theater. The next morning we took that trip in a six-horse stage coach over the mountains from the terminus of the railroad at Ouray to the beginning on the other side of the mountains at Red mountain. We drove up and up to about 11,500 feet above the level of the sea and above timber line and stopped to shoot some grouse and a ground hog—one of the kind that sees its shadow but this one will never see it again. At the most dangerous and narrow place in the road we came face to face with a party of eastern capitalists. Their driver pulled out to the edge of the precipice and we started by. Our offswing horse came opposite their off horse and both began kicking. Our driver shouted for us to dismount and about a dozen of us all leaped out at once from all the recesses of the old stage coach. I was on the top with others. So the two drivers stood at bay for some minutes. Finally a Michigan fruit man and myself went around and unhitched the capitalists' team, backed them to an alcove so we could pass. They wanted us to hitch them up again but it was our first, last and only chance to get even with the bloated capitalists and we gave them the cold stare, mounted our seat by the loquacious driver who spat tobacco upon his off-wheeler to cheer him up and threw rocks at his off-leader to attract his attention and cracked his whip to get onto a good run down hill so as to make the up-turn with such velocity that the coach would not have time to upset over the precipice into the canyon some 2,000 feet below on our immediate right.

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If we ever come to this country again we will go all the way around by rail instead of making that romantic overland trip by stage coach and we will visit the Cliff-dwellers' ruins and the Aztec apartments southwest of Durango. In our all day ride in a short, jerky, narrow-gauge Pullman from Durango east to Antonito, mostly through Toltec canyon, we will stop and rest over night from the continuous ride up and down and first this side and then that side of the rocky stream in this narrow car which "jars you" and drives you to Pullman buffet drinks and other opiates unless you are a Mental Scientist as we are.

We will attempt to complete this letter among the Rockies by referring to the continuous ranges to the southward in Old Mexico and by recounting some of the customs and conditions of that interesting people who are descended from the Spanish cavaliers of several centuries ago and from the ancient Aztecs on the maternal side. We prefer the Aztec part of the civilization for its purity of character and its absence from arrogant, misguided Catholicism.

Mexican Life and Customs.

Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, July 11, 1896.

In our letter of June 18 we promised to write more of gold and silver mines and less of promoters, arid lands and senoritas, which promise was very prosily fulfilled in our letter of July 3, to which we refer those interested in the financial aspects and speculations of

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Mexican mines. Agreeable to the above proposition, the colonel and myself engaged in Tucson the services of a German Pole, who was recommended both as interpreter and expert miner. According to his own voluble autobiography, he had come to this country at the age of fourteen, and was successively a Texas cowboy, a Deadwood, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California and Old Mexico miner, who finally married into a large Mexican family and developed into a proficient interpreter and prospector of Sonora territory. This man was presented to us as an oracle on mine localities and prospects in Mexico and as being held in financial and reverential awe by his fellow or his wife's fellow Mexicans. So far as his acquaintanceship with inpecunious Mexicans who had possible mine prospects and his ability to introduce and interpret is concerned, his credentials were certainly of good measure, but a tendency for veracity compels us to protest against his precocious capacity for the intoxicating mescal (alcohol distilled from a species of century plant) and against his ability to complicate us with his numerous creditors on former periods of similar hilarity.

We take the train from Tucson to the Mexican border at Nogales, pass the custom house inspection and arrive at 3 A. M. in Magdalena. We have been transferred under cover of night, from London to Paris, from France to Germany, from Vienna to Buda-Pesth, from Prague to Dresden, from Hanover to Holland, and from Brussels to Edinburgh, and at the tender age of the romance of youth, but this trans-

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formation under cover of night from the thrift of American towns with tall, stately buildings, having some degree of color, shades and shadows, to the listless abodes of the descendants of the aboriginal Aztec and the semi-tropic Latin race, is a transformation more like the hallucinations of sleep. At three o'clock in the morning here is a town of perhaps 10,000 people with no one in sight, not even a hotel porter, nor a bright light, nor a window, nor a smoking chimney. No building is over one story high, the roofs are all flat, all are alike, with no color save that of dull plaster, and no verandas or window panes. The streets are all narrow and the stones are worn into ruts. The whole city seems like a succession of prison barracks.

At Magdalena we purchased eighteen Mexican dollars with each $10 of United States money, notwithstanding there is slightly more pure silver in a Mexican dollar than in our silver dollar. We hired a superannuated Mexican barouche, four dry hay fed Yaqui Indian horses, and a harum-scarum Greek Aztec driver, who, with the Spanish mine owner, our Polish-American interpreter, the colonel and myself, made a rather heterogeneous party of five. We go at a seemingly reckless speed through the sand along the Magdalena river, and past the old Spanish Mission church at San Ignacio, which with Caborca, is one of the oldest on the west coast of Mexico and whose bells were made over 300 years ago from the copper of the Bisby or present Spanish Queen mines. We camped that night in the Imures canyon, in the precise spot

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where, in 1861, an entire American colony was massacred by the hostile Apache Indians, and all of their mining supplies taken or destroyed. We spread our blankets on the gravelly and, at this season of the year, dry bed of the river, near the shade of large walnut trees, through whose foliage shown the resplendent moon, or reflected from the perpendicular sides of the deep, smooth-faced rocky canyon.

Notwithstanding the knowledge of the tragic scenes that had occurred here barely a quarter of a century ago, the surroundings were grand, and even cheerful and had nothing of the uncanny atmosphere that hovered over the cobblestone cemetery of black wooden crosses and adobe vaults near San Ignacio church. Here was a city of the dead without a spear of grass, or a green leaf, or a flower, not even a tombstone of cactus, or of dried leaf palm.

Our road through the canyon was marked here and there by the grave of this or that white or Indian or robber who had been slain and his fate thus commemorated to vindicate the valor of the slayer or bemoan the cupidity of the slain. On the evening of the second day out of Magdalena, after winding over mountain passes, through more or less dry valleys, with here and there a lonesome adobe ranch building and corrals, we arrive at the foot of the Blue mountains (Cerro Azul) and climb on foot up the canyon to the mining camp which is our destination, and which was more specifically described in our letter of July 3. As we return we stop to feed and water at a ranch which proved to be the home of another of the numer-

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ous relatives of the wife of our interpreter. This ranchman was at one time a baker in Hermosillo. He moved to the ranch to care for his cattle so soon as it was possible to do so after the Indians were quieted some seven years since. He regaled us with a recent discovery of his son-in-law, who, while in search of lost cattle in the Blue mountains, had come upon an old Spanish mine which had been sought for some years ago, by some priests, with records from east Mexico, and by a Frenchman more recently, but in vain. Our discoverer showed us some curious old hand-made and hand-ornamented iron crosses which he had found near the mine, and which seemed to be guide boards or directory signs, indicating the location of the mine which had been closed in by heavy timber and covered over with earth at the time of their abandonment, presumably to hide them from strangers until they or their successors might be enabled to return and operate them. In many instances their successors have not returned during 300 years.

It is barely possible that if we can get back to that discoverer with some cash and good mescal before our interpreter does, we may induce him to show us the mine, and thus enable us to make an exploration filing, but we have little hopes of being the first to make such a filing. It seems that every store keeper, every station agent and every ranchman has some sort of a claim on some mine which he believes is going to make him independently rich so soon as he can get means with which to develop it. Out of the mass thus brought to our notice (for we were posing as opulent

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capitalists who were in a position to develop the earth, if necessary and profitable) we selected six different partially developed mines, which occupied two full weeks of our time in exploration. Besides the travel by rail of over 4,000 miles, we had over 400 miles of travel by coach, and about eighty miles, our last trip, on horseback.

Our fare was largely plain bread, which was often sour, coffee, sardines and sun-dried meat, with sugar and tea, but no butter or milk. Occasionally we dined at a ranch on tortillas, beans, eggs, coffee and onions. Once we had preserved petaillas, the delicious fruit of a cactus. We gathered ripe petaillas from the tall, prickly trees and ate them with great relish. The thick, green, prickly casing encloses a deep red, luscious fruit similar to the fig except the seeds are black and the surrounding pulp a deep carmine red.

In the fruit of the petailla and the pomegranate, and in the blossoms of the soap weed, we fancied we discovered the colors and forms which give the Mexicans their patterns for textile fabrics, and furnish the types for which they model their attempts at beauty. These fruits are very luscious and the blossoms very fetching, but they are always covered with thorns of some sort. So may it be with their prototype, the senoritas.

The Mexicans of to-day are to the Spanish conquerers of over 300 years ago what the native New Englander of to-day is to the Pilgrim forefathers, with this exception, that the Mexican is descended from the descendants of the Aztec Indians on the maternal side,

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and the New Englander has preserved his Caucasian purity of blood.

The Mexican does not love his Spanish cousins to any greater extent than does the average Yankee (who is not a millionaire) love his English cousins. Indeed the Indian is as proud of his Indian origin as are we of our Quaker or Puritan origin, and it is a question to-day whether the influence of his Aztec religion would not have been more wholesome without the admixture of Catholicism and the Spanish Mission church, that has crushed out the Buddhistic purity and the stoic endurance of the Aztec character, and substituted the demoralizing confessional, and inpecunious Castilian hauteur, and the rapacious Jewish tradesmen.

The Spanish conqueror was granted a large body of land, free from taxation, by the king of Spain in honor of his services. His descendants by an Indian wife have finally come to own this land in severalty where no will has interfered. In this way the more capable have become ranchmen and finally merchants and mine owners. No sooner have they advanced thus far and have come in contact with the civilization of the United States than they seek to educate their children by removal to California, or in some instances sending their sons to European universities.

A typical case is that of a merchant at Caborca, near the San Felice mines. As contractor for labor for those mines he established a store and prospered off the wages of the Mexican and Indian laborers. He removed his family to Los Angeles, where one

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daughter married an American lawyer, another a German doctor, and a son became agent for the Mexican government in the purchase of supplies. The father returned with his son-in-law to Hermosillo to look after mines and store. Both succumbed to yellow fever, and the business was soon dissipated by the younger sons, and financial ruin attended most of the family. The typical Mexican is not a good business man. He is over-confiding. His sons are too given to indulgence and indolence. His wife is guided wholly by his wishes and the influence of the priesthood. His daughter has no other idea of life than to be permitted to be married. There is little or no mind culture to keep up a development, other than in the direction of passion. There are no women's clubs, no Dorcas societies. There are not even many kitchen or household duties. They are largely an uncorseted and unintellectual, but sometimes rather fascinating female mammal of the genus homo.

Among the lower classes they live in adobe huts, make tortillas, attend numerous unwashed babies, wash scanty clothing in brooks, smoke cigarettes, hang strips of beef, strips of pumpkin and strings of red peppers up to dry. They sit on low door steps and do not wear crinoline to defend the contour of the limbs. Their diet is tortillas (paste pancakes), beans and red peppers, with occasionally some onions, native cheese, dried meat and coffee. If they cook squash, it is largely mixed with onions and new cheese, in the shape of a stew and may have some tripe and red pepper added. They live in houses without windows

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or doors, in a land where a post will not cast a shadow, because the rays of the sun are so perpendicular. The men spend all they can get for mescal, horse races and bull fights. The only trustworthy laborers among them are the pure-bred Indians, whose forefathers so patiently served the Spaniards carrying the ore from deep down in the mines up to the surface in buckets suspended from bands of raw-hide across their forehead, thus perhaps pressing out all there was left of their former noble Aztec intelligence.

The Spanish-Mexican is apt to be treacherous, morose and revengeful. The more Indian there is in his blood, the more docile and tractable he is.

California, Arizona and New Mexico have many young men who have married wealthy Mexican girls —young men in many instances of more or less good eastern teachings and rearings, who have gone west in search of riches, and who have become fascinated with the guileless innocence, or seeming innocence of these Spanish-Indian girls, and have lived to regret the marital union every day of their lives, especially when they see their offspring retrograding and affiliating with the natives, as they always do. A German physician who has been for some years interested in Sonora mines, has a son who became entangled with a Mexican woman, and the father now wishes he might have buried him instead of bringing him to Sonora as an innocent boy. An Ohioan invested here some fifteen years ago, bringing with him his nephew. The latter is now a man of forty and practically an outcast from both civilizations, living

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on a ranch with a woman whose first husband was a Mexican timekeeper for his uncle, the Ohioan. A high official during the construction of one of the railroads in Mexico, now has a son who is a sot, a criminal and everything but a leper, because his father brought him to the familiarity of the life of this lascivious country. It would seem that those who are wont to keep their habits within the bounds of conventional custom at home in the north and east, let them, on arriving here, run riot.

This southwestern border land is the refuge of many remarkable characters. A colonel who was once chief of General Fremont's bodyguard and who will be recognized in army circles as a dashing Polish officer, is now colonel of the Mexican rural guards in Sonora, and operates in conjunction with United States General Sumner in watching and herding the few remaining hostile Apaches that infest the border of both countries. A mulatto, whose name and sterling character came in prominence a few years since, because of his persecution at West Point, and later in regular army circles, is now United States government agent for private Mexican land claims. He is a splendid Spanish scholar and thoroughly competent in every way.

The merchants of Mexican railroad towns are largely Polish Jews. Here they become merchant princes. One such who, not twenty years ago, was chased out of the United States because he was selling liquor to the Indians, now makes an annual tour to Europe with his Mexican wife. Another is a whole-

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sale fruit dealer and handles the bulk of the splendid orange crop of Hermosillo. He is now rusticating in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and was last year at Carlsbad, Bohemia.

Our hotel accommodations at Magdalena and Altar consisted of one room for three of us, with a canvas cot each, in a rather large room, with a high bamboo-covered ceiling, and no windows or floors, but with one door opening into the street and one archway opening into the adjoining room, which later in the same way opened into the dining room, which likewise opened into the barroom, which opened into the kitchen, which opened into the family bedroom, which opened into the storeroom, which opened into the stable, which opened into the other street, or into the house that Jack built.

This succession of one-storied rooms enclosed on four sides a court or corral, with a well in the center, around which sported the pigs, the children, the hens, the dogs, the cats.

On the walls of the court hung cages of mocking birds, who whistled me up at three in the morning and mocked the yowling cats to shame. If it is too warm at night, all cots are either put out on the sidewalk or into the court with the cats and the mocking birds. The Mexicans arise with the mocking birds and cats and take coffee in any convenient place, as on the doorsteps, the cot or the well curb. They dine from 12 to 2 o'clock, and go to sleep during the heat of the day, closing up all their places of business and all doors opening toward the sun. At 4 in the

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afternoon they are stirring again and they dine at 7 to 10 P. M., when it is cool.

The sidewalks are seemingly intended as a resort or resting place, and the streets are the thoroughfares for both pedestrians, donkeys, hucksters, cabmen, goats and pack animals.

The churches are attended almost solely by women who seem to have been largely disappointed in life and go to service and confessional as a means of escape from their misfortunes, nightmares and superstitions. If they have been unfortunate in marriage or love, they may have become nuns, provided their natural qualifications are sufficiently amiable. In Tucson, the four priests are Frenchmen. In Sonora most of the priests are Castilians. It seems to be the policy of the church to have foreign priests, presumably because the halo of his foreign teaching may better hold the natives in awe, and possibly for the reason that he is in closer touch with the Romish church officials than could any native be or become.

The three curses of this country are, Spanish indolence, Catholic superstition, and Jewish tradesmen. Indolence born of Spanish hauteur and Indian servitude; superstition conceived in ignorance and iniquity and nursed in the unnatural service of the Romish church; Jewish traffic reared in the penury of Slavonic Europe, and nurtured in the Shylock proclivities of a race without a country, a race whose semblance of patriotism is their fawning capacity to accumulate wealth by bartering lies and by usurious money lending to the infirm and incapable of every nation.

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On returning to the custom house at Nogales, we make the trip from there to Tucson, seventy miles, by stage in order to avoid delay at Benson, and in order to reach the postoffice before 6 P. M. in Tucson. In our former letter we spoke of the colonel as a West Point graduate, a Missouri scout and a colonel in the Civil war, but we omitted what was then unknown to us, the fact that he is a Mexican war veteran, who served in Mexico with General Grant as a youth, and that he was until 1879 in the regular army, being mustered out in El Paso, Texas. During 1872, 1873, 1874, he was in command of a company of regulars in southern Arizona and engaged in chasing Apaches. The stage ride from Nogales to Tucson took us through Tubec, the first capital of Arizona, and at the time last mentioned the seat of the Apache strongholds. It was near here that the colonel pointed out the canyon where he was quarantined by the Apaches for several days, and where he lost fourteen of his best men in escaping. At another turn in the road he showed where they had buried nine more, and last by a lone alamo (cottonwood tree) he stopped to see the graves of one of his sergeants and four men.

A visitation to the graves of friends and relatives may recall all the bitter anguish of death's parting and summon anew all the yearnings of human hope of future life and reunion, but the spectacle of a veteran of the Mexican, the Civil and Apache wars contemplating the mountain desert graves of comrades slaughtered by Apaches, perhaps, that he might live, inspires one with the sublimity of valor and patriotism of the mountain soldiery, and fills one with pathos of pity for those who are left to mourn the sacrificial carnage.

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CHAPTER V.

FRONTIER LIFE.

Deming, New Mexico, December 21, 1900.

MY DEAR ELDEST SON: We are nearing the end of our last long trip to the Pacific Coast. We stopped off at Phœnix and called upon our classmates, who own the ostrich farm and an irrigation alfalfa hog ranch and whose wife was disinherited by that rich Chicago banker, who died a recluse in London and got mixed up in the newspapers with Heir Silber of Germany, as described in our $140,000,000 inheritance. This reminds us of an incident of several years since before the Santa Fe Railway had built from Ash Fork to Prescott and Phœnix. I doubled back to Phœnix from Los Angeles *via* Southern Pacific to Maricopa. Returning to Los Angeles the branch train takes you down to Maricopa and leaves you to wait for the west-bound on main line. It was perhaps 9 P. M. when I was left on the lone station platform in company with three bodies to be shipped for interment (they were consumptives who are so plentiful in Phœnix that they have gone into the undertaking business on the co-operative plan, hence these had no attendant). There was no light in the station and the west-bound was three or four hours late, but the moon soon arose and the tall cacti looming up here and there, made splendid monuments to the departed Indians, whites and Mexicans who had probably met a violent death on the trail or in the

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desert. The coyotes began howling, the cloudless sky became a dull, glimmering gray and there was an effect of mirage caused by some settling of the cooler strata of the atmosphere, and I saw Apaches on the warpath, caravans of whites endeavoring to escape, soldiery madly striving to intercept the Apaches. Then the coyotes came nearer and howled louder and I awoke, stiff and cold, from my seat on a coffin box and began to stone off the coyotes to keep up my courage, for it was more than an ordinary graveyard and the old-fashioned whistle would not reach the case.

But we are now at Deming. Do you remember coming in April in 1881 with your mother and Mr. and Mrs. Butler to Deming from Kansas to see me, whom you had not seen for eight months while you were with your mother's mother in Chicago or with my father in Urbana? You probably remember calling me to see the tarantula you caught with a grain sack and the teeter-totter (swift) you saw gliding over the folds of our blankets in our sleeping tent and you probably remember the huge construction engine whose front trucks were off the track and that while we were watching it, another engine came directly towards you from the opposite direction and you scampered off across the grama grass desert at such a pace that I was winded in overtaking you. You were three and one-half years of age, but you made a good race all right. Well, I am here again. It is a curious place now with creeking signs of unoccupied assay offices, here and there an adobe Mexican hut and occasionally one that is gaudily curtained by col-

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ored folks from Texas. Then there is the rancher's wind-mill in the distance and the same Florida and Tres Hermanos mountains and the same peach orchard-like Mesquite brush along the Rio Members and the same black grama grass that is spring pasture, summer forage, autumn feed and winter hay for the cattle and sheep and is never mowed or harvested except by grazing animals.

You have heard me relate of my adventures before you came; about how when I first landed from school teaching in Kansas to railroad contracting agent in Albuquerque in September, 1880; how Mr. Butler left me Saturday in the new town to look after the Mexican freighters who were to freight a car load of groceries and several car loads of grain and baled hay from the railroad at that point fifty miles west to our camp at Laguna, on the Rio Puerca; how homesick I was among the Mexicans, the horse thieves and the wide open gambling saloons; how I noticed a young man that evening who evidently was not like the rest. He had run away from a good home in the east, had been doing night herding near Silver City, and having made a stake had come to Albuquerque to take the train home. He was induced by a liveryman, with a Greaser wife, from the old adobe Mexican town of Albuquerque a mile away, to drink freely at the bars, etc. The next morning, being Sabbath, I was early awakened by the Catholic church bells and took a walk across the common to see how soon the Mexicans would be ready to start with their freight. I came across the body of this young man cold in death. It at once

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occurred to me he had been drugged and robbed by the liveryman. I notified the local Mexican judge—the Alcalde—in my best Latin-Spanish and told him of my supposition as to the cause of his death. He summoned me as juryman with two other white men and some Mexicans. We met an hour before noon and deliberated some and adjourned for luncheon. No one returned except we three whites. The judge was the liveryman's father-in-law and we had nothing to do but leave town to save ourselves from assassination in the dark. I accompanied these Mexican freighters that evening to watch the freight and get to camp. We went out some ten miles or so and camped in the open, dry desert prairie near a Pueblo Indian village. I rolled my blankets about me and lay down upon the sand with the bright moon shining in my face and thought of you and your mother and listened to the coyotes howl and the mules grind their feed at the boxes on the wagon, and saw the Indians prowling around smoking Mexican cigarettes and staring at the freighters' sombreros, and seeing if there was anything loose to steal. Finally I slept when the cold, dry atmosphere came on in the night and condensed every bit of small moisture the heat of the day had evaporated from the cedars, the cattle herds and the Rio Grande. There were no clouds and nothing to make them of. I awoke refreshed at early dawn and we were soon on the move again. We passed the sun-worshipers on their housetops at Isletta, the Pueblo Indian village of Chemicita and the Mexican town of El Rito and came near night to the canyon of the Rio

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Puerco, near Laguna. Here was nestled in the widened canyon with a high background of red sand-stone bluffs, a city in white—our tent camp of perhaps 600 souls. I have told you how these Mexicans often drive eight mules abreast and twenty-four to one wagon, and how they crack a bull whip and yell "pah-cah" and swear like demons in hybrid Spanish. The following Sunday, the bookkeeper from Ellenwood, Kansas, Mr. Bay, and I went upon the mesa, or table-land, for a walk. We found there Indian vases with no apparent owner, we collected a few as relics and returned to camp to find that they had been placed at the graves of departed redmen and filled with sugar and coffee for their departed spirits. The coyotes got the sugar, etc., and we got the vases. One of them is now on our mantel shelf.

After three months of work at Laguna, we left the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and moved back onto the Santa Fe opposite Ft. Cummings, about 200 miles south of Albuquerque. We used the freight cars to Albuquerque and down to San Marcial to the end of the track. We were delayed all day Sunday in Albuquerque and many of our men became drunk and engaged in shooting matinees. It was about all we could do to corral them and get them off on the train. We unloaded the next night to begin the eighty miles drive over the Jorinada to the Rio Grande at Rincon and Colorou. It is eighty miles of rumbling sound; apparently all is hollow beneath the plateau over which we drive. There is no vegetation and no water. We hauled our water supply for two

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days, for the entire outfit, in large fourteen to twenty barrel water tanks with six mules to a tank wagon. At night I lay down upon a cot in the silent moonlight and never was more lonesome except when a boy of twenty in London, for the first time away from home and native land and with a sore-eyed organ grinder grinding the Star Spangled Banner beneath my window when I was trying to write a letter home. The next evening we arrived at Rincon and crossed the Rio Grande at Colorou on the other shore. We noted the mixture of horse thieves, cattle range thieves, Mexicans, mulattoes and Indian women and the mescal saloons and the gun each carried. We camped opposite Ft. Cummings and made the acquaintance of Colonel Dudley at the fort and of Captain Rucker, the best cribbage player we ever encountered.

Soon after this, our old night watch, Goodspeed, and myself went back over the Jorinada in a light road wagon with two large mules, to bring some $10,000 waiting at the end of the track for pay roll use. We made the drive of ninety miles between daylight and dark and took the train up to San Marcial. The town had been burned to the ground and had been rebuilt mostly in two-story tent houses. During the night they shot plenty of holes in our hotel tent and in the morning sunrise we saw three "rustlers" (desperados) dangling by ropes about their necks, from the nearest telegraph poles. We found an old college classmate who was chief bridge engineer and found him in a state of intoxication. He had been a Sabbath

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school boy of the purest die in his home college town. We also met two others on the engineer work at Laguna and chummed with Brigham Young's son, who had a contract west of Laguna and had at one time been a student in Europe and knew the scenes that interested us both. We secured our bag of money and departed at 4 A. M. next day. Just after dusk we reached the Mesquite brush, near the bank of the Rio Grande at Rincon, and out stepped two men, one on each side, each with a Winchester at his shoulder and commanded us to halt, but we also had Winchesters on our laps ready to fire. Goodspeed had the lines in one hand and his gun cocked in the other and I had my gun ready. He yelled at the mules which jumped to a run and we both began firing before the command to halt had scarcely been made, and so we dashed into the river and came out on the other side all right, unhurt and steady nerved. We drove rapidly about six miles to the first camp, arriving probably at 9 P. M., and stopped, dead tired, to get some coffee to wash the alkali from our throats. While drinking our black coffee, we heard a peculiar noise half a mile away, but it died off towards the west and we drove on to headquarters camp. Just as we arrived the men from the engineer's camp drove up and told us to corral our horses and mules, that the Apache Indians had just taken in the stage coach from Mesilla to Ft. Cummings and had murdered and mutilated each of the five passengers and had taken the coach horses, etc. We made a corral circle out of our wagons and road scrapers and put our stock within the enclosure, filled our Win-

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chester magazines with cartridges, when it occurred to old Goodspeed that the Indians had crossed the grade and gone on toward the Matche Springs and that he and I had heard them when we were taking our coffee at the other camp, and so it proved to be. The moral of this tale is that had we not stopped to get that coffee we would have driven into the Apaches and would have been no more.

Soon after this forty mules and their night herder where we had our coffee, were stolen by "rustlers" and taken to old Mexico. Some of our men followed them with a detachment of negro cavalry from Ft. Cummings, but never overtook them. However, they found the night herder left alone in the Florida mountains, glad to get back to camp, victuals, drink and to life itself. About this time I took a saddle pony and rode one afternoon to Ft. Cummings for mail from home. I came across a coyote and gave him a chase for fun, emptied my revolver at him as the horse ran, ran over him and turned the chase backward. I repeated this four times, using twenty-four cartridges and found my pony a bit winded and I stopped. The coyote also stopped and faced me with a grin of derision. I turned and rode slowly toward camp, cogitating upon the life of a sportsman and upon the daring impudence of a hungry coyote.

About February 14, we moved our camp to Deming. The Southern Pacific had reached there with its horde of Chinese laborers and their queer costumes and habits. The town was of tents occupied by such "rustlers" as Six Shooter Smith, Three Shooter Smith, Off

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Wheeler, Kinney's Kid, Billy the Kid and other like celebrities and their consorts of all colors, complexions and nationalities. We had the contract for grading the division yards at Deming as well as grading across the Rio Members. We camped in the Mesquite brush on the banks of the river which is a dry, gravelly bed at this season of the year. We had been here a few days when Off Wheeler and Six Shooter Smith came to our commissary and wanted to buy cartridges. Of course we had none in sight. They amused themselves for a time by emptying their revolvers with a rotary one-hand movement, at a soap weed root a few yards in front of our tent. Then they went off into the brush. There soon followed them from the town two Mexicans in a wagon. They had been moving Doc. Reynold's dance hall from Rincon to Deming, and were supposed to have received $25 for the work. They also drove into the brush. In a few moments we heard shooting, and saw the smoke come up from out the brush, and then saw the Mexicans running bare-headed for their lives toward our camp. They were shot in several places, but had escaped death and had kept their money, but had lost their horses. These Mexicans would not leave our camp until a detachment of soldiery accompanied them a day or two after. In other words these rustlers were proposing to kill two Greasers for $25 in cash. This is something like our ancestors, the feudal lords, used to do when they established a precedent for our present legal decisions and so forth.

Just before you came to camp with your mother and

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the contractor and his wife, our cook had moved his tent down to Deming and started a restaurant. He was a good cook and a good shot with the Winchester. He gave some advice to a "tenderfoot" who had a couple hundred dollars, telling him to keep away from Off Wheeler's place or they would "dope" and "roll" him for the cash. This fool told Off Wheeler of the admonition and at dusk they surrounded the cook's tent to "take him in." He took down his Winchester and told them to stay away. They sent his Chinaman cook toward the tent as a decoy. He could not distinguish the cook in the dark and fired and killed him. During the commotion he escaped to our camp and aroused us. We gave him money and a note to the colonel at the fort, and he lost no time getting out into the Mesquite brush, and off for the canyon that forks, one canyon leading to Fort Bayard and one to Fort Cummings. The rustlers came and demanded him. We told them he was not here, but the night watches were nervous and imagined that a cactus in the moonlight was a rustler and began firing on it. We now had a battle sure. When the din subsided, no one was hurt, and no rustler was in sight. They only fight when they "have the drop," and they only kill when they get their gun off first.

When we broke camp in May and returned *via* Albuquerque to Kansas we heard that the cook had drifted to Albuquerque and had been spotted and killed by one of the rustlers. A year afterwards we learned that each rustler had met a violent death, with his boots on, mostly at necktie parties of vigilantes. Dem-

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ing does not now look dangerous and yet twenty years ago it was the most disreputable place on the borders of purgatory.

I have recited the forgoing more or less vulgar incidents to bring before you a phase of life which you have not seen. It is that phase which accompanies all pioneer efforts of civilization, and it is most degrading. However, just beside it, proudly deigning to mingle with it in business affairs, but steadfastly declining to engage in its revels, is the genuine hero,—the Daniel Boone, the David Crockett and the Kit Carson. There is something supremely reverential in the exalted character of the hero pioneer who for very love of mother nature, or for the purpose of carving out of the dense wilderness a home for his family, takes his life into his hands and goes among the redmen who have been crazed by ingratitude of cattle thieves and by rapacity of whisky venders. The hero never falters, he knows no prevarication in business or social etiquette. He bluntly states the facts and with sedate cordiality, divides his meager meal with you and bids you safe journey and fortunate return. He is one of nature's noblemen and is seldom found in city life even with all its disguises of genuineness and reality.

Such an one once accompanied us on a trip to the mountains above Hermosilla on the west coast of Old Mexico, in search of an old Spanish mine and to investigate the proposition of the promoters who brought the deal to our principals. He had been the hero of three wars—the Mexican, the civil and the frontier Indian wars. He was born of Welch parentage; reared

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in Kentucky, and educated largely as an Indian scout. He met the Greek-Aztec Indian driver, the Polish Jew Greaser, the Spanish Grandee, the western cowboy, the general of the regular army and the young man from college in the east with the same quiet dignity and conversed with the same quiet, conscious reserve power with all alike. Upon leaving his company, you felt like lifting your hat even though in a cowboy camp or in a Mexican adobe. He took a glass of grog with the same calmness, smoked his cigar or pipe with equal philosophy and noted always the character, condition and divined the antecedents of everyone with whom he came in contact. He had been a prospector, a night herder, a soldier, a scout, a mountain guide, and a "road agent" detective. He sat with the same composure in a banquet room as he did with his knees crossed sipping a cup of black coffee up in a canyon where recently a wholesale Indian massacre had occurred. He had been with Grant and Custer, and at every fort in the great west. He was not seeking wealth or greatness, but was unconsciously absorbed in the integrity and real results of importance of the business before him, be it of national, personal or racial consideration.

Occasionally such an one is found in the crowded civilization of our cities as an author, a minister or a professional and sometimes even as a business man. They are always leaders and never conscious of it. They are the Whittiers, the Wilberforces, the Lincolns and the Bellamys of our civilization.

I can not close this letter without referring to the

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satisfaction which your work seems to furnish your business principals and without a statement of gratification at your apparent success. I do not arrogate to myself the credit for your upright development. 'Tis true you have ever profited by my council and listened to my admonition, and yet I hold you have much to be thankful for in inheritance of your mother's noble traits of character. May you always manifest them and be ever fortunate and be ever guided by her exalted motherhood.

Her mother, your grandmother, is at our home now at seventy-six years and unusually vigorous for one of her experience and responsibilities in life. She came in her early married life from Brighton, England, to Chicago, all the way by water, in 1845—by sailship to New York, by river boat to Albany, by canal boat to Buffalo and by sail boat *via* Macinac Island to Chicago. Her husband, your grandfather, was an expert mechanic of unusual capacity in gunsmithing, locksmithing, etc. His brother was captain of a boat on Lake Michigan and induced them to come to America. They lived in a cottage on Fifth avenue, near Madison street, in what is now one of the most densely business operated parts of the city of Chicago. But there was no occupation for a skilled mechanic in those days in Chicago, and they moved out a few miles west on the west side of the Des Plaines river and settled on school land, among the Indian reservation people, and near the half-breed Frenchman, Chief Robinson. They still own this homestead but there is only one sickly descendant of those French Indians left.

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Contact with whites contaminates the purity of Indian blood and constitution and saps the vigor and heroism of it all, finally. The Indian can feed upon the wild fowl, the chase and the spirit of the great father, but he cannot exist off American corn juice, hogs and modern civilization with its venereal diseases, and its mental aberrations.

I will quote one of my letters to you written from Amsterdam, Holland, July 31, 1890, when you were near thirteen years of age:

I arrived here late last night after ten hours' ride in a railway coupe, from Berlin by the express train. Just after crossing the Rhine and changing cars for Amsterdam, I was locked in a compartment with a Frankfurt civil engineer who was born in Brooklyn, New York, and lived there, attending our schools until he was thirteen years of age and now, after twenty years, it is very difficult for him to speak English. His older brothers have returned to America. One was murdered a few years ago at Adobe Wells in the Pan-handle of Texas and another is now in China. The ride from the level plains about Berlin, through the undulating fields of Hanover and the somewhat mountainous land of Westphalia was very interesting but not so novel as among the dykes and low tiled roofs of Holland. At first we saw rye being harvested, then green oats, potatoes, beans and fruits. There was soon added to the landscape, sugar beets, then some pastures with cattle and sheep and even herds of swine and geese. At Hanover we saw immense iron and machinery works, in Westphalia extensive linen manufacturies and flax fields,

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and finally in Holland continuous small herds of clean black and white Netherland cattle with patches of tobacco and wheat added to the agricultural list, peasants fishing in the dykes and curious old women binding rye.

The principal streets of Amsterdam are fronting on a river or arm of the Zuyder Zee, which is confined by stone masonry leaving room for the passage of two vehicles between the house fronts and the river's edge. Upon the river are curious little steamers filled with quaint Dutch costumes, large pipes of tobacco and odd fishing tackle. The houses are not over sixteen to twenty feet wide and from four to six stories high and most all are painted nearly black with white window casings. You can hardly tell a bank when you come to it. This morning I went to one which was at 507.4 Heerengracht street. Not thinking of the entrance being in the basement I stepped up the outside steps and seeing no other way pulled the bell, expecting to see a liveried porter put his head out from somewhere above and inquire what I wanted, in a language which is a bad cross between German, English and French. In fact the Dutch is not enabled to distinguish its real parentage. But I was not greeted by the porter; on the contrary a jaunty fellow came to the door and upon my addressing him in German, said in English: "I do not speak Hollandish, can you not speak English?" I remarked I could speak a little English. He then told me that this was a private residence and that the entrance to the bank must be in the basement but he really didn't know, you know.

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I am at the Hotel du Mille Colonnes. (Hotel of the thousand columns.) It fronts on a small but beautiful flowered park and the lower story is a very popular restaurant and summer garden. You address the waiters in German and they will probably answer you in English, and if you address them in English they are liable to address you in French and wind up, in any case, with Dutch. The people here appear in dress and manners, about half way between the English and Germans—that is, city people. The streets are the narrowest I ever saw, but they are clean. Business and variety theaters in three languages, are mixed up in a strange manner.

In Berlin the first evening I was directed by the hotel porter to the Exposition Park (Ausstellungs Park) to hear some grand military concerts. There were two sets of musicians on opposite sides of the beautiful park. One program was dispensed to the crowd that mostly ordered ices or higher priced wines or coffee and the other program was played to the restaurant front that dealt out all kinds of German beers—Berliner Weiss beer, Braun beer, Helles beer, Dresdner beer, Bavarian beer, Munchner beer, Pillsner beer, Bohemian beer and Vienna beer. Nobody seemed in the least intoxicated but all were delighted with the music and the sight of the stylishly dressed men and women. In order to make a definite comparison of entertainments, I went the next evening to Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" exhibition near the zoological gardens. I believe the Wild West was the best. All the cowboy acts were perpetrated. Over fifty gen-

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uine cowboys on genuine Indian ponies fought genuine Indians in war paint and lassoed wild horses and chased a herd of perhaps thirty genuine buffalo and Buffalo Bill (Hon. W. F. Cody) shot glass balls in mid-air, on horseback and on a dead run. The cowboy band played Dixie, Yankee Doodle and Star Spangled Banner and the fellow at the American bar hallooed iced drinks, cocktails and whiskey straight, while a darkey cried hot popcorn, popcorn balls with honey, first in English and then in good German and he was handsomely patronized and his white teeth shown with a transparent brilliancy that indicated no jaundiced liver.

During travel we are seeing continuously and the sights come with more or less of an expectancy, so that the fullness of their effect is neither so enchanting nor impressive as the effect of unusual sound or the rehearsal of sounds, that, in past periods have been domestic lullabys, familiar choral chants or national anthems.

Having during a residence of greater or less period become accustomed to the warble of the mocking bird of the sunny South, the roundelay of the robin in the early springtime in the North or the carol of the nightingale in Europe, who is not moved to ecstasy by the bird-songs of either?

One may be a poor musician indeed and even non-appreciative of that surrounding the home of his daily life, yet when absent, should there unexpectedly come to his senses, the familiar rhythm of the Danube waltzes, Annie Laurie or Home Sweet Home or snatches from Martha, Il Trovatore or some well-known and popular

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modern operetta, a flood of sweet memories enraptures him.

But it is the reproduction, unawares, of perfumes and odors that most strangely effects us. While pursuing the study of chemistry in 1870 to 1873 in the university I was always pleased to assist in the unpacking of the delicate chemical apparatus upon its arrival from Germany, or possibly France. There was always a sense of peculiar and pleasant odor arising, not only from a combination of chemicals, but also probably from the peculiar packing material. This sensation was experienced at a time in life when there was much fascination in the study. After a trip across the Atlantic and a sojourn of several months about the cosmopolitan scenes of the Exposition at Vienna in 1873, I chanced to visit the schools of mineralogy and metallurgy in Saxony and well I remember the sensation on coming again under the influence of these chemical odors. After returning to America in 1874 and engaging in other and business pursuits for sixteen years this sensation was presumably forgotten, yet the first distinct and vivid impression I had on landing from the steamer in Hamburg (July, 1890,) and proceeding to the custom house was the familiar odors when passing some large chemical apparatus manufactories and wholesale chemical establishments, for there forthwith arose the visions of student days and the associations of chemical teachings.

During the autumn, winter and spring of 1880 and 1881, while in the mountains near Albuquerque, San Marcial, Ft. Cummings and Deming, New Mexico, I

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was much charmed with the scenery and the vigor and purity of the atmosphere, as well as with watching the habits and modes of life of the Spanish-Mexicans in Albuquerque, El Rito and Colorou and of the Pueblo Indians at their sunworship on the roofs of their adobe houses in Isletta or with their herds and dismal shepherd chants among the lonely valleys about the rocky village of Laguna which overlooks the Rio Puerca—or at beds of clay, moulding some rude vase or dish which was perhaps to be filled with tea, coffee and other food and placed at the grave of the recent dead for the sustenance of their spirits. However, all these and several similar incidents come to the mind after an effort of thought and memory, but they are brought up spontaneously and more enchantingly several years afterward (autumn, 1884,) when driving up Cheyenne canyon at the foot of Pike's peak and suddenly becoming conscious of the odors of Mexican chili and the thin pale vapor of burning cedar branches. The same sensation arose again when driving in the night time from the depot to the hotel in San Antonio, Texas, (spring, 1890,) caused by the same odor of chili and burning cedar.

Leaving the crowded northern city of Chicago near the close of a long, dreary winter, and alighting perhaps the next morning 300 miles southward among the early peach and apple blossoms—near the banks of the Ohio one experiences a refreshing sense of rejuvenation that is replete with the scenes of the springtime of childhood. Similar is it with the perfume of new mown hay, whether in the meadows of Illinois, the

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Miami valley of Ohio, the hill sides of New Hampshire, the sandy plains of North Germany, the valley of the Aar—whether along the dykes of Holland, in the charming fields of France or the deep green hedged gardens of Merry England and Bonnie Scotland.

So it is with the after harvest odor of rich grain in shock or stack. By these the gloom of care is dispelled for a time and the busy rush for means of existence is for a few moments forgotten.

The elevation produced by the ineffable odors of rich and well kept apartments of homes in whatever land, is a part of the refinement and spirituality of that home, reminding one of the other—that of his absent own.

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CHAPTER VI.

STUDENT ADVICE.

Livingston, Montana, October 5, 1900.

MY DEAR STEPSON: A week ago you were twenty years of age and just starting in student work at Armour Institute. I intended writing you on the occasion of that anniversary, but was too much occupied with business and sent you instead from Deadwood, a copy of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." You will probably receive more benefit from the reading of that than you will from my eternal letter of advice. However, I can not resist the temptation to avail myself of this return of your natal anniversary just as you are budding into manhood and blossoming into social conditions, and give you my cogitations on the conditions of boys' educational, social and business environment, as applied to your own individual case. First, I must tell you that you came near being very fortunate in missing this letter altogether, for I had agreed in Deadwood with a shoe manufacturer of St. Louis that we would spend Saturday and Sunday in Yellowstone National Park, and see a geyser or two go off, and be witness to the docility of the grizzlies, elks, bison, and lesser game, there, which is protected by the government from the gun of the wanton hunter and being well fed and never disturbed they are said to be almost as sociable as the pigs at the swill-trough on the farm.

These geysers are intermittent. One, I believe it

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is Old Faithful, shoots up its seething spray of hot water, carbonic and sulphurous acid gases a hundred feet or more, every fifty-eight minutes. Some subterranean tank becomes filled with hot water and gases once nearly every hour, and the great pressure finds a vent when it reaches so many pounds to the square inch and then you see the geyser perform, or more properly display its geyser grandeur. It is said that the intermittent period has been lengthened one-half a minute yearly, ever since there was any record of the period of its bursting forth. This is a grand sight. I did not see it, but I saw a picture in the hotel, and I read about it in a guide book and interviewed a stage driver who had spent the summer there in the employ of the Yellowstone National Park Transportation Company. I did not see it because the season and the hotels closed September 20, before I arrived. Had it not closed then, you might not have received this letter. The guide told me that his company took you in charge for seven days, and gave you a stage drive of 192 miles, visiting all the geysers, mammoth hot springs terraces, and plateaus of sulphur strata and other debris from the bowels of the earth, that has accumulated in the vicinity of the mouth of some of these springs and geysers. He does all this for $5 per day, including hotels, meals and the usual conceited yarns of the average stage coach and mountain scenery guide. I regret not being able to see it. I have been passing through here for years, and have never thought I could spare the time and expense, and now this is my last trip. It is the same case with the Grand canyon of the Colorado,

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reached from Williams, Arizona, on the Santa Fe Railroad, and the same case with the Cliff-dwelling ruins, reached from near Durango, Colorado, and the same with the Yosemite valley of California. These four gigantic specimens of American scenery are all that I have not seen often in my travels, and I suppose now I will miss them all. Some time I will tell you about the grandeur of the canyons, mountains and mineral wealth of Colorado, as compared with those of Scotland and Europe generally, and about the eternal snow-capped Mt. Shasta, Mt. Ranier and Mt. Hood, and about the semi-tropic luxury of southern California, but now I must get back to that letter of advice.

You know I have always contended that a boy should not be continuously in school; that he becomes often a heedless drone or a rakish sport, indifferent to all mental sensations of ambition, and higher intelligence. Besides, after a series of years of nothing but school, high school and college, he graduates as a freak who is unable to earn a living at anything. Hence about the time you were through with the grammar school in the city, I put you into a school of stenography and bookkeeping for six months. But you seemed to develop more success as a foot-racer and an all-around good fellow than you did as a transcriber of notes, and an operator of a typewriter. However, you graduated with the usual honors, I believe, and then were unable to impress your capabilities upon any one in Chicago sufficiently hard to secure a position, and I secured you a position with that wholesale optical house, where you remained two years, and received such a nice letter of

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commendation for your trustworthiness, your ever present good humor, and for your daily promptness, etc. Then you took a year in Englewood high school and came out with a good record; then you accepted a position as bill clerk and assistant cashier in that wholesale coffee and tea house, and you have just quit that after a year and over with another good letter of commendation, to enter Armour Institute. I want to say to you that this series of letters of commendation from your instructors and from the houses which you have served, are far more valuable, and far greater evidence of your intrinsic value than the eight or ten diplomas with my name in them, which are rolled up in a tin case in my desk. Now, you write me that you had the honor of being the only 100 per cent in geometry examination, etc. Probably you now see the force of my advice. Some boys are business men at twenty, and some have no business judgment until they are thirty or even forty, or never. Now, even with you, not over rapid in development, you can now go out anywhere and earn your living at almost anything, if you are compelled to quit college and do so, and you are not running the chance of being an educated fool and a conceited prig.

It is far better to develop more gradually and on all sides in a parallel manner. Early genius like early cabbage is apt to burst, at least so remarked Josh Billings. When college genius sallies forth and comes "up against" the soulless business world, it receives a shock which "jars you," and it "takes a tumble" which is often very undignified. It, in short, makes a spec-

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tacle of itself, and its impracticability. I spent about $6,000 earning most of it myself and about six years' time for a collegiate education here and in Europe and came out at twenty years of age, less competent than when I left the farm in central Illinois at fifteen years of age, and I do not want my sons to do as I did, because of the failure of anyone to properly advise them. Your own father when his father (who was manager of a large broom factory in 1875 or so, on Blue Island avenue and was killed by falling through the hatchway of his factory building) found himself a boy without much means of support, and he took a job as clerk in a tea store on Madison street in the days when clerks were well paid, and then he took a course of medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was succeeding beyond the average practitioner when he became ill of typhoid malarial fever in Pittsburg, Kansas, and died when you was one year old, leaving you somewhat alone, so far as a father is concerned, to fight your battles in life. But you came into my family with your mother when you were four and one-half years of age and now you are my son, and I want to see you succeed as you so justly deserve.

Do not make the mistake of being in a hurry to make money, and do not let those about you outstrip you, however. Stick now closely to your student work until you complete your education. Then you may go forth qualified, not only as a scholar, but as a business man who has been "up against" the whole "shooting match;" has had the cold stare of the office manager, the hypocritical snarl of the department man-

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ager, and raillery of the office help and all that. You will preserve your integrity of character. I have no fear of you there. You will not lack permanent friends with your good cheer and drollery and steadfastness, but be careful about the advice of would-be sanctimonious people; steer clear of them. They will get you into trouble in some way if you listen to their exhortations. Better take the plain talk of an old railroad engineer than the hypocritical advice of the young credit man who has attained his position on a Sabbath school record, and on his fawning hypocrisy. Better listen to the remarks of the man who has stood at the throttle of a trans-continental railroad engine for twenty years with the lives of thousands of people in his hands than to listen to the exhortations of the pious young office cub who sends out the Garcia Message letter to the traveling men, and distributes Sunday school tracts to the boys in the office.

After you have completed your student life, and come again to business occupation, stand firm for your own individual rights, and be not brow-beaten or cowed by any brutal business man. No one will look after your own interests but yourself in this fearfully competing world, and you must guard those interests as faithfully as a St. Bernard guards his young child boy master. Stand on your dignity and your honor and perform your work systematically and independently, finally after you have developed your mind in study, your muscles in gymnastic exercise, and after you have established a systematic code of moral habits in life, and you begin to think about marriage, let your society be

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of that intelligent, educated, refined young women who have had the good sense to keep their minds upon literature, science and art, instead of upon ostentatious wearing apparel, dude dances, and dissipating theatricals. I am not afraid of your giving attention to the girl who flirts on the street in the residence district and on the suburban trains. She is the one who often seeks a down-town office position, to become the manager's harlot for dress, luncheons and theaters, and finally becomes the common adventuress or street walker, or makes some husband, whom she has entrapped for herself, a life of eternal regret. It is only the honestly industrious and the grandly intellectual in both sexes, that preserve their integrity and purity of character and with it their happiness. But you have heard this before, and I will desist, remembering that advice is more holy to give than to receive.

I will add a descriptive letter written in summer of 1896, hoping it may now be of interest to you.

A Trip to the Northern Peninsula.

In the territory covered in going from one extreme of Lake Michigan to the other, one is entertained with a veritable panorama of nature, industry and social life. We left Chicago with the thermometer in the nineties, numbering one of the throngs who daily take their way to the summer resorts along the lake coasts seeking relief in the cool breezes and wide spaces from the heat of the large cities or dusty inland towns.

Our boat is headed for the Michigan shore—an all night ride—and snatches of song and conversation

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until a late hour show where parties have remained on deck to enjoy the mild air and the picturesque effects of the full moon on the smooth water.

The early morning finds the boat off the sandy dunes of Michigan and the first stop at Grand Haven discharges a large proportion of the passengers, whose mecca is one of the several electric baths that abound in the vicinity. In Muskegon and Manistee we find towns that have outgrown the transitory period of fluctuating interests, and have developed permanent ones of agriculture and manufactories. The appearance of permanency and solid prosperity is shown in paved streets, costly blocks of masonry, handsome residences and electric car lines, while large lumber docks denote extensive industries in furniture and wooden ware. This locality is in the peach belt and in the season extensive shipments are made from these points. In the orchards the boughs are heavy with the ripening fruit. Here a rainy day supplied the refreshment nature needed. The gray mists rolled in from the lake, and the dolorous fog horn sounded its warning bellow from the mouth of the harbor. The shores are lined with dunes of sand, with which the winds play fantastic pranks, heaping them up or tearing them down as it may happen. At Manistee a dune was blown inward, closing up a street and nearly burying a cottage. This pile of sand, we were informed, once stood quite a distance from there, and was covered with turf. At the time of Cleveland's last election the democrats burrowed a hole on the hill-top wherein to place their cannon, in celebration of the

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event. The winds have worked and worried at the excavation till the entire hill is transferred elsewhere. There will be time for many more changes in the topography of the country before they again will celebrate a similar victory. At formerly Pere Marquette, the state convention of the Epworth League is held. Here they have erected a fine large hotel, with adjoining convention hall and groves. Speakers of note are engaged, the whole ending with a grand musical festival.

Petoskey is the gem in the belt of summer resorts girding the northern lakes. It has pretentious summer hotels, from whose broad verandas one may watch the bay encircled with a narrow gauge railway, running to Bay View, Wequatonsing, Harbor Springs and Harbor Point, or the ferry boats as they ply between these resorts, carrying their loads of pleasure seekers. A Chautauquan Assembly is held at Bay View, where many go over from the gayer life of hotels to listen to some noted divine or sweet singer. Those whose inclinations are more sporty, are attracted by the mild diversions of the club house at Harbor Point. The cottages are largely occupied by women and children, and the hotel hops are attended by fluffy summer girls, with their chaperons of convenient deafness and blindness, in proportion of sixteen to one summer man.

The inland route carries one partly by boat and partly by rail to Cheboygan, a small town, stirred to its depths on the day of our arrival by the tragic death of one of their brightest business men, a druggist. It was the outcome of a married woman's flirtation who

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was summering there. Her husband had come from his home in Minneapolis and deliberately shot the druggist to death in his store. The husband was arrested and makes no defense, and he undoubtedly will serve a life sentence. That is the end of one woman's good time (?) and no one will envy her reflections as she thinks it over in the years to come.

Across the channel we can see the hazy outlines of Bois Blanc, St. Ignace and Macinac Island, and soon we are embarked on a small steamer bound for these points. The water is of remarkable clearness. We steer for Point Aux Pines, a settlement on Bois Blanc Island where the asthmatic and hay fever sufferers congregate, and the consumptive comes for a longer lease of life. It is a charming spot, "far from the mad'ning crowd," but breathes of pines and the cemetery.

At St. Ignace, Pere Marquette lies buried in the old churchyard. This gentle emissary of Christ was one of the strongest characters in the settlement of the new world. He was beloved of all various Indian tribes, and many times acted as a peacemaker in the disturbances between the Indians and the white settlers. His pictures delineate him with a slender figure, a sensitive boyish face and fair hair.

Macinac Island. Here we find the capitalist in his palatial cottage, and equipages with liveried driver. The island is intersected with good roads and promenades along the shore. Its harbor is filled with gay pleasure craft and excursion boats from Canada and lake cities.

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Macinac Island was for years the bone of contention between America and the English, and the remains of the old fort erected in 1780 still crowns the apex of the island and commands the harbor. It was occupied with government troops until within the past two years, when the island was purchased by the state of Michigan. The view from the portcullis of the fort is a beautiful one of the wide blue straits dotted with islands in all directions and it is no wonder it was eagerly sought as vantage ground by the French and English in the Indian wars. In John Jacob Astor's time the Indians came paddling in their canoes or on their snow shoes, bearing packs of rich furs, the result of their winter's trappings, and exchanged them for tawdry gifts or small sums of money, Mr. Astor taking advantage of their simplicity, and shrewdly laying the foundation of the immense fortune enjoyed by his progenitors and their titled consorts. The John Jacob Astor house erected and used by him as a trading post still stands.

Frances Woolson has embodied the life of the island in her beautiful story of Anne.

From the historic island we take the floating palace, the steamship Northwest, for Sault Ste Marie. The steamship plies between Buffalo, Cleveland and Duluth. Its arrival seems to be regarded as a social function, judging from the mass of fashion gathered to greet it. The Northwest is a steamship in many ways more complete and luxurious than many trans-Atlantic boats. It has two cabin decks, is 360 feet long, and is propelled by boilers requiring a corps of

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forty firemen on duty at once. The dining room is attended by French waiters, and everything served a-la-carte at Auditorium grand opera prices. Bath-rooms and libraries furnish comfort and recreation to the passengers, while choice cut flowers adorn the cabin and staterooms, and a fine orchestra passes away the hours on deck. The numerous cozy islands in the narrows are a delight to the eye. They are wooded to the very edge, and seem to come from the depths of the strangely clear waters as magic lantern scenes come on the canvas. In many instances the island is surrounded by such a depth of transparency that its entire outline is beheld inverted. There is a rare blending of the rich green shades of the pine, hemlock and larch with the paler green of the silent waters, through whose depths one counts the innumerable schools of fish that come and go in a silent, sportive way that suggests eternity, and is void of morn, noon and night; void of sleep or weariness; void of discord and strife, but eternally filled with graceful motion and the manifestations of life without labor and care. These islands have no precipitous bluffs to render their shores fretted and picturesque, but are approachable at will.

Many of the islands are furrowed with what seems in the distance to be wagon roads, but which are in fact sighting lines and targets which are the pilot's guide to the difficult channel that leads through the Soo river up to the rapids.

Sault de Ste Marie (Falls of St. Mary) was in gala attire (August 3) in honor of the celebration of the opening of the new lock parallel to the old one. Few

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appreciate the gigantic commercial importance of the locks of the Soo until they see a few cold figures. Although they are opened only seven and one-half months in the year, yet in that time the tonnage (largely wheat, lumber and ore) passing them exceeds by three millions of tons that of the Suez canal, which is open the entire year and passes the ships of the world. The new lock just completed at the Soo is built by the government at a cost of $3,000,000. It is the largest lock in the world, and its completion marks one of the greatest engineering feats in this country. It is 1,100 feet in length, and will more than double the passage of the boats. It will accommodate vessels drawing twenty-one feet of water. It is operated by the government, free of toll, and passes an average of 104 vessels a day. It has been seven years in construction. The opening was celebrated by a three days' carnival and firemen's tournament, with excursions for the entire state.

The Soo lies on both sides of the falls. The American side is energetic, hustling and metropolitan; the Canadian Soo is provincial, rambling and ill kept. From the bridge between the two, one may watch the Indians sitting like bronze statues on the rocks in the rapids angling for Soo whitefish, which broiled on a cedar chip, make a dish fit for the gods, and the gods bear the reputation of having known a good thing.

The following day the air became stifling and murky and the blood-red sun glared through the ochre-tinted haze. Rumors of forest fires were rife. The train from Soo to Marquette was detained till a reconnoitering crew returned and reported the bridges un-

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burned. The train crawled carefully through long stretches of blazing stumps of trees, rolling dangerously near the track, which was protected by a fire line of sand. Enormous beds of coals and twisted and warped machinery represented the town of Gladys, which that morning had been a busy little sawmill town. As early darkness settled down, the scene became weird enough to represent a page of the Inferno. Through the closed car windows the smoke and blistering heat penetrated in choking volumes. After the thick of the fire had been passed an occasional tall tree could be seen blazing aloft like a great torch showing where a flying spark had ignited. With the combination of a dry season and high winds, fires are the natural results in the pine forests. They are started in all directions by the flying brands, and the lake is the only means of escape. That night a copious rain fell like a blessing on the land, extinguishing the fires and preventing an enormous loss of property, if not of life.

The iron towns, Ishpeming, Negaunee and Bessemer, are paralyzed and the cry of hard times is everywhere herd. They are in the center of the iron ore country, and are fine towns that have been built and sustained off the iron industry. Business men say bluntly that no ore is being sold, mines are being closed down by eastern owners awaiting the result of the silver craze, vessels are being taken off the lake and all that sort of calamity talk that is sure to induce a paralysis of business interests. It is this extreme agitation of every subject which

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comes before the public that constitutes one of the greatest menaces to the stability of our institutions. What can be more detrimental to our financial institutions than the blatant silver arguments that are waged on every side, in every corner grocery and every car, by the self-styled oracles, who know no more of the intricacies of finance, commerce and trade than does the school boy and are far less grammatical. It is the province of every citizen to have well grounded convictions which control his vote upon any and all important questions, but the vulgar, contentious discussions of the great uninformed produce real disaster to business.

Where the extreme northern point of the state of Michigan thrusts a long arm out into Lake Superior we find the great copper mines, in fact the greatest copper mines in the whole world, the Calumet Hecla. Some idea may be had of the extent of this mine, when it is noted that since its discovery and development twenty-three years ago it has paid about $46,000,000 in dividends or an average profit to its Boston stockholders of $2,000,000 per annum, and there is sufficient ore in sight to yield the same average profit for a period of forty or fifty years more not including the possible additional discoveries that may come with further development. This mine has several shafts or outlets, each of which is from 4,000 to 5,500 feet deep and through each is brought to the surface every twenty-four hours about sixty-five car loads of crude ore of six tons to the car. Some of these shafts extend the entire width of the town, Calumet, numbering about 10,000 inhabitants.

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Here again in spite of the steady working of the copper mines by well paid help where there should be general prosperity there is the same groan over hard times and the silver craze. Two large mines have suspended operations until the question is settled, when the eastern stockholders will invest several millions in improved machinery and again operate them. The pleasant side of this question is seen in the McKinley and Hobart streamers that are flying from great saw-mills, thus silently proclaiming their disapproval of late democratic legislation in placing lumber on the free list, forming an object lesson for the uninformed voter that would be useful as a campaign document.

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CHAPTER VII.

Boyhood Fancies.

San Francisco, Cal., December 2, 1900.

My Dear Second Son: Do you remember when you were about four years old, in December, 1892, of going on the cars with me to Columbus, Georgia? We rode all day from Chicago to Cincinnati, then took the train forty miles north to Franklin, Ohio, on the Miami river, and drove in a covered buggy four miles east to the little inland town of Springboro, and called upon my mother's sister, and you ate from a huge pan of popcorn, and my mother's father, your great-grandfather, came in and talked to you. It is not often that a boy has the opportunity of seeing and talking with his great-grandfather. In March, 1898, at the age of ninety-one years, he died and left an estate, properly valued at about $60,000, without a dollar of indebtedness of any kind. This property had been accumulated by industry, integrity and frugality, and all by his own efforts. His parents came from New Jersey in 1801, across the Alleghany mountains, long before the days of the railroads, and settled in the fertile valley of the Miami. They cleared up forests, made maple sugar, grew flax, wove linen, raised sheep, and wove clothing, and were honest and prosperous.

Your great-grandfather said "thee" and "thou," and did not believe in wars; yet, when it became necessary to free the colored man, by resorting to war, at

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the age of sixty years, he was the foremost man in his locality to raise money with which to pay bounty for unmarried men to act as substitutes for married men, who had been drafted into the army to battle to overcome the seceding Southern states, and set free the black man. This estate of $60,000, without debts, would, ten years previously, before the depreciation in values of all real estate, have settled up as much as $100,000. It, however, only settled up about $40,000, because of the rapacity of those who had married into the family, and because of the ravenous maw of the buzzards and crows who were flapping and crowing as attorneys or lawyers, as if about the animal dead upon the pasture field, and snatching all they could get from the accumulations of decency, honesty and economy. We do not begrudge them our share of their peculations so much as we deplore a civilization that produces such a cryptogamous specimen of man. These people actually believe that an estate cannot be settled without their legal wisdom, and without their presumptive interference. Some lawyers are great and good, but most of them have the spirit that actuated their remote ancestors, from whom the precedents of law came. They were largely the feudal lords of ancient times, who went forth and cut off the heads of their neighbors and appropriated their property, and this precedent has been handed down to us as law in various modified and legalized statutory provisions. We believe it more honorable, however, than the modern substitute, as it appears at the bar of this county where your great-grandfather lived, accumulated, died and was buried.

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Almost adjoining farms with that of your great-grandfather, my mother's father, was the farm of your great-grandfather, my father's father, who died on that farm at the age of seventy-eight, in 1875. He, like my maternal grandfather, came of people who said "thee" and "thou." He also cleared the forest, ploughed, sowed, reaped, wove, made brick and built his own home, kept a large dairy, made butter by horse power, from milk cooled in spring water and hauled the genuine product at night forty miles to Cincinnati to the nearest large market on the Ohio river, then the avenue of commerce, before the time of railroads. He was, perhaps, as energetic, upright and industrious a man as his community ever knew, and he died leaving a fine estate to his children.

Your genealogy on your paternal side dates back in America to your father's grandfather's grandfather who was one of the founders of the town of Salem, New Jersey, in 1674 to 1676, or 100 years before the Declaration of Independence. You are the sixth generation of sons in 225 years. Your fifth paternal ancestor was one of a company who purchased West New Jersey before William Penn became a landed proprietor in America. The churchyard inscriptions of the Society of Friends of Salem, New Jersey, are a record of your Quaker ancestry—an ancestry which was among those people who furnished to America the purest, noblest, most just and most honorable examples of upright citizenship and steadfast goodness that has ever been the good fortune of the world to produce.

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Sometime you will begin to compare these conditions of honest industry, hopeful integrity and real goodness of character, with those conditions of today, wherein property accumulation is largely a gambling process, void, even, of the semblance of respectability in many instances.

Well, we returned to Cincinnati, and took the train over the mountains of Tennessee, through the scenes of the civil war to Atlanta and to Columbus, Georgia. Our winter overcoats were freaks in the morning sunshine down there, where people were in their shirt-sleeves, and we soon had our coats on our arms. You remember the quaint head apparel of the colored women, and the wagon loads of white-baled cotton in the street, and the great factory on the Chattahoochee river near by. These large brick buildings were put up just after the war, by northern capital, but are now owned in Columbus. This trip, at four years of age, was more interesting, perhaps, than the one you made with me from Chicago to Omaha later, when you became mixed on the difference between the Miss Souri and the Mrs. Sippi rivers, both of which we crossed.

Now, you write me that you will graduate from the city grammar school, at thirteen and a half years of age. This is soon enough for health and proper development. You will then learn something of business life for a year, and then take a couple of years in high school, and another year of business, and finish up with a couple of years in college somewhere, at about the age of twenty. Mamma writes me that you are progressing finely with the cornet; it must be your

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inheritance from your maternal grandfather, who, now, at over seventy years of age, still plays the horn and flute. He was leader of the band during the Lincoln and Douglas debates, and of a regimental band with his two brothers during the great Civil war. He came from England when he was first married, and your mamma was born at Cumberland, Maryland, where they made their home. I think you can feel a just pride in your ancestry on every side, as related above. By the time you will receive this, you will be twelve years of age, and mamma will take you to the parlor, and present to you, as our birthday present, those large colored photographs of Paris, of the grand stairway and foyer of the Grand Opera House, and of the scene in the palace of the Tuilleries, which I brought from Paris in 1890, and these with the picture of the Garden of the Gods, also in color, and all arranged within one large white and gilt frame, are yours, to preserve as mementoes of your birthday anniversary, and of our trip to Colorado last summer.

Your paternal great-grandfather came west with his sons when I was but two years of age, and for the benefit of those sons, again started life anew in the wilds of the prairie of Champaign county, Illinois. His was the first brick house between Urbana and Sydney, and about the only house of any character. He made the brick and built the house himself, and to-day it stands there a monument to his industry and energy of fifty years ago. It was he and grandmother, and their daughter, my father's sister, who gave me a childhood home, where you have visited.

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Aunt, and her bachelor brother, my uncle, both have devoted their lives to others and not to themselves, and they now live in peace and plenty at near seventy years of age, honored by all who are fortunate in their acquaintance.

Well, my boy, I have about finished by last long business trip. Since you left me in Colorado last August, I have made allof the principal towns in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California, and have again witnessed the grandeur of the Rocky mountain scenery, of the Puget Sound and its splendid cities of Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, B. C.

Seattle, with its shipping for Australia and the Orient, of its great Pacific Coast ship timber, and its ships to and from Alaskan gold fields, and its wharves, and its revived prosperity and commercial wealth of importance. Seven years ago, on a trip here, the banks were failing, faster than I could call upon them. Tacoma had thirteen, it now has five, and so with Seattle, Denver, and all the West. To-day they are all prosperous again, and the wheels of republican prosperity and fortune are turning swiftly in their kaleidoscopic glitter. But there will come a reaction, as there always does follow any upward turn in any avenue of life, and then, look out for the conflict of wealth and poverty, of capital and labor.

Then we came to the city of Portland, and the Columbia river—the Rhine of America—and Mount Ranier and Mount Hood in eternal snow. Then comes the grandest mountain scene in the United States—

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Mount Shasta in northern California, and the Shasta Springs, where the train stops in the canyon at noon to give you an opportunity to quench your thrist from nature's finest vichy waters, as they spout up ice cold from twenty to thirty feet, and carbonated to intoxication. Waukesha Hygea and drug store pop are not "in it" with this beverage of nature. It is finer than that soda, iron or sulphur springs water you drank and spat out on the ground at Manitou, Colorado, last summer.

From Shasta, we come over the mountains to the great wheat fields, and enormous ranches of California, back from the coast at San Francisco, and then to the harbor, fluttering with the sails of ships from every nation and every clime, and filled with our soldiery going and coming to and from China and the Philippines. We are becoming a great nation, and yet we are a republic. We are the first republic that has maintained its greatness for over a century, and yet there may be rocks ahead in our commercial, social and political development. Our vast natural wealth has furnished almost too many opportunities for our national thrift and energy to accumulate enormous fortunes, and with them the influence that they have upon our commerce, our votes and our legislation. You may be called upon to act your part in due time. Do not falter in the perpetuation of the character of your great-grandfathers, either of American or English birth. There was not one of them wrong, as I review their lives now. Your mother's grandfather left England in his old age to come to the land of freedom, and

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died of a broken heart because of Negro slavery in Maryland, where he lived with your grandfather. He had been, in his youth and middle age, a school teacher in England, and left there to take up a home in free America some forty-odd years ago, and before our Civil war. His mother, your mother's grandmother, was also a Quakeress and when you have said this you can make no higher estimate of womanhood. Of your mother's maternal grandfather, I have learned little, save that he was a respectable business man in England, and his daughter, your grandmother, was the pride and good cheer of the village there, and the motherly friend of her neighbors in Cumberland, Maryland, and Springfield, Illinois, where she died and was buried.

Remembering that you were with me in the South, I will quote a descriptive letter written you from that part of our country.

This being St. Valentine's day, 1900, I suppose you will not object to one from me, answering your letter of last Sunday, sent with mamma's.

First, I want to ask you to write me often, at least every Sunday, when I am from home, because I am very glad to hear from you—how you succeed at school, what you have determined in your mind to do, and how you propose to do it and all your best thoughts, but I must caution you that in order to get the best benefit for yourself, you must take plenty of time, spell each word carefully, make clear sentences and you will be surprised how you will improve after a few months. Just give me your careful thought for one hour each Sunday on paper and I will make you, or

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help you to make yourself, a better letter writer than many boys at eleven.

I drove in a buggy to-day ten miles from Crystal Springs to Hazelhurst. This ten-mile drive was in about the center of the market garden and strawberry farming of Mississippi, which ships most of the berries we get in early May. Before that, Louisiana ships and after that southern Illinois, then Wisconsin, etc. These market farmers now have peas up and growing. One sold his 100 acres of early new cabbage last year for $50,000, but often the crops are failures or the market is full from somewhere else and the stuff perishes and is lost.

Last year the enormous crop of watermelons from southern Georgia was a loss because the melons were not good tasting, not having matured properly.

Of course, Mississippi is one of the greatest cotton states, and cotton in great 500-pound bales is seen everywhere. Just now the price is up to eight and one-half cents per pound or $42.50 per bale and they are shipping all they can to market to New Orleans and Memphis. I have met traveling men here from Germany and from England buying cotton to be manufactured in those countries into muslin and other cotton fabrics. Up to five years ago Germany used to buy much of her raw cotton in China. Now Japan buys all China has to spare, so you see if you follow the growth, distribution and manufacture of one product alone, like cotton, you follow it all over the world, through all manner of factories and by all classes of merchants to the bodies of all kinds of people.

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When you get a little older and begin to see these things and how wholesale houses, banks and factories, as well as railroads and producers handle everything you will become deeply interested and then you will begin to be a man and not a "kid" who has to keep his interest up by reading exciting stories which mean nothing. So now keep your mind on your work at school and get at all the facts you can—be at the head of your classes, be somebody—be a pride to us all, as you can be if you get started rightly.

I suppose it will interest you to know something particular about this country. It is so different from the country I wrote you of last in Mississippi. This part of Pennsylvania in which I have been for ten days around Pittsburg is the wealthy center of the iron and coke business. The Carnegie company recently organized with a capital of $60,000,000, combining their several steel factories, coke and coal fields, etc. At night the whole country along the railroads is lighted up with furnaces burning coal for making coke with which to melt the iron in blast furnaces, making railroad iron, cars and everything, and then there is any number of glass factories and potteries. Some burn natural gas which is not so plenty as it was a few years ago. On account of these large furnaces and the coke fires and their smoke, Pittsburg before it discovered natural gas was the dirtiest city in America and it is again becoming as bad as ever. All this country is mountainous, the chief rivers being the Alleghany and Monongahela, which unite to form the Ohio river.

Johnstown, where I was Sunday, is situated in a

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narrow valley almost completely surrounded by mountains. During the great rains of May 31, 1889, the streams became very high and a dam, which held back a lake of city water, ten miles above, broke and the whole town was submerged, water coming into the second story windows and destroying most of the homes and 3,000 people. Eight hundred unknown bodies are buried in the cemetery. The bodies could not be identified. This is the most fearful catastrophy of its kind in history. Now it is a fine, newish looking town and you would not suppose it had ever been wiped out by a flood or deluge.

For the past two weeks I have been in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the Alleghany mountains, the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers and then the Cumberland and Blue Ridge mountains and the Cumberland river. This morning, coming from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, had views of the valleys from the train on the mountain side, that were as fine as any I ever beheld, not so grand, perhaps, as those of the Rocky mountains and the Pacific Coast at Mount Shasta, and not so picturesque as those of the Lower Alps in Germany, but, this morning, I saw lying spread out before me three villages all at once, a whole valley of farms with mountains and pine trees in the background. The peach, apple and cherry trees were in bloom and the scene was so peaceful and substantial and beautifully American. But you will be interested to hear about the great battlefield here. As you may know it was fought July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, and covered over twenty-five square miles all around the town of Gettysburg. A

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trolley line now takes you over the whole field in an hour and a half, and I have just returned from the trip with a traveling man from Boston, who had relatives slain in the battle. Many of the states and towns have erected monuments to their different regiments and generals and dead and there are 455 of these fine monuments in all shapes and designs, located here and there over the whole twenty-five square miles—mostly where this or that regiment was in its hardest fight, etc. This was the most noted battle of the Civil war, fought on northern soil, and the field has been fitted up by the government to commemorate the event. The points of hardest fighting were pointed out, as on Wheatfield, Peach Hill, Death Valley, Devil's Glen and Round Top mountain. The motor line goes by or through all these places and takes you to the relic house where are broken muskets, cannon, rusty muskets, bullets and balls sticking in trees, etc., etc. There was not a battle in the Spanish-American war nor in the South African war where the death loss and hard fighting was so great as here.

I was interested in the letter you wrote before about Christian Science definitions. If you can fully learn from your attendance at the Sabbath school that all sickness, diseases, mistakes, immorality and wickedness are purely conditions of the mind, and when fully understood may be controlled by yourself, you will have made a wonderful advancement. If you can learn this now, in early life, you will avoid all the despair and most of the failures that come to most people who never learn that they can control their own mind, and

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that their mind wholly controls their body. Sometime, I will try to explain the difference between Christian Science and Mental Science. Ponder those definitions you wrote me carefully, and see how much you understand of them and gradually the truth may come to you just as it does in solving a problem in mathematics.

I received your letter at Canandaigua, since when I have been much along these beautiful inland lakes of New York state. From Auburn I came forty miles along the east shore of Lake Cayuga to Ithaca. The lake is from one to five miles wide and over forty miles long. It was on this lake that the students of Cornell University at Ithaca won their boat-rowing victory a year ago. It was evening as our train came down and gave a most beautiful scene across the water to the green fields, sloping up the hill beyond.

At Ithaca I had no time to go over the university grounds but saw them in the distance. Cornell University is considered one of the best in the land. It was established by Ezra Cornell, a Quaker, who gave it the very highest character. Colleges, established by Quakers in Pennsylvania, are sought by all the best people for proper places of education of their sons and daughters. Of course I take an especial interest in the Quakers because my ancestors were of them. I regard the civilization accomplished by them in this country as the most ideal and best we have. As you see them to-day in eastern Pennsylvania, in their plain dress, they are the most honorable and respectable people of the land.

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Yesterday I bought a new book "The True William Penn." It is an interesting account of his life and the establishment of the Quakers in America and of his honorable dealings with the Indians, etc. Some parts of it may be a little too heavy for you, but I will send it and you can see how these people grew in goodness from the corruption of England of two centuries ago, and how largely by their acts and arguments the Negro was finally liberated. They are not increasing as a church now because the younger ones have emigrated to the west and there being mixed up with all nationalities, are more prone to dress, show and modern questionable business methods, the sensationalism of the Methodist and other churches or have gone entirely into liberal lines of thought—out of the church. The Quakers came nearest to Mental Scientists. They believed in self-culture, self-dependence, and self-communion in silence with one's better thoughts.

Have you read that book I brought home, by Roosevelt, "American Ideals," or is it too dry for you? It is an excellent book and he, as governor of New York, is making good headway endeavoring to carry out his ideas and secure some show of honesty in political life.

New York is a fine state to travel in at this season of the year, with its lakes and rivers, fine towns and beautiful farms, its factories and mills, its trains and boats, its automobiles and its golf fields, its students, returning home for vacation and its quaint old houses. At Ithaca I stopped at a hotel that was built over seventy years ago. It had those large Corinthian col-

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umns in front that you see in colonial pictures and in the Old South. At Syracuse and Warsaw you have the great salt plants. At Saratoga and on Long Island the great summer resorts. I enclose you an article on Alexis E. Frye, who used to be assistant to Colonel Parker in Cook County Normal School and who wrote the new geography which you have seen, and who is now superintendent of Cuban schools and is bringing all those Spanish school teachers to Harvard University for two months' instruction in American school system.

I wrote you something about the St. Lawrence river, Lake Champlain and the steamboat ride, about the Green mountains and the hill-side farms, and the Yankees who say they are going deown the hill to pail the gol-darned keows, etc. Yesterday was in Keene, New Hampshire, which is in the Ashuelot valley as beautiful as the name, at the foot of the Mount Monadnock, which gave name to our sky-scraper corner Dearborn and Jackson streets. To-day I am in Nashua where the great mills are that manufacture the long established brand of Indian Head, heavy unbleached muslin of the stores. They used the waterfall power of the beautiful Merrimac river and the cheap French-Canadian labor. One of the banks here is named Indian Head National Bank.

I have seen the enormous Amoskeag Stark A grain sacks and other cotton and woolen mills of Manchester and Lakes Massabesic and Winipisiogee, along which latter I rode from Laconia to Rochester, New Hampshire. As you will see on the map this lake is very ir-

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regular in its shore lines and is surrounded by hills and even mountains, which are bedecked with summer resort cottages and its waters are rippling with little pleasure steamers. Then I came to the print and calico—Cocheco—mills of Dover and the shipping seaport of old Portsmouth, which at one time was so important in American history. Then I came through old Boston, by Bunker Hill monument, Charleston road, Harvard University and by Salem and Lynn, out from which latter runs that neck of land called Nahant, where Senator Lodge and others now live, and which has been the ocean seashore home of Longfellow, Whittier, Charles Sumner and of Lowell. Then I came to Connecticut, to Norwich and New London, on the Thames river—rode in an electric car along the Regatta course of Harvard and Yale students in their boat races; rode past houses, some of which were 200 years old and saw some people who were about 100 years behind the times; then I came to Meriden, where the Brittania company has made cheap silverware for the whole country for so many years, then to Hartford, the beautiful city of Connecticut, with its wealth, its Aetna and Traveler Insurance Companies and others, its Columbia bicycle works and its homes of literary people. Then I came to Waterbury, with its great watch factories and its brass factories, then to Danbury, with its remembrances of the funny newspaper man, the Danbury News man, and finally, now I am in the city of Yale University. It is vacation now and there are no students to be seen, but many of our greatest men have studied here or at

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Harvard, more, perhaps, than in the newer universities of Princeton, New Jersey, Cornell, New York, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Champaign, Illinois, or Chicago University. Yesterday evening I took the trolley car out to Savin Rock on Long Island Sound. It is a summer resort with swimming in the salt water, with all sorts of summer theatres, concerts, sea-shore lobster, clam and oyster dinners, shooting galleries and people acting the fool generally. It is a mixture of San Souci park and Manhattan beach, which you have seen in Chicago and soon makes one weary.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CHILDHOOD DREAMS.

Pendleton, Oregon, October 25, 1900.

MY DEAR YOUNGEST SON: You will receive this letter on your ninth birthday. Mamma will take you to the parlor and show you that large lithograph of Moran's painting of the Grand canyon of the Colorado river in southwestern Colorado and tell you that this is our birthday gift for you. You will see the wonderful greatness of these red sand-stone rocks that have been washed into canyons by the rush of waters of countless years pouring down over them and through the crevices gradually making wider and deeper passage ways until we now have here one of the most beautiful and grandest views that the entire world furnishes. You will preserve this picture so long as you live as a souvenir of your trip to Colorado with us two months and a half ago and you will be made nobler and greater by daily view of the scene of mother nature and each birthday anniversary you will go again before this scene and review its lessons and be inspired to deeds of goodness, kindness and happiness.

I have written you at length from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Buffalo, New York, last spring describing those great manufacturing regions about as follows:

At Charlevoix, on the Monongahela river, below Pittsburg, I saw the great Pittsburg plate glass works

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where so much of the large show window glass of the store fronts, is made. This glass is made by melting together a certain fine clay, white sand, some potash, etc. It has to be handled very carefully in order to keep it straight and without flaws when cooling.

Most of the towns here are old and many of the houses are rickety where the people have lived for a half century mining coal or burning it into coke or making steel from coke and iron ore, but Charlevoix is a new town and a fine one, occupied mostly by the workmen of the glass works. It is clean, has natural gas and looks like Pullman, Illinois, or a fine western boom town.

At last we have fine weather, the robins are singing everywhere and the yards are full of crocus and hyacinths. I came out here to Washington, Pennsylvania, from Pittsburg last night for over Sunday so as not to be there on Monday—a busy day. There I have to remain in a hotel down in the center of the city and out here it is more like the suburbs, where we live at home.

Am now in Buffalo, New York. Buffalo is still at the west end of the great Erie canal, which still floats a few tow-boats, loaded with heavy products, but no passengers. Buffalo is preparing for a 1901 Pan-American exposition on a somewhat smaller scale than our Chicago Fair at Jackson park in 1893, but imitating it very much. The city began a boom a few years ago, before the country had begun to get over the general panic. This boom was brought about by some capitalists, who turned a part of the great water

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power of Niagara Falls into electricity, and thus furnished the electric power for all sorts of purposes in and about Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The park about the falls is owned by the state of New York, and no works could be made on the park grounds, so above the Falls and southwest of the park, a great hole was put down, from the bottom of which a tunnel was made, for two miles under the park, opening out into the river below the Falls. Into this great hole was placed a large auger-like machine or continuous wheel, to go around by the rush of the water over it all the time, and the power from this wheel was made to create electricity by friction. You see they could not carry or conduct this power made by the auger wheel to other places by means of belts and shafts, for most of it would be lost in handling the large belts and shafts, so they converted the water power into electricity, which is so easily conducted over wires, etc. The creating of all this power gave opportunity for the establishment of all kinds of manufacturies, where great heat (as is furnished by electricity) is needed, such, for example, as the manufacture of calcium carbide. This is the substance that your brother uses in his bicycle lamp. It is made by burning, or fusing together under intense heat, lime and charcoal. The calcium of the lime thus combines with the carbon of the charcoal, to make calcium carbide. This substance has the peculiarity of decomposing water. Whenever it touches the water—the calcium takes the oxygen of the water and makes lime again—the carbon unites with the hydrogen of the

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water, making a splendid lighting gas known as a carbohydrate. In the bicycle lamp, small lumps of this calcium carbide are allowed to touch a little water, the gas is formed, and the lamp is lighted. If this is too deep for you, get someone to help you read it, then lay it away and keep it until you are older and you will enjoy it the more as having come from your father—at least, I hope and believe you will. So Niagara Falls has been made to light Buffalo, twenty-three miles away, to drive its streets cars, to prepare several chemical substances, such as calcium carbide, which, in turn, lights up many country stores, bicycle wheels, etc. About the grandeur of the Falls, I can tell you little, it is so enormous. There is one little spot where you can walk right down to the edge of the Falls, where great volumes of water are pouring over the edge of rocks, then, by a stairway you can go down and walk under and behind this great mass of water as it pours out over and beyond your head. If you look at that picture of the Falls in the parlor, you can see at the left hand side, where people come up to an iron railing, near the Falls, and then you can imagine them going down and walking behind the overflowing water, which foams off over the ragged rocks below, making the dangerous Rapids across the deep narrow river. You see through the mist of the Canadian Falls, the green trees and comfortable English homes of the Canadians, and below the great steel bridges over which the train passes.

Rochester, where I am to-day, spending Sunday, is one of the largest cities on the line of the Old Erie

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canal, where David Harum used to drive canal boat, and where many became rich in the early days, but never forgot to duck their heads if any one called out "Low bridge," as they did when they traveled on the canal-boat to keep from hitting their heads.

I wrote you later from New England, when you were visiting your grandfather in Kansas, when I came for you a month ago, and took you with mother, brother and sister to Colorado Springs, Manitou, Cascade canyon, Glen Erie, Garden of the Gods, Williams canyon, Cave of the Winds, and Ringling Bros.' circus, then two days in Denver, where you left me to return home. Mother writes me you are all well and heartier than ever after your outing for two months. You must write me long letters and carefully to keep me from lonesomeness and to help you in composition. After you left me August 13, I made six towns in northeast Colorado and five towns in Wyoming, then Ogden, Salt Lake and Provo in Utah and am here starting in for Montrose, Telluride, Ouray, Silverton, Durango, Salida, Canon City, Florence, Cripple Creek, Victor, Denver, Pueblo, La Junta, and hope to be home September 14. I described my trip up to Ogden in a letter to your brother which suppose he or mother read to you. When I return remind me to give you a panorama picture about three feet long I have in my suit case, showing route, in birds-eye view, of trip of Mormons from Illinois, overland in 1846, to Salt Lake City. This trip of Mormon religious people was made across the desert country, infested with hostile Indians twenty years and more, before there was any railroad

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west of the Missouri river to Great Salt Lake or Pacific Coast. They came to Salt Lake to get away from persecution of those who did not sanction their Mormon idea of men having more than one wife. They had converts from all classes and nations of people, mostly New Englanders, English, Welch and Scotch of the middle and poorer classes. They built the Tabernacle and Temple you see among our photographs, made the desert between the foot of the mountains and Great Salt Lake blossom with flowers, fruits, grain and vegetables, using the mountain streams for irrigation of crops and plants, with water from the melted snows on the mountain tops; but settlers from western civilization followed them. When the Union Pacific Trans-continental Railroad built into Ogden, about 1868, Gentiles began to go into business and live along side of the Mormons, and finally outvoted them and finally our government put a stop to men having more than one wife. They still worship in the Tabernacle and in their wonderful Temple, which is said to have cost $20,000,000, and they pursue the same business and labors as the Gentiles do, but they are going backward in their large stores that were once operated much like Granger stores among eastern and western farmers.

At last session of United States Congress, Roberts (who had been elected to United States Senate by Utah people, or rather by State Legislature of Utah) was expelled from Senate because it was proven that he still supported three wives, against our United States government laws and in violation of them. Later on

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you will learn that these Mormons, who are so earnest in the belief that they are religiously right, and, in many respects, more honest, more industrious, and more moral than many Gentiles, who cry out against them, and yet they are wrong in their belief, and interpret the bible in a fanatical way, as do most religious people, when each church declares it alone is right and the rest are wrong. However, I am getting into too deep water for you yet awhile, yet I want you to begin to think and see people as they are and not as your innocent childhood expects them to be. Learn to see the beautiful good in the devoted mother, father and brother, sister or teacher and learn to avoid the disagreeably bad in the naughty school boys and the bad men and women who loiter along Chicago streets.

Salt Lake City looks much like Denver, except that it is on the west side of the mountains and near them, and on the other side is glistening Great Salt Lake. It is warmer and dryer and the houses are farther apart and nearer the ground than they are in Denver, and the gutters on every street run with clear melted snow water that refreshes the trees, grass, fruits and flowers which are everywhere. Because the Mormons are made up of every class and nation of Anglo-Saxons their houses represent the peculiar home or mother country style of building of fifty years ago. This applies to the older homes and to the churches and old business houses, but new Salt Lake is nearly as fine as Denver, and really as bad with its unemployed, seedy looking men and loitering women of low habits and character.

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There is a curious condition in Provo City, some forty miles south of Salt Lake City. You must remember that the Mormons extended their homes, irrigation and towns north to include Ogden, and other towns and south to include Provo and other towns, and almost filled up the valley with villages and farms for over 100 miles north and south, and some scattered into Arizona and New Mexico and some to Idaho and some to Old Mexico to get away from the Gentiles as all other American citizens but Jews are called.

Well, in 1893, when the panic came on all over United States every business man and banker in Provo failed in business and many of them lost all their property. They had been enlarging in business and fruit growing too rapidly and did not expect the crash in all business matters which seems to come about every so many years to us all, more or less. Well, when they were out of a job, some of them went into the mountains, and began prospecting for gold and silver; one found a mine at Eureka that made him a millionaire. Now he is building a fine business block in Provo, is improving a park in the mountains and a summer resort of the smaller Salt Lake and putting up an electric line to both places, and generally improving the town. He is not a Mormon or he would not be improving such worldly places as summer resorts like San Souci Park and Manhattan Bathing Beach in Chicago.

Leaving Provo yesterday at 4 P. M. where we were about 4,200 feet above sea level, we climbed up over 3,000 feet in two hours and took supper at the summit. We had two engines to get up there. Leaving Provo,

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we had one of the most beautiful sights. Down where we were, all was dry, parched and dusty, except here and there, where there was an irrigation ditch, but way up on the sides of the mountains, in the gulches and canyons were green bushes and pine trees, and with them red and crimson leaves on oaks and other autumn trees, they were so high up that it began to be autumn for them. The effect of the colors, light and dark green, red and yellow and the rocks in all shades made a grand picture. From summit we dropped down in the desert of western Colorado and the night coming on, the intense dryness and barrenness was shut out from our view, and we arrived here at Grand Junction, midnight.

This is the center of a fruit belt, it is warm like Phœnix, Arizona, and is surrounded by mesas or table-lands, having high bluff-like sides looming up toward us and against the sky. To-morrow I go to Montrose and to Telluride in the mountains for Sunday. Tuesday I make the stage-coach ride of sixteen miles from Ouray to Silverton, where it is too steep to build a railroad and which is said to be the finest stage ride scenery in the world. It is the only part of the United States I have not seen where there are railroads. Below Durango are the relics of the Cliff-dwellers, the people who lived in the sides of the mountains in caves to protect themselves from animals and other savages before our ancestors came over here from Europe and probably before our ancestors were in existence.

I was going to describe to you Green river which I crossed near Rock Springs, Wyoming, and which runs

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south through the western Colorado river, where are the wonderful Grand Colorado canyons in northern Arizona you see pictured in that lithograph picture we gave you for your ninth birthday present.

Now, we will tell you about our trip for the past six weeks. Arriving at Cheyenne, Wyoming, we noted the return of good times in business for that was once the center of Wyoming's immense cattle ranching. With the almost total failure of each ranchman a few years ago Cheyenne was hard hit indeed. I spent the entire day in riding from there to Casper, the end of a branch road of the Northwestern Railroad, arriving in a snow storm, September 26. At the hotel I was regaled by a man, formerly from Pennsylvania, who had failed at farming in Iowa and was now a successful cattle rancher and sheep raiser. I suspect the success was due to his stalwart sons whom it appears had taken charge of everything. Do you suppose you will ever take charge of matters for me and permit me to regale strangers at hotel offices with my success at fruit farming in Michigan?

I then went to the Black Hills, to Deadwood and Lead City where are the most wonderful productive mines outside of those of the Rand in Africa; was told that the profits from this Home-stake mine were $750,000 for the past year. The mine was discovered by a man by the name of Hearst. The widow now owns much of the stock and it is said that she supports the questionable efforts of her son, the editor of the San Francisco Examiner, the New York Journal and the Chicago American. These three newspapers are the

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real "yellow journals" of America and should be dumped into the ocean or lake nearest each plant. They are not decent for children or for grown people to read and mislead every one who buys their daily penny sheets or hourly extras of murders, suicides and lies.

Going from Deadwood to Sheridan, Wyoming, I passed the Devil's Castle—a great mountain north of the Burlington Railroad. Several guessed at the distance. Most made it less than ten miles, I thought to get closer to it and made it about twelve or fifteen miles. It was forty-four miles away. It has two and one-half acres of flat surface on the top and rises up almost straight for several hundred feet above the surrounding plains. It is a wonderful landmark for the cowboys. Leaving Sheridan we came to the Crow Indian agency and the battle ground where General Custer and his men were massacred by the Indians. It is now a national cemetery. The monuments to each squad or company of men are erected just where they fell and were buried. On a higher knoll nearer the center where General Custer was conducting the battle and where he fell and was buried is a beautiful monument to his bravery.

The following is from this morning's Portland Oregonian:

"The Crow Indians, so formidable as warriors in the early occupation of the northwest and later so treacherous as neighbors, have dwindled in number to about 2,000 all told. They live on their large reservation at the Crow agency in Montana and are considered among the best of Indians—living, of course. They

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are progressive and industrious, plow, sow, dig ditches and raise stock. They are much interested in the proposal before Congress to sell 1,000,000 acres of their reservation land for one dollar per acre. The purchase price is not to be given to the Indians in bulk without restriction as to its use. They are required to invest $240,000 in two-year-old heifers for distribution among the tribe; $40,000 for the purchase of ewes which are to be divided into five bands, one for each of the five districts. Further provisions are made for fencing reservation lands, building a hospital, the completion of an irrigation system, etc., leaving a balance in the United States treasury sufficient at four per cent to give the Indians $12 per capita a year. Tuberculosis is the scourge to which the tribe is slowly yielding, the disease being fostered by their changed conditions of living. Not many years as compared to the life of a race will elapse before the remnant of this once populous and powerful tribe will, with their traditions, have passed away. In the meantime, however, they represent the best results of the tremendous effort made by the government to apply the principles of civilization to the Indians."

The Portland Oregonian might have added that the so-called civilization of the Indian has been largely brought about by the greed and disease of the frontier adventurer and that our civilization has been the civilization of extermination. The Indian schools at Rapid City, Dakota, and all over the West are filled, not with Indians, but with half-breeds—the children of squawmen who have managed to become the owners of most

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of the Indians' land and most of the cash the government has given them. These white men who have married Indian squaws have not only appropriated the property of the Indians but they are having the United States government educate their children. According to our civilized ideas of greed and property-ownership, Indians may be only civilized by rearing them in our families and intermarrying with them as we have done with the Negro, and as we will have to do with the Porto Rican, the Sandwich Islander and the Philippino. Otherwise we will civilize them by making them serfs to our capital and lackeys to our wealth just as we have done with the freed colored man.

At Miles City, Montana, I saw a photograph of that Pullman car which went down into the overflowing Yellowstone river one night in June about eight years ago when I was on the train bound for Helena. I happened to be in the next to the last coach and the last Pullman, only, failed to cross the washed out culvert and went over the sixty feet embankment, turned over once and alighted right side up in the rushing, muddy waters at about one o'clock in the morning. There were eleven people in the Pullman but they were all rescued before the car disappeared out of sight. After the water subsided this photograph which I saw in the bank was taken. There was a parrot in the hotel which for profanity and idiotic talk, rivaled the boys that string along the street from your school. It cursed the newsboys, swore at the traveling men, and fairly made the atmosphere yellowish green when a dog came into the office. It guyed the ladies and called a

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halt upon the political talk in the lobby. When the girl came to remove it, it glided up the wire rod to the ceiling and yelled, "Git out, you Irish wench," and she blushed and retreated. So you see I am amused almost as much as I am at home with your harangues with your brothers.

I have written to one of your brothers about the geysers of Yellowstone National Park which I did not see. Going to Great Falls from Helena on the Great Northern Railway I saw the wonderful falls below the city where the Missouri river is so wide. It will not be many years until some enterprising capitalist will convert the power from these great falls into electricity just like that I described to you of Niagara Falls.

The main street of Helena was once a narrow winding gulch where gold was discovered and it was called the Last Chance Gulch. Up to recently it has been the wealthiest city in Montana but now it is outstripped by Butte with its immense mines and those of copper, etc., at Anaconda, near by. I arrived in Butte, Sunday evening. The streets were crowded with men and the saloons and dance halls were wide open with music of all sorts and qualities. It is pitiful to see men become so low, but it is more pitiful to see women exhibiting themselves before these men in dance hall concerts and beer gardens. A young man is pretty low in the scale of decency when he can find no other amusement.

At Idaho Falls when waiting for the train I interviewed a fine specimen of Blackfoot Indian. He was fully six feet two inches tall and straight and erect as

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could be, had small hands and small feet in moccasins, wore a $7 broad brimmed light colored Stetson hat furnished by the United States government, was wrapped in high colored blankets and an excuse for trousers which looked precisely like the barber pole on Seventy-first street. He began by asking me in broken English how long till train was due. Said he was married and thirty-one or two years old, had two little boys, had just received $280, being $70 each for himself, wife and each boy from the United States government as first payment for his share of the Blackfoot Indian reservation which was recently opened up for settlement by whites who are putting out fruits and starting irrigation farms as rapidly as possible. In a few years all the water of the Snake river will be turned on to these dry sage brush lands, and the country will look like an oasis in the surrounding desert. The Indian had purchased a $40 double harness and a $150 spring wagon and was going to cultivate his allotment of land in true white man style, but he will probably make a fizzle of it. Some years ago when the Umatilla Indian reservation was opened up for white settlement between here and The Dalles, Oregon, one old Indian being shrewd put all his money into Cincinnati buggies at $40 each. He made a display of one for himself and soon had all the Indian bucks offering fabulous sums for one each of these for themselves. They had received from the government some $3,000,000, all in a lump and this Indian buggy speculator it is said received in some instances as high as $700 for a $40 buggy.

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At Boise City we were entertained by one of our old Kansas friends who is now the leading attorney of the capital city of Idaho. He attained an excellent reputation in the Cœur d'Alene riot-murder trial at Wallace, Idaho, July, 1899. The one beautiful product of this newly developed southern Idaho is the wonderful crop of sweet German prunes. We must try to raise some on our Michigan fruit farm.

Well, I am now on the west slope of the Rockies and the rainy winter season has begun in earnest—the rains that fit the soil for the fabulous wheat crops of the Palouse Indian country between Walla Walla and Spokane. I am now in the land of Chinaman chambermaids and cooks. The fried chicken looks whitish, the vegetables all taste alike and there is no flavor to anything except the coffee which is too rank to drink. You can only tell the Columbia river salmon steak from pork chops by the color. The oyster soup tastes like cream of celery with the celery omitted. The pastry is all alike, whether peach, pear, apple or plum pie, and the puddings are all one under different names. This evening at 6 P. M., Sunday dinner, I noticed cream fiddish on the bill of fare, or as I should say the menu card. I thought to see what it was and ordered some. It came all right and proved to be cream fritters. The boy waiter explained that the new clerk who made out the dinner cards did not understand the Chinaman cook's pronunciation of fritters and wrote it fiddish as pronounced. The face towel smelled like a dish cloth, and the sheets and pillow cases smelled like the towels, and the table linen like the sheets. Yet we prefer

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Chinaman chambermaids and cooks to colored ones, or even to Irish waitresses. The Chinese-operated hotels on the Pacific Coast are cleaner than the African groomed hotels of the South and as neat as the female laundered ones of the North, and with less suggestion of immorality than either those of the North or South. The Chinaman is more respectable and intelligent than the African waiter or Irish waitress.

At Pocatello, where we waited for the train from Salt Lake for Boise, I met your cousin from Spokane. He was returning from Boston and New York where he had been negotiating the sale of some of his splendid silver mine stock in the south edge of British Columbia. He returned from Alaska a few months ago after spending some eighteen months' time and some $1,200 in cash and finding no gold. We visited from 4 P. M. till midnight on the train and noted the American Falls of the Snake river and the beautiful Shoshone country of treeless desert which only needs the water of the Snake river turned on to it to make a garden spot of it all, provided there is enough water to go around.

We forgot to tell you about the wonderful oil paintings of Russell in Great Falls. In the hotel lobby we saw several worth from $100 to $500. The scenes were all of Indian life, Indian bison hunting, Indian massacres, in wigwams and on the warpath trail. It appears that Russell was a young man of good parentage and artistic talents and came to the frontier and lived among the Indians and cowboys for years as one of them, and now he is attracting the world by his realistic paintings of Indian and cowboy life.

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CHAPTER IX.

Babyhood Charms.

Victoria, B. C., November 6, 1900.

My Dear Little Daughter: I am way off three days' ride on the cars and several hours' ride on the steamboat from home, and have not seen you for six weeks. Mamma writes me you are well, and want me to come home. I will be there in six more weeks, and be with you for Christmas and New Year's day, and then will make one more six weeks' trip, and that is the last. Will not that be nice for me and for you to be always home? When the springtime comes and the robins begin to sing we will move out of the crowded city onto our little fruit farm across the lake, and there we will be so happy and contented. You will play in the shade of the great large sugar trees and the walnut trees and the old apple trees. You will gather the apple blossoms, and will have flowers and a Collie dog, and some pet rabbits, and we will have a horse and carriage and drive to the little town near by and receive our letters and papers from the boys and friends and all. We will gather our own maple syrup from our own trees, our fine ripe peaches, pears, cherries and apples, our berries and our vegetables. We will have a Jersey cow and sweet, fresh, rich milk and butter, and you will grow and become always stronger and happier. Your two younger brothers will play the horn and violin, with mamma at the piano, and the night shall be filled with music. The two older brothers will come to

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spend Sunday with us, returning to the city for the week's work in the bank and the wholesale house.

Grandfather and grandmother will come to visit us, and we will all be so happy we can hardly contain ourselves. Will we not?

When you receive this letter you will be four years old. Mamma will take you to the parlor and show you that beautiful large colored photograph of the canyon of the Grand river in Colorado, and will tell you that this is our present for your fourth birthday. And you will always keep it, and remember your trip with mamma, the two younger brothers and myself there last August, when you saw Pike's Peak so much, and we drove in a carriage through Glen Eyrie and saw the Eagle's Nest way up on the side of the rocks where no one could reach it except the eagle which has wings; and then we drove through the Garden of the Gods, where the great red sand-stone rocks and the great white limestone rocks stood up in giant monuments before us, and made us wonder at what years the water must have been rushing about those rocks to wash them down to those great tombstones of the gods of nature.

Then we drove up Williams' canyon, up and up and around the mountain side, and up until we were up nearly as high as Pike's Peak. Then we stopped and walked through the Cave of the Winds. For two hours we walked from room to room through narrow passages and large halls, all beautiful with ornaments hanging from the ceiling and from icicles and grottoes at the sides. These icicles were not made of ice—they

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were made of marble or limestone. The moisture trickled down through the lime rock soil above the cave and dissolved the lime, and the dry air of the cave took up the water from the end of the icicles and left the lime to make larger icicles like daggers, spears and fences for flower beds and play houses and fairies, brownies and myths.

Then we came back, winding down the mountain and through the canyon back to Manitou, and drank natural spring water which was like soda water at the drug store on Seventy-first street, but much better and more healthful. Then we drove back to our rooms in Colorado Springs, through the town that was once in the days of the early miner and prospector the capital of Colorado. We saw the old log house that used to be the capitol building.

The next day we went on the train through Manitou to Cascade canyon, and had a picnic dinner on a great flat rock right by the bank of a rushing, tumbling mountain canyon brook, where there were trout and springs and great large pine trees, and where the shadows toward evening played hide and seek with each other across the mountain side over the valley beyond. The next day we went to the circus, and you saw it all—the animals and birds, and the riding and tumbling and foolishness, and you were very weary when we came home.

We then went to Denver, and went up on the top of the great sky-scraper, and saw the city and the mountains from over the tops of the houses. We went to Elich's Gardens and had dinner there in the fragrant

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atmosphere and shade of spice trees, and you saw the little train of cars, just large enough to hold three or four in each coach about your size, and then you and mamma and the boys left me to go home to Chicago.

Now, to-day, when we are all voting in the United States to elect our next President, McKinley or Bryan, I am in another country—in British Columbia, in the farthest western part, near the great Pacific ocean. I am now riding on the cutest little steamship from Victoria, British Columbia, across Puget Sound to Port Angeles in the United States. This Puget Sound is an arm or neck of the Pacific ocean, which winds around among the hills like a deep river, and makes a splendid place for ships to get in out of the reach of the storms of the ocean and harbor safe at Victoria, Seattle or Tacoma. Here you see the ships from Alaska that are bringing in the gold and the men who have been hunting for it and digging for it, and some have found it, and many have not. Some are happy, most are not. Some have lost all they had besides their summer's work and often their health, and many have died in the mountain passes of snow and eternal winter night. Way up north in Alaska where this gold is, the summers have long sunshiny days and no night, and the winters have long, dark nights and no days, and people sometimes become insane from the weird scene and the strain of anxiety of finding or not finding gold. Men gamble and drink and women are often vile and bad in those places—only a very few succeed in becoming rich.

But this Puget Sound is a beauty. Forever the

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steamships of all sizes are running here and there, and people come and go from all these towns from Olympia to Vancouver on boats. Old snow-capped Mount Rainier is always in the background over east of Tacoma. It is seen much farther away than Pike's Peak because it is always snow-capped. It is sixty miles from Tacoma, and looks not over ten miles. It is 100 miles from Seattle, and looks not fifteen miles away. It has eternal snow because it is on the west side of the Coast range or Cascade mountains which stop the clouds that are formed from the mists of the Pacific ocean, and the rain falls on the west side of these mountains and seldom on the east. When the mountains are high, like Mount Rainier, Mount Hood and Mount Shasta they are always white with snow in the cool, high atmosphere. Because of this great rainfall we have here the wonderful large trees that make the great ship masts of the sail ships and they are shipped to Australia and all parts of the world.

Here you see the funny Chinese, like that laundryman on Sixty-ninth street who wears the funny suit of blue denim and the low shoes with wooden soles and the long braid of hair down his back and talks so funny, and is so good-natured always. Here we have also the Japanese, who are much like the Chinese, but have no long braid of hair, and wear clothes like ours. These people come over to America to work and earn money to go back to China and Japan and live cheaply, but wealthy for there. Their home is about on the opposite side of the earth from us. You know this earth is round like a ball, and keeps going round and round,

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and hence we have day and night—first one side of the earth comes before the sun, and then the other. Everything is held fast towards the center of earth, and we cannot fly off. Near the center of the earth circle the ocean waters do not change much, but farther north like at Seattle the water flows out once a day toward the ocean and leaves the wharves bare with sea shells and mud, and then it flows back again and the water rises ten feet, and the vessels can get up to the dock and load and unload.

Yesterday I took the Flyer from Tacoma to Seattle. It is a steamship not nearly so large as those on which we cross Lake Michigan to go to our fruit farm. It has no sleeping rooms or cabins, but has rows of plush chairs just like cars have, and you sit there and see both sides of the Sound and the little islands and the wooded bluffs all the way to Seattle for one hour and a half. The train does not go faster.

At Seattle I took the steamship to Victoria at nine o'clock at night, and went to bed in a little room or cabin by myself. At about midnight the steamer whistled for Port Townsend. I looked out and thought it was daylight and we were at Victoria where we were due between five and six in the morning. I had been fooled by the moonlight. I saw all the ships in the harbor at Port Townsend as if by daylight, and when I went onto the other side of our little steamer I saw it was only moonshine after all—and I went back to my cabin smiling at the joke the moon had played upon me. But it was beautiful. I saw the moon go down into the sea, just as you have seen the sun go down into the

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lake coming from St. Joseph to Chicago. But sights by moonlight are more beautiful in every land, so the poets have always told us, and I believe it is true in the north land as well as in the south land where the insects chirp and the fireflies dart here and there among the bushes and flowers.

I have just had a half hour's talk with a Neah Bay civilized Indian. Neah Bay is just where the Sound begins at the Pacific ocean. These Indians, or Redmen, do not now wear high colored blankets and beads and moccasins, but they dress as we do, and this small tribe of about 350, lives by fishing for salmon, halibut, bass and trout. The women make baskets to sell. The climate is wet and the soil is poor, so they do not farm much. But they now have their own Indian teachers, their own Indian judge and policemen, and are as orderly as we are. This one I have been talking to says his Indian name is Tu Chu or Great Bird, and his United States name is Chester Wanderhardt. He says he is full blood Indian, but I suspect he is part white. He is one of the few small tribes who have become like white men in the way they live. Most Indians have become sickly and have died when they were forced to live as white men do. So, here we have the yeliow men—Chinese and Japanese—and the Redmen who first owned America before we white people came from Europe and took their hunting ground; then we have the black man or Negro who was first brought here from Africa as a slave, and was bought and sold like horses and cattle. He is now our Pullman car porter and our hotel waiter since we freed him by the great

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Civil war when I was a boy like your youngest brother. We white people came from all parts of Europe. Our own people came from England and Wales. Some of our neighbors came from Germany, some from Ireland and some from France and Italy, and some from Bohemia and Hungary and Greece, and some from Egypt and Arabia. Each had his own language; here they all speak English, and at school they learn to think, write and learn our ideas from our books and become Americans and vote for presidents and all that. The Chinese, Japanese and Indian do not yet vote, but the rest all do, and some of them do not know what they are doing, and some sell their vote for money or office or drink. They are a low people, mostly foreigners, who have not been educated in our schools, but some who have been in our schools own saloons and are bad—they are mostly Irish who refuse to be respectable.

When you grow to be a young woman and have gone to school and college you will learn that most people are good. It is only the vulgar whom you see and hear. They are the restless ones who have gone wrong and are sorry for it. They have been disappointed in early life and have been deceived by a brutal parent, husband, or lover, or have been soured with the greed and meanness of wealth and poverty. The woman who seeks society is one of these restless ones. She seeks notoriety to drown her woes of disappointment in the goodness, or rather absence, of goodness of her husband or her lover. The greater her disappointment and the rougher she has been treated by

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men and women, the more vulgar and low she becomes, hoping to get rid of her sorrow in the glitter of theaters, the rush of the ball room—the meanness of men. The great mass of men and women are good. They are the ones whose names are never seen in the papers. They are the ones that find love and beauty and happiness in home, flowers, books, music, painting, teaching and caring for beautiful little girls and boys, just like mamma cares for you. The good ones are those who love their home and their parents, brothers and sisters and children, and bring to them all things good, true and beautiful. No one is naturally bad. It is only as they come rudely against the cultivated or artificially bad are they shocked, and to which they sometimes yield in the despair of disappointment. Perhaps this is too deep for you now, but mamma will read it to you and you will understand some of it, and then later on you will read it yourself and learn that it is written to tell you early in life that all is good if you hunt for the good only; that all is beautiful if you look for the beautiful only; that all is true if you look for truth only; that all is happiness if you want happiness only. Keep your own, true, childhood idea of purity, goodness, truth and love forever as you now see it. Do not be misled by gaudy glitter and vile slander and mean thoughts and vulgar acts in playmates, schoolmates, young friends or old harpies, and you will always be calm, happy and true.

After you have grown to a young woman you will read other letters I have written you in babyhood, such as this last summer when you went out West.

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Before another Sunday I suppose you will be at your grandfather's, way out in Kansas, and I may not see you for two long months. You will take your first long ride on the cars. You will ride all night in a sleeping car, and wake up in the morning in another city—Kansas City—where a wide river is crossed just before you get to the city, and then you will ride nearly all day through Kansas, by the farms and through the towns to Lyons. Then your grandfather will meet mamma, you and the boys, and take you a little way out in the country to his home on the farm. And a week from to-day you and the boys will see the horses, cattle and pigs, the apple trees, peach trees and shade trees, and the creek and its big trees, and there will be no house near you like in Chicago.

In the morning there you will awaken hearing the birds singing and the chickens crowing, the calves bawling and the dogs barking, and you will wonder at the change in everything, and you will be glad and happy for it all, and for the kindness of your grandfather and grandmother. You will see great fields of corn and wheat growing and wild flowers everywhere. In Lyons you will see what was our home when your brother was a little baby, and where I used to keep store, and you will see many people I used to know, and they will be glad to see you because you are my little girl. And you will see many of mamma's people and friends when your older brother was small like you are now, and they will be glad to see you, and you will be nice to them. Then it may be that after six or seven weeks I will come for you all and take

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you to the great mountains, and you will see snow on top of highest Pike's Peak, and you will see beautiful springs and streams and little lakes and lots of people just like at San Souci park, and hear music, and run among great big red rocks, and gather mountain flowers, and then a great, long journey home again to Chicago.

Be very careful not to get hurt on the cars, and tell mamma what to write me for you. I have written to everyone at home but you. If you were old enough to read the letter yourself, as you will be before many years, I would have written oftener to you.

Perhaps you have heard mamma read my letters, and have understood that I am still among the mountains of Colorado.

I had a letter from your brother three days ago in which he said that hat I bought you in Kansas looked as if it had been chewed by the little calves. I hope it is not that bad, though. Mamma says you are fat and hearty again, and I am glad to hear it, for I want you to grow big and strong and happy and bright, and a joy to us all.

You remember the mountains in Colorado like Pike's Peak and those that we saw when we rode along in the carriage? Well, I have just come from the town of Telluride, which is way up among the mountain tops, where men dig the gold out of the side of the mountain like that your ring is made of, and where they dig the silver like that your cup is made from, and where they find the lead like that those pipes under the wash bowl are made of, and where they find the

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iron like that the hatchet and nails are made of, and the zinc like that the inside of the washtubs are made from. Where they build strong dams across the creeks and brooks that come from the melted snow in the mountain tops, and this dam stops the water and makes a little lake, and they draw the water from this lake to wash the gold and the silver, and separate them from the rock and dirt. This town is way up and above most of the trees where it is too high for most trees to grow.

I saw the sun rise over the tops this morning and it was cold, so I wore an overcoat, and there was a thick white frost on all the sidewalks, almost like snow.

But here in Montrose we are not so high up and have lots of apples, peaches, pears and melons, etc. But this fruit is grown without rain. They dig little ditches alongside of the fields and let the water in them from the mountain brooks, and then let this water run all over the land and make the earth wet and mussy, and the roots of the trees drink the water up and grow so fine and healthy.

It is warm here in Montrose, and I am sitting in my room with the doors open and my coat off, and the church bells are ringing for those who are going to church Sunday evening.

I rode five hours in little bits of cars from Telluride here to Montrose. We wound around the side of the mountains and across the creeks and brooks, and sometimes came down hill very fast. Large cars like those you rode to Kansas and Colorado in and back to Chicago, cannot climb these mountains. They are too big and heavy for the engines to pull.

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There was a poor blind woman in the car. She goes from town to town and begs money from people who will give it to her to live upon and keep her little girl, about your size. The little girl had to lead her blind mother around and fix her stool for her to sit upon on the sidewalk in front of a store. The mamma held a little cup out, and the people would drop nickels and dimes in it, and the mamma would thank them when she heard the money drop in the cup.

Last evening in Telluride it was cool after supper. The woman came and sat in front of the postoffice, and she bundled the little girl up in her lap and the baby went to sleep and the mamma sang "On the Banks of the Wabash" and other songs, and the miners coming from their work up in the mountains gave her more nickels and dimes, and she was happy for their kindness and they were happy to help the poor blind woman and little girl.

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ADDENDUM.

Lawrence, Mich., March 16, 1901.

DEAR READER: We were prompted to write the preceding chapters by a desire to promote a fraternal soul-peace and relieve the idealism of happiness from the friction of competitive existence. If the reader has failed to gain glimpses of this intent, then the writer has failed in his desire and object. If all of these personal experiences do not show an undercurrent of what might be under ideal conditions of truth, justice, love and grandeur, then the author has made a mistake in reciting conditions as they now exist. The conditions are recounted to attract and arrest the attention of those who in city life and in malformed literary life, are developing away from the great central idea of the *universal mind* of which each individual is a part and an external expression.

If, however, we have sufficiently arrested the attention of prejudice and bigotry and youth and ignorance to cause it to read Wilmans, Tynor, DelMar, Dresser, Wood, Stewart, Hudson, Bellamy and the magazine Mind, then we have attained, in a great degree, our object. It has seemed to us that the masses do not comprehend these authors and are barred from the vital thought-world of which these authors are sentinels or interpreters. When we recognize the sublime truths of their creations we will then be in a position to banish fear and to promote actual health and happiness. There is not a leading article in any of the recent numbers of Mind but which if interpreted by the reader would convert him to Universal Mind conditions, which conversion would ameliorate, through physical laws and social conditions, all our present blundering mistakes in rational or irrational life. Read the first four articles in Mind for February and March. In fact, read every word in both num-

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bers. If you are attracted by the thought-magic of any of these writers you are on the right road and it is only desirable that you cultivate your own soul desire along the lines of truth most attractive to you.

All the incidents referred to in the preceding chapters of this book are recounted simply with the hope of showing the utter hopelessness of our present floundering in a malformed thought atmosphere of greed and lust. There is no topsy-turveydom in altruistic conditions of life. The topsy-turveydom is in our present conditions of physical, social and political life and in our inability to comprehend that we are blindly groping in a malformed condition of thought. Let us seek the truths of Mind and Soul Realms. Let us become one with the *Sublime* and the *Universal Mind* whose dictates are for goodness, truth, justice, beauty, love, health and happiness.

The writings of the authors enumerated above are merely attempts to convey in imperfect human language, the thoughts of sublimity or the uplifting power to guide the footsteps of ignorance—that character of ignorance that believes gold and property, sensual delights and indulgences produce happiness. These authors are essaying to enlighten that character of bigoted ignorance that legislates against all forms of mental therapeutics and in favor of all forms of so-called scientific, material remedies and legislates against community ownership of earth, air and water and in favor of an artificial, superficial ownership, by a few legalized personalities of greed—personalities who have the colossal effrontery to suppose that they can dispense enormous worldly accumulations for the benefit of poverty and the masses better than the body politic as a whole could dispense our natural, universal wealth of earth, air and water. The masses are groping in ignorance. Arrest them. Show them the grandeur of *Universal Mind Truth.*

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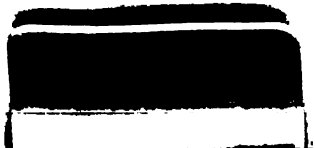

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